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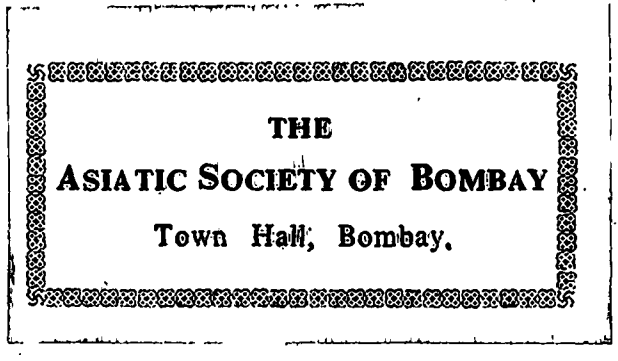

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LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

VOL. IV.

Sir J. Reynolds pinx.t S. Bull sc.

MARIA COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE,
AFTERWARDS
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

London, Richard Bentley, 1844

LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE, FROM 1760 to 1785.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Berkeley Square, May 18, 1782.

FORTUNE'S weathercock has changed once more in our favour; we were drowning, but now ride again in triumph through the streets of our capital, the Ocean. Two days ago we learnt the conquest of the principal Dutch settlement—on Ceylon;* and, as we have not many tributary monarchs left, I suppose, shall bully that Emperor, like our predecessors. We expect to be up to the ears in rubies, elephants, cinnamon, and pepper. However, as the House of Commons has at last had the decency to call some of our abominable Nabobs to account, and are going to squeeze Sir Thomas Rum-

* On the 11th of January, the Dutch forts and settlement of Trincomale in the island of Ceylon, celebrated for its produce of the cinnamon-tree, were taken possession of by the combined forces, under the command of Sir Edward Hughes and General Sir Hector Monro.—ED.

bold's sacks of diamonds and rupees, it is to be hoped that the poor Ceylonists will be plundered less impudently. I am partial to them, having been intimate with them, as the isle of Serendep, from the days of the Arabian Nights.

But riches and cinnamon are baubles in comparison of glory. To-day we hear that Sir George Rodney has defeated—ay, and taken—Monsieur de Grasse in his own ship, La Ville de Paris, of a hundred and ten guns, three others of seventy-four, one of sixty-four, and sunk another of the line.* We have lost three hundred, have seven hundred wounded (whom, alas! a West India climate will not recover), three captains, and

* On the 18th of May, the country was thrown into a delirium of joy, by receiving the intelligence of Admiral Rodney's victory over Count de Grasse, on the 12th of April. The scene of action lay between the islands of Guadaloupe, Dominique, the Saints, and Marigalante; and bounded both to windward and leeward by very dangerous shores. The battle commenced about seven in the morning, and was continued with unremitting fury until near the same hour in the evening. Thirty-six chests of money, destined to the pay and subsistence of the troops in the designed invasion of Jamaica, were found in the Ville de Paris; a ship remarkable for her size and beauty, and which had been a present from the City of Paris to Louis XV. in that fallen state of the French marine which prevailed towards the close of the former ruinous war against England. Wraxall, who states that he had an account of the engagement from Lord Cranston, who was sent to take possession of the ship, as well as to receive De Grasse's sword, says: "The French Admiral had received a contusion in the loins from a splinter, but was otherwise unhurt; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he had been, during the whole action, exposed to a destructive fire, which swept away almost all his officers. He was a tall, robust, and martial figure; presenting, in that moment, an object of respect, no less than of concern and sympathy. He could not recover from the astonishment into which he was plunged at seeing, in the course of so short a time, his vessel taken, his fleet defeated, and himself a prisoner."—Ed.

Lord Robert Manners, a fine young fellow, only brother of the Duke of Rutland, who died of his wounds on the passage,* —but not one ship; yet you see the ac-

* Crabbe, the poet, who had this year, through the powerful recommendation of Mr. Burke, been appointed domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, has given, in a note to his poem of "The Village," an interesting memoir of the heroic young commander: "Lord Robert's last action," says he "was that memorable one of the 12th of April 1782, when the Resolution engaged very desperately nine or ten of the enemy, in breaking through their line; which she did, the third ship to the Admiral. It was in this attempt that Lord Robert had both his legs shattered, and his right arm broken at the same instant: his mind, however, remained unsubdued; for neither at that, nor at any future period, neither when he was under the most painful operations, nor when he became sensible of his approaching fate, did he betray one symptom of fear or regret. It was with great reluctance he suffered himself to be carried to the surgeon's apartment, and he objected to the amputation of his leg, because he had conceived it would prevent his continuance on board his ship; but, being assured to the contrary, he permitted the surgeon to proceed. At this time all his thoughts and inquiries were directed to the event of the day; which being soon after announced to him, every consideration of his own misfortune was suspended, and he both felt and expressed the greatest joy and exultation on a victory so important to his country, and so fatal to himself. Being persuaded to return to England, he was removed on board the Andromache frigate; but, before he quitted the Resolution, he ordered every man whose good conduct had been remarkable during his command to come into his cabin; where he thanked him for his attention to his duty, and gave each a present of money, as a token of his particular regard. He prepared for his approaching fate with the utmost calmness and composure of mind; and, having settled his worldly affairs with his accustomed regularity and despatch, he ended a life of glory with resignation and prayer." Lord Robert survived till the 24th of April. In the admirable Life of the Poet, by his Son, the following affecting instance of the Duke of Rutland's affection for his brother is recorded: "Some short time previous to his Lordship's death, his hat, perforated with balls, was sent at the Duke's request to Belvoir Castle. The Duke first held it up with a shout of exultation and triumph, glorying in the bravery of his beloved brother; and then, as the thought of his danger flashed suddenly on his mind, sank on his chair in a burst of natural and irrepressible feeling. A few months after Lord Robert's death, my father accompanied his Grace to London, and went to the studio of

tion must have been bloody. Rodney was recalled by the new Admiralty, but recovers from his falls with marvellous agility. The late Ministers are thus robbed of a victory that ought to have been theirs; but the mob do not look into the almanack. The city of Westminster had just nominated our young Cicero, Mr. William Pitt, to replace Sir George as their representative at the next general election; the latter being a little under a cloud from his rapacity at St. Eustatia.* Now, Mr. Pitt must exert some oratorical modesty, and beg not to dethrone a hero!

These naval rostra arrived very opportunely to stay our impatience for a victory over the Dutch, which we have expected a good week from Lord Howe's hands — charming victories, if they facilitate peace! We have two negociators actually at Paris; the principal, Mr. Thomas Grenville,† whom you saw so lately. It

the Royal Academician Stothard; where he consoled his sorrow by giving directions for the painting of the beautiful picture from which the well-known print of the melancholy event is engraved." Crabbe's Life and Poems, vol. i. p. 117.—Ed.

* "Admiral Pigot, who had been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, was sent to the West Indies, to supersede Sir George Rodney, who was considered to have acted harshly in the capture of Eustatia, by confiscating the property of its inhabitants. Pigot was dispatched, and could scarcely have sailed, when the news of Rodney's famous victory over Count de Grasse arrived in England. Keppel, who at once perceived the impropriety of recalling Rodney at such a moment, sent an express to stop his sailing, but it was too late; a fast-sailing cutter was then dispatched, but was also unsuccessful in overtaking him." Life of Keppel, vol. ii. p. 379.—Ed.

† In the month of April, the British Cabinet made propositions for peace to the Court of Versailles, with a view to a general peace; and dispatched Mr. Thomas Grenville to Paris for that purpose. The other Commissioner mentioned by Walpole was Mr. Oswald. Admiral Digby

will be one of Fortune's caprices, if the son of the author of the Stamp Act and of the war is the mediator of peace.

Lest we should be too exalted by these successes, we yesterday drank a cup of humiliation. Both Houses, in very few hours, signed the absolute Independence of Ireland.* I shall not be surprised if our whole trinity is dissolved, and if Scotland should demand a dissolution of the Union. Strange if she alone does not profit of our distresses. It is very true, she was grown more fond of availing herself of our prosperity.

There, there is a better cargo of news than I have sent you for some years!

I have received yours with the melancholy account of Lady William Campbell, and the one enclosed for General Conway. I shall probably see him this evening, for I am confined by a little gout in my foot. I caught a violent cold last week, which turned to a fever and great oppression on my breast. Two bleedings carried off all entirely; but, as I expected, left me

and Sir Guy Carleton were also sent to America, with instructions to offer an immediate acknowledgment of the independence of the thirteen colonies.—Ed.

* On the 17th of May, the two Secretaries of State, Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox, moved in both Houses the repeal of the Act of George I., for the better securing the dependency of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain; and also, that it was indispensable to the interest and happiness of both kingdoms, that the connection between the two countries should be established, by mutual consent, upon a solid and permanent footing. The motions passed without opposition; and, in return for this liberal procedure, the Parliament of Ireland voted 100,000*l.* for the purpose of raising twenty thousand Irish seamen.—Ed.

this gout in lieu. However, I know better how to manage an English mastiff that I am used to, than a tiger from Afric.

I am concerned for your loss of Patch.* He had great merit in my eyes in bringing to light the admirable paintings of Masaccio, so little known out of Florence till his prints disclosed them.

As our trophies arrived to-day, I was impatient to seize them for you; but the post set out last night, and will not depart again till Tuesday, by which time I may be able to send you another naval crown. I hate myself for being so like a sportsman, who is going out to hunt, and hopes to be able to make his friend a present of more game; but I doubt we must wade through more destruction to peace. What idiots are mankind to sacrifice themselves to the frantic passions of a few! The slain only pass for rubbish, of which the use is destroyed: who thinks on them? I do not quite love your Emperor, though he has demolished convents. I doubt he calculates, that, the more copulation is encouraged, the more soldiers he shall have.

21st.

Lord Howe's victory is not yet hatched; we reckon him in pursuit of the Dutch. The whole town was illuminated to Rodney's health on Saturday night. I was just gone to bed in pain, when a mob, the masters of our ceremonies, knocked outrageously at the door, and would scarce have patience till the servants could put out lights; and till three in the morning there

* An English painter settled at Florence.

was no sleeping for rockets and squibs. Lord Robert Manners lost one leg and had the other and one arm broken, yet lived three weeks in good spirits, till the locked jaw came. How many others, of whom one shall not hear, because they were not young Lords!

After dinner.

The Dutch fleet have escaped into the Texel, and Lord Howe is expected back into the Channel.*

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1782.

SINCE the naval triumph in the West Indies, I have had no public event to send you, nor anything else but journals of the epidemic disorder, which has been so universal and so little fatal, that a dozen names would comprise all I know who have escaped it, or died of it. The strangest part of it is, that, though of very short duration, it has left a weakness or lassitude, of which people find it very difficult to recover. One has had nothing to do but send messages of inquiry after all one's acquaintance; and yet, no servants to send on those messages. The theatres

* Early in May, Lord Howe, who had been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, created a British peer, and appointed to the command of a powerful fleet, proceeded with twelve sail of the line to the coast of Holland, in the hope of intercepting, or at least confining, the enemy, and of frustrating any designs he might have formed upon our North Sea and Baltic trade. The Dutch fleet had already sailed, but the intelligence of Lord Howe's movements obliged them to return hastily to the Texel.—ED.

were shut up, the Birth-day empty, and the Ball to-night a solitude. My codicil of gout confined me three weeks. I came hither to-day to air myself, though still very lame, and it is so cold that I am writing close to the fire. We are paying the fine of three sultry summers together. I was afraid we should have had too much *fire* too; but we have narrowly escaped a contested election at Westminster. Some of the late Ministers set up the new Lord Hood in the room of the new Lord Rodney; and the new Ministers, not very prudently I think,* named a Sir Cecil Wray, very unknown. Fortunately, Lord Hood's friends declared against his being a candidate.

I do not hear of the peace advancing. They say, the King of France is *obstinate;* which, by courtiers, is always called *firm.* This is unusual: France commonly is the only nation that has sense enough not to persist on an ill-run, but to leave off play, and wait for better luck. However, I have hopes yet. The change of Administration, and the disposition of the new one to grant independence, must please the Americans; and as France, by the demolition of De Grasse's fleet, can send no reinforcements to America, the latter must see that this is the moment to shake

* "By Rodney's being created a peer, his seat in Parliament is become vacant. Hood has been proposed to succeed him; but the Westminster committee have named another candidate. This opposition to Hood is said to be ungenerous and ungrateful; but why, is more than I can tell, unless a seat in Parliament is to be considered merely as a reward, a titular dignity; or unless it be proved that the same qualities are requisite to make a good senator as to constitute a brave Admiral." Sir S. Romilly to the Rev. J. Roget, Life, vol. i. p. 231.—Ed.

off dependence on France as well as on England. The contribution, too, of twenty thousand seamen from Ireland must be sorely felt by our enemies.

The old Ministers have begun to revive a little, but have had no cause from success to be proud of their bickerings. Lord North, Lord Loughborough, and Lord Hilsborough have been most severely handled for their flippancies by Charles Fox, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Shelburne; and all the new measures have been carried far more triumphantly than was expected.* Still, I do not doubt but whatever impediments can be thrown in their way, will be: but I am no dealer in futurities.

We expect Mrs. Damer every hour. Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury have told me how infinitely sensible they are of your attentions and goodness to Lady William.

I shall not go to town till Wednesday, and therefore shall not finish this till Friday, by which time I may have more to say.

Thursday, 13th, London.

There are letters from France which say, that their losses in the West Indies are greater than we know yet. I hate to be hoping that any misfortunes are true; but, fortunately, one's wishes do not add a hair to the scale, except one is a stock-jobber. Such gentry coin disasters, to cheat somebody by sinking the funds without cause. If gospels mended mankind, there

* Several warm debates had taken place in both Houses on the recall of Admiral Rodney by the new Ministers.—Ed.

should have been a new sermon preached on the Mount, since 'Change Alley was built, and since money-changers were driven out of the Temple over all Europe.

Friday, 14th.

Mrs. Damer arrived last night. She looks in better health than when she went; but I cannot say, at all plumper. She said, "Pray, tell Sir Horace how much obliged to him I am;" and, do you know, she added, that "he is not only one of the most amiable men in the world, but the most agreeable." I see that you understood her as well as she does you; for you have given her an antique foot that is the perfection of sculpture. I have not time to add a word more, but that she told me that at Paris the universal language is, that the late change in the English Ministry *est bien malheureux pour la France.*

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

Monday night, July 1st, 1782.

THIS is to announce an important event which you could not expect. Lord Rockingham died at one o'clock at noon to-day. You will want to ask one, and many other questions, which nobody in London can answer yet. Who is to be First Minister? Will the new Administration continue?—Stay,—till I can tell you the first, it is in vain to proceed in your interrogatories—I may as well go back for a few days. This letter will not depart till to-morrow night. Whether I shall be able to tell you more by that time, can I guess?

This death was not a sudden one. The Marquis has been ill above a week, and in danger for some days. At first, Dr. Warren thought it water in his stomach, then changed his opinion; Sir Noah Thomas doubted whether it was water. It signifies little now what it was. He was always of a very bad constitution.* I remember an elder brother of his at Eton, who was subject to violent convulsions, and died of them. Lord Rockingham was extremely splenetic about his health (the consequence of bad), and some years ago wanted to have his side opened, believing he had an abscess there. Six weeks ago, I heard that Dr. Warren told him he could not live if he continued in business.

Well! no man ever before attained twice the great object of his wishes, and enjoyed it both times for so short a season: the first time but a year—now, not four months. The death of the late Duke of Devonshire, and the want of a leader, set Lord Rockingham at the head of the Whigs, from his rank, great fortune, and fair character. Those were his pretensions and merit. His parts were by no means great: he was nervous, and mere necessity alone made him at all a

* The Marquis of Rockingham, though only fifty-two years of age, already sunk under an infirm and debilitated constitution. Early in June he had been attacked by an epidemic disease, to which was given the name of influenza. The Marquis appeared in the House of Lords for the last time on the 3rd of June; where he both spoke and voted in support of the bill for preventing Revenue officers from voting at elections. In the course of his speech he said, that the disorder universally prevalent affected him so violently, that at times he was not completely in possession of himself. Leaving no issue, the greater part of his vast landed property, as well as his borough interest, descended to his nephew, Earl Fitzwilliam.—Ed.

speaker in Parliament; where, though he spoke good sense, neither flattery nor partiality could admire or applaud. He was rather trifling and dilatory in business than indolent. Virtues and amiability he must have possessed; for his party esteemed him highly, and his friends loved him with unalterable attachment. In the excess of faction that we have seen, he was never abused; and no man in public life, I believe, had ever fewer enemies.* His death may be more remembered than his actions would have been, and may have greater consequences than any plan of *his* would have had; for he countenanced a system rather than instigated it. Whoever is his successor will not be of so negative a character.

This is the second prime minister I have seen die in office. I do not believe the current will glide on as smoothly as it did on Mr. Pelham's death; but that moment was very different from this! I could make

* The following is a portion of the inscription upon the pedestal of Lord Rockingham's statue, in the mausoleum at Wentworth, from the pen of his friend Burke: "A statesman in whom constancy, fidelity, sincerity, and directness were the sole instruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts. A clear, sound, unadulterated sense, not perplexed with intricate design, or disturbed by ungoverned passion, gave consistency, dignity, and effect to all his measures. In Opposition he respected the principles of government, in Administration he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing everything which he had promised in a popular situation. The virtues of his public and private life were not in him of different characters. It was the same feeling, benevolent mind, that, in the internal relations of life, conciliates the unfeigned love of those who see men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. By his prudence and patience he brought about a party, which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an instrument of ambition, but as a living depository of principle."—Ed.

divers reflections on all I have seen and known in a long life—but I will not.

Adieu, till to-morrow—not that I expect to be able to tell you more of the Administration then. If you do not hear again by Friday's post, you will conclude that nothing is settled. You have known longer interministeriums.

Tuesday, after dinner.

The evening comes on, and I must go out, without being able to tell you more than I wrote last night. Because they do not know, the town has guessed many successors—as Lord Shelburne, the Dukes of Richmond, Portland, and Devonshire, and Lord Gower. The first and last may be candidates: I believe none of the Dukes are. From my late letters you may perceive that there might be still a sixth person in question, but who certainly will not be,—I mean, not successor: but you must have patience; and it is better not to be surprised, whatever you shall hear. I shall be much surprised, if nothing happens to surprise you. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Berkeley Square, July 7th, 1782.

I DO not pretend to be a prophet; at least, I confess I am one of that wary sort, who take care to be very sure of what will happen before they venture to foretell. I ordered you to expect to be surprised—no very wise way of surprising! In truth, I did foresee

that Lord Rockingham's death would produce a very new scene; and so it has: but is it possible to give an account of what is only beginning? The few real facts that have actually happened are all that one can relate with certainty. They will open wide fields of conjectures to you, and, at your distance, probably not very just ones; nor, as I affect no sagacity, shall I offer you a clue that may lead you as much out of the way.

Lord Rockingham died on Monday. On Tuesday it was known amongst the Ministers, that Lord Shelburne was to succeed.* This was not unforeseen; but did not

* "Within three hours," says Mr. Nicholls, "after the Marquis of Rockingham's death was known, a friend of mine called on Charles Fox. The question which naturally occurred was, 'Who is to succeed Lord Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury?' Mr. Fox replied, 'I think it must be the Earl of Shelburne; he is first oars, and I do not see how we can resist his claim.' But Mr. Burke had afterwards sufficient influence with Mr. Fox and the other leaders of the Rockingham party, to prevail on them to resist the appointment of the Earl. He insisted that the Duke of Portland should be sent for from Ireland, and appointed First Lord. This proposal was offensive, even to some of the Rockingham party, particularly to the Duke of Richmond; who said, that, as the Duke of Portland was provided for in Ireland, he himself had a better claim to be considered as the head of the Rockingham party. But this was not acceptable to Mr. Burke. At a meeting held soon after at Earl Fitzwilliam's, Mr. Burke used such coarse language respecting the Earl of Shelburne, that intercourse, even in appearance friendly, could no longer exist between the parties." Recollections, p. 49. Mr. Prior, however, contradicts the assertion, that the resignations which immediately followed, arose from the irritation of Mr. Burke: "On the contrary," he says, "the suggestion came from Mr. Fox, whose importance, from the situation he held, was more directly affected. It is undoubtedly true, that both, while they disagreed with Lord Shelburne on some public points, entertained a strong personal dislike to the man; he, in return, is said to have felt quite as cordial an aversion to them, (particularly to Mr. Burke,) from a jealousy of being constantly outworked

please those the better who were disposed to dislike it. Lord John Cavendish, who had most unwillingly been dragged into the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared, that nothing should make him retain it under any other man than his late friend, for whose sake he had undertaken it. Mr. Fox more directly protested against Lord Shelburne. The Duke of Richmond and General Conway endeavoured to prevent disunion in the new system, and on Wednesday night did not despair; but on Thursday, at Court, Mr. Fox arrived, took Lord Shelburne aside, asked him abruptly, if he was to be First Lord of the Treasury; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "then, my Lord, I shall resign"—went into the Closet, and left the Seals, which he had brought in his pocket, with the King.

The schism begun, has gone farther. Everybody knew that the Rockingham and Shelburne squadrons, who had never been cordial even in opposition, had with great difficulty been brought to coalesce in the formation of the Administration; and some knew, that their conjunction had not proceeded with much amity. In the first moment, it was still hoped by moderate men that the breach—I mean the present—would not go far; as many disapprove Mr. Fox's precipitation.*

and outshone by them in Parliament, added to their greater estimation in popular opinion, and standing in the midst of his path to power." Life of Burke, p. 268.—Ed.

* In the House of Commons, on the 9th of July, Mr. Fox stated, that the cause of his resignation was a difference of opinion upon some essential points between him and those who remained in his Majesty's councils. General Conway, after insinuating that disappointment in a contest for power was the real cause of Mr. Fox's resignation, positively de-

But he and Lord John had not taken their part with indifference. A meeting of the late Marquis's friends was held yesterday at Lord Fitzwilliam's—the nephew or Octavius of the late Cæsar, but no more likely to be an Augustus, than the Marquis was a Julius. After a debate of six hours the whole junto, except the Duke of Richmond, resolved to secede ; but, by *whole junto*, you must not understand all who had been adherents to Lord Rockingham. Some who had been, would not attend this novel institution of hereditary right, nor understand why the Government is to be permanent in

clared that, in his judgment, there was no disagreement in the Cabinet sufficient to justify Mr. Fox in withdrawing himself from it. This declaration from one of the Ministers made it necessary for Mr. Fox to rise again. He acknowledged that the appointment of Lord Shelburne to be First Lord of the Treasury was one reason which induced him to retire. Since that promotion, he said, the Administration was no longer that which the Parliament and the nation had brought in ; that he had not the least confidence in the present Administration, and that he had, as was his duty, resigned : he did not affect such a stoic indifference for what all the rest of the world earnestly aspired to, as to pretend that he had, without regret, resigned high distinctions of fortune, power, honour, and glory ; but he did not hesitate a moment to give up all these advantages, rather than submit to the treachery and infamy of continuing in office, and patronizing by his name an Administration and its measures, which, in his conscience, he disapproved and believed dangerous to the country. Mr. Burke exclaimed, with uncommon warmth, that he had no confidence in the Administration, constituted as it now was ; that he saw in them, indeed, 'satis eloquentiæ, sed sapientiæ parum ;' and that in his soul he believed the Government was more safely entrusted to the hands of the late Ministry. Mr. Pitt answered them in severe terms ; said that their great talents ought to be considered at that time as public property ; and that to withhold their assistance from the public when it stood so much in need of them was a species of treachery. He ascribed their resignation to a dislike of men, and not of measures ; to private piqûe, and not to public grounds. See Life of Pitt, vol. i. p. 83, and Life of Romilly, vol. i. p. 237.—Ed.

two or three great families, like the Hebrew priesthood in one tribe; General Conway, you may be sure, was not of that assembly. He never would attach himself to either or any faction; and, though they may change their note, the dissidents themselves yet allow that they have no claim to his allegiance, and that he always acts by the rule of right—they forget that that law ought to supersede the ties of party.

Mr. Fox's proclamation of his pretensions—which I allow are very good, if qualifications gave a right of succession, (which he did not indeed directly claim, naming the Duke of Portland for successor to Lord Rockingham, who certainly would not degenerate if insufficience proved the true heir,)—has called forth a rival, who, it was foreseen, must become so sooner or later. Don't you anticipate me, and cry out "What! Mr. William Pitt?" Yes! he is to be Secretary of State —at two and twenty—that is some glory!*

* Lord Shelburne having been promoted to the head of the Treasury, and Mr. Fox and Lord John Cavendish having resigned their respective situations, Mr. Thomas Townshend and Lord Grantham were made Secretaries of State, and Mr. Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Thus," says the Bishop of Winchester, "did Mr. Pitt, when he was little more than twenty-three years old, attain the important office of Finance Minister in the House of Commons, where all measures relative to the revenue must originate; and at a time when the pecuniary concerns of the country were known to be in a state of the greatest embarrassment in consequence of a long and expensive war, which still continued. He did not, like other eminent statesmen, who began their political career in the House of Commons, previously pass through some subordinate office; nor did he wait till the period of life which had hitherto been considered as necessary to mature the judgment, and to qualify even men of the most brilliant talents for the higher departments of executive government. He was at once, at this early age, placed in a

What else is to be, I am sure I cannot tell you. Perhaps by Tuesday night more may be settled; for, as the Parliament is to rise on Wednesday, the posts that may be vacant will be filled up, for the new writs to issue. Guesses I do not name, not to be obliged to contradict them. The new Opposition will be weak in numbers, and have none at all but dignified cyphers in the House of Lords. Lord Rockingham's party was not numerous, though the strongest of any single faction; and it loses its real chief, the Duke of Richmond, and a few more. Fox and Burke are its only efficient men. There are other points on which you might wish to question me; but I do not choose to *write* more than might be in the newspapers, but with this difference, that I relate nothing but facts that have entity.

Monday.

The meeting at Lord Fitzwilliam's was not so unanimous as I had heard. Lord Temple was warmly with the Duke of Richmond, and two or three other Lords. The former, it is supposed, will be Secretary of State with his cousin Pitt. The Duke is grossly abused by the new Separatists, as he had been before by the late Administration. When a man is traduced by both sides, it is no bad symptom of his virtue. If a man sacrifices all parties to his momentary interest, he may be universally despised, but he does not provoke. If his change proceeds from conscience, he must be aspers-

situation which before had always been filled by persons of tried discretion and long-established character, and which, from peculiar circumstances, was now attended with greater difficulties than had been encountered by any of his predecessors." Life, vol. i. p. 85.—Ed.

ed, that his integrity may not shine. As the Duke was conspicuously more proper for the first post than Lord Rockingham, he had more reason to be dissatisfied with the nomination than to support it. The trifling post of Master of the Ordnance could not be an object worthy of his ambition or selfishness; and, by retaining it, he shows he did not aim at an higher.

Tuesday.

If anything extraordinary should happen before Friday, I will write again on that day, as this must go away to-night. I shall go to Strawberry at the end of the week, and come to town very seldom before winter; consequently shall know nothing but general news, which I shall send you as usual. I never trouble myself about the disposition of places; I wish for peace fervently, and must preserve my own, if I cannot contribute to that of the public or of particulars. Luckily, I remember that I am older than almost any man left upon the stage, and will not hobble like Nestor to the Siege of Troy, with boys three hundred years younger than myself, who would be tired of my old stories of their grandfathers. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXX.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1782.

YOUR letter of the 6th, which I received to-day, sets me to writing, though I have no novelty to tell

you since the new arrangement of the Administration ;* of which I think I gave you a sketch in my last of the 9th. The most material part to you is the addition of Lord Grantham as Secretary of State. He is a sort of old acquaintance of yours when he was at Vienna, and, I suppose, at Madrid; though I believe you never met. He is a very agreeable pleasing man. Lord Shelburne is certainly the Minister paramount.

The moment is certainly a solemn one: the combined fleets are at the mouth of the Channel, but Lord Howe, though with inferior force, is watching them, and is very different from such old women as Hardy or Darby, and has a most chosen set of officers, men, and ships; as at land we have General Conway, instead of that log of wood, Lord Amherst, whose stupidity and incapacity were past belief, though, before he was known, he was for a moment a hero; for more moments supposed a great man, the Lord knows why.

I have been here these ten days, consequently know nothing more than what you see in the papers; I must

* The following is a list of the Shelburne Administration, as finally settled: Lord Shelburne, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Grantham and Mr. Thomas Townshend, Principal Secretaries of State; Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Camden, President of the Council; Duke of Grafton, Lord Privy Seal; Duke of Richmond, Master-General of the Ordnance; Lord Ashburton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Sir George Yonge, Secretary at War; Henry Dundas, Esq., Treasurer of the Navy; Colonel Barré, Paymaster of the Forces; Lloyd Kenyon, Esq., Attorney-General; Richard Pepper Arden, Esq., Solicitor-General; Earl Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the Hon. William Wyndham Grenville, Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. —Ed.

therefore owe the rest of my letter to answering yours. It is not worth while, even for the sake of a paragraph, to tell you that my last morsel of gout was acquired by being blooded twice for the influenza, which I had one of the first. I am now mighty well for me.

I am quite ignorant of your nephew's late campaign in Kent, of which I know nothing but by your letter. I do but cast my eye on the newspapers; which are detestable for their lies, blunders, and scandal, and are half filled by letters of the partizans of different factions, whose sole object is to mislead and infuse prejudices. I never look at the advertisements and paragraphs that relate to elections; and must be surfeited, you may well imagine, after sixty years, with the clamours of parties, with which I have nothing to do. Your nephew I have not seen for some time. He has, I think, a good heart; but, being a little volatile and precipitate, his honesty is apt to make him take his part without much consideration. This may draw him into difficulties, but not disreputable ones. Experience will make him more wary; and he will distrust his own judgment, when he finds it is not an infallible guide.

I do not recollect what you said of an *old portrait:* you told me something about one, but I forget what; you now say I have seen it—not to my knowledge. My memory and other defects tell me how old I grow. I hope at least to remember that I do forget. Ancient folks are apt to parry and palliate their decays: it is my duty to watch them, and convince myself of

them; which one should think would not be difficult —but self-love is such a flatterer! Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1782.

I DID think it long since I heard from you; but your letter of July 30th explains your silence, on your ignorance to whom you was to address yourself on the late changes. In fact, no new Secretaries of State were appointed for some time, none therefore could write to you; nor could I tell you who was your new principal, till you had one. Events there have been none to tell you; for the hide-and-seek at which the combined fleets have been playing with ours, produced none till each returned to its own home. Ours, they say, is to relieve Gibraltar, but I do not answer for the truth. I have been in town but two nights for a great while, and know no better than the newspapers what is passing. I have heard here that we have abandoned Georgia and the Royalists to the mercy of their enemies; but perhaps there is not a word of truth in it. A suburban village is no very authentic coffee-house. Our Jamaica and Leeward fleets are arrived safely. Such articles are very important in war, though they made no figure in the history of a campaign. The fleets might almost sail up hither; for we have had such incessant deluges of rain, that our quiet Thames looks like a little turbulent ocean, and seems

setting up for itself too, like others of its sovereign's dominions.

Monsieur de Grasse has been here, and was graciously treated ; which is more than it is thought he will be at home. I hope he will not be used as inhumanly as poor Admiral Byng, whose fate the French so justly condemned.*

I shall be very sorry if your attendance on the Duchess of Parma has over-fatigued you : may you be quit for the ennui which such ceremonies must create after a certain age ! I never feel my antiquity so much as when I am obliged to appear at any of those functions. Courts were not made for old age ; it requires all the giddy insensibility of youth not to be struck with such farces. How one should smile if one could look down on a crowd of insects acting importance, dignity, or servility ! And how would one of them reciprocally smile, could they observe one of our species tottering to the last to so foolish a pantomime ! The young are a sort of insects who do remark that foolishness in their seniors—and they are in the right. Most things are excusable in youth, and almost all things become them. Few become the old

* Count de Grasse landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of August ; where he, together with his officers, were most hospitably entertained by Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Parker, until the Count had permission to proceed to London. During his stay in the metropolis, he took up his residence at the Royal Hotel, in Pall-Mall. The Count was the first commander-in-chief of a French fleet or army who had been prisoner in England since the reign of Queen Anne, when Marshal Tallard was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, and confined to the town and environs of Nottingham. On his return to France, the Count published a Mémoire Justificatif.—Ed.

but propriety, and that kind of quiet common-sense that avoids particularities, and dreads to make itself talked of. Thus it would be affectation in you, who wear a public character, not to conform to its duties. But when I see men late in life thrust themselves into the world's face without a call, I feel a contemptuous pity for them—but they are always punished : they find themselves misplaced ; and, the more they try to adapt themselves to the tone of an age to which they belong not, the more awkwardly they succeed. Not only the fashions in dress and manners change, but the ways of thinking, nay, of speaking and pronouncing. Even the taste in beauty and wit alters. A Helen, or a Lord Rochester, perhaps, would not be approved but in one specific half-century. Sir William Temple says, that the Earl of Norwich,* who had been the wit of the Court of Charles the First, was laughed at in that of Charles the Second. I myself remember that Lord Leicester,† who had rather a jargon than wit, which was much admired in his day, having retired for a few years, and returning to town after a new genera-

* George Goring, in 1632, created Lord Goring, and in 1644, for the great services he had rendered to Charles I., advanced to the dignity of Earl of Norwich. In the preceding year he was sent Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris. "I went to meet him," says Evelyn, "in a coach and six horses, at the palace of M. de Bassompiere, where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My Lord was waited upon by the Master of the Ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palais Cardinal, where he had audience of the French King, and the Queen-Regent his mother, in the Golden Chamber of Presence."—Ed.

† Thomas Coke, created, in 1725, Lord Lovel of Minster-Lovel, in Oxfordshire, and, in 1744, Viscount Coke of Holkham and Earl of Leicester ; which titles became extinct at his death in 1759.—Ed.

tion had come about, recommenced his old routine, but was taken for a driveller by the new people in fashion, who neither understood his phrases nor allusions. At least, neither man nor woman that has been in vogue must hazard an interregnum, and hope to resume the sceptre. An actor or actress that is a favourite may continue on the stage a long time; their decays are not descried, at least not allowed by those who grow old along with them; and the young, who come into the world one by one, hearing such performers applauded, believe them perfect, instead of criticising: but if they quit the stage for a few years, and return to it, a large crop of new auditors has taken possession, are struck with the increased defects, and do not submit, when in a body, to be told by the aged that such a performer is charming, when they hear and see to the contrary.

I wrote this two days ago, but have heard nothing to add. The war seems to partake of old age, and to be grown inactive—I wish it may be grown so old as to die soon. Sir William Draper, some weeks ago, preferred a complaint in form against General Murray; but the Judge Advocate said it was not sufficiently specific. I believe he has given one now less general; but the cause cannot be tried yet for want of Colonel Pringle, who was hostage for the transport vessels. The King's youngest son, Prince Alfred, was at the point of death this morning. He is not two years old.* Adieu!

* Prince Alfred, the King's ninth son, was born on the 22nd of September 1780, and died on the 20th of August 1782.—Ed.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Strawberry Hill, Friday evening, Aug. 30, 1782.

I HAVE this moment received from London your letter which Cardini brought, and shall send one of my servants to town to-morrow morning with this answer, and conclude he will not be set out on his return. As it will not go unless by him, I can have no difficulty of writing freely to you; and yet you will be surprised at the very little information I can give you. In short, I have totally done with politics—even with thinking on them, when I can help it. This country is absolutely lost. I mean, past recovery. The phrensy of the American war was pushed so far and so long, that, besides flinging away all we had acquired in near two centuries, doors have been thrown open to a thousand collateral misfortunes. Our credit has been screwed to a pitch that imminently endangers it all. There is an enormous debt yet unprovided for; nevertheless, the vast current expense continues. Ireland has shaken us off—not unfortunately, *if it goes no farther;* for it will flourish, which our jealousy hindered. Scotland, after doing us every mischief to the end of the last reign, and after engrossing everything in the present, seems to be at the eve of setting up for itself too. When it was little to be expected, at least not five months before, a change happened in the spring, which delivered us at last from so criminal an Administration. The new one, it

is true, was but ill-cemented, and was dissolved by Lord Rockingham's death in three months; and in three days the remainder split to pieces.*

I confess I had neither youth nor perseverance enough to form any new plan of hopes for my country. I took the resolution of abandoning even speculation and observation; and now, literally, never so much as ask a political question. I have no quarrels, no enemies. I wish most heartily well to Mr. Conway and the Duke of Richmond; I have always been civilly and obligingly treated by Lord Shelburne, therefore there is no disgust in my conduct: but I am so mortified at the fall of England, I see so little or no prospect of its ever being a great nation again, that I have not courage to hope about it. I have outlived the glory of my family and of my country.

* On the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, all the members of the Administration resigned, with the exception of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Keppel. The following strictures on the Admiral's retention of office after the retirement of his friends, are from Horace Walpole's *Unpublished Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*:—

"The point that stuck most with the Duke of Richmond was his cousin and friend, Admiral Keppel, whom the zeal of Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes on his trial, called on to fulfil his debt of gratitude. To Lord Shelburne he had no obligations; to the Duke of Richmond the same as to the Cavendishes. The Duke did prevent the Admiral's immediate resignation; but he declared he meditated it, and did intend it so much, that he satisfied the Cavendishes; and they, in their turn, chose to seem satisfied, that, by maintaining friendship with him, they might preserve opportunities of urging him to resign. This dubious conduct of Keppel led the Duke to profess the same kind of neutral ambiguity. Keppel professed to retain the Admiralty but till the peace; the Duke the Ordnance, till he should complete his reforms. It would have been improper in Keppel to resign at that moment: he had sent Admiral Pigot to supersede Lord Rodney, who had just obtained a great victory. News had come of the Quebec fleet being taken: had Keppel retired

Houghton and England are alike stripped of all their honours.—But, instead of declamation, I will answer your letter.

Gibraltar, I am persuaded, will follow Minorca, if not already gone. So far from the fleet being sailed to its relief, part is gone in pursuit of the Dutch to the Baltic, though the Dutch are really in the Texel. I truly do not know what has occasioned this strange management. The papers ring with dissensions in the Fleet; but the particulars I have not heard, for I have not been in London this month. Rodney, too, let the French fleet, that he had beaten and cooped up, slip out; which will probably occasion the loss of New York. The East Indies are not secure either. Mr.

then, he would have opened new ways to his enemies of loading him with obloquy, and given them power to oppress him."

In furnishing the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel with the above extract, the late lamented Lord Holland accompanied it with the following note: "Walpole calls Keppel's conduct 'dubious;' but his motives were avowed and correct, and he acted up to them. He gave his reasons for not resigning; and his friends who did resign never complained of them; and, when those reasons ceased, he followed their example, fulfilled his intentions, and resigned before the termination of Lord Shelburne's Ministry."

The reasons for Lord Keppel's continuing in office after the resignation of his friends are stated by his able biographer to have been these: "Two Admirals at that time employed—Barrington was one (the writer is not quite certain of the name of the other)—entertained so low an opinion of the honesty of a Tory government, that they signified to Lord Keppel their determination to keep their flags flying no longer than he retained office; Barrington (who was second in command at Gibraltar) saying, with professional bluntness, in reference to the party likely to succeed Keppel, 'I should not consider my life safe in the hands of such scoundrels!' To avoid the confusion that would arise from the sudden retirement of these officers, Keppel consented to remain until the peace (the preliminaries of which were in the course of signature) was finally arranged." Life, vol. ii. p. 400.—Ed.

Fitzherbert* is gone to Paris to treat. When they have quite ruined us, perhaps they may grant us a peace.

This is a summary of our situation, and of that of my mind; the latter certainly is not important enough to be blended with the former, but was absolutely necessary to explain why I can tell you so little, and to prevent your concluding that there is some mystery or reserve in my behaviour: but as no changes make any either in my principles or fortune, you may be very sure that I am sincere, and that my politics have never had any object but first, the liberty, and then, the honour of my country. My friends have more than once succeeded; yet I have never accepted or asked the smallest emolument for myself. I may then, at sixty-five, say that I have never varied; but one may be tired out—I am, I own; and though I never meant to profit by the splendour of my country, I cannot be so fond of it in its depression and rags.

* Alleyne Fitzherbert, Esq., afterwards created Lord St. Helen's. In March 1777, he had been appointed British Minister at Brussels, and resided at that Court till August 1782, when he was sent to Paris by the new Administration with the commission of sole plenipotentiary for negotiating a peace with the Crowns of France and Spain, and the States-General of the United Provinces. To a letter written by Lord Grantham, the new Secretary of State, to Dr. Franklin, of which Mr. Fitzherbert was the bearer, the Doctor, on the 11th of September, replied: "You do me justice in believing that I agree with you in earnestly wishing the establishment of an honourable and lasting peace; and I am happy to be assured by your Lordship, that it is the system of the Ministers with whom you are co-operating. I know it to be the sincere desire of the United States; and, with such dispositions on both sides, there is reason to hope, that the good work in its progress will meet with little difficulty."—Ed.

I shall continue to send you any striking novelties; though, by the account I have given you of myself, I must become a less valuable correspondent. Indifference is not a good ingredient in letters—I think, in nothing; no, not where it is demanded, and commonly pretended, in history. But, if the writer does not keep his word, neither is the reader displeased; nay, if he is, it is only because the historian is not partial on the same side as his reader.

We have had the most deplorably wet summer that ever I remember, after three hotter than any in my memory. But I may as well finish when I have nothing better to talk of than the weather; it shows what a retired and insipid mortal I am.

I frequently ask Mrs. Noel, whom I see often at Twickenham Park, about your nephew; but she has only heard of him once at a cricket-match, a proof of his being well. Cardini assured me, by a line, that he left you so, which he knew would be the most welcome news he could give me: and, if he saw me, he would carry you as favourable an account of me; for, though I think myself older than anybody of my age, my health in general is very good, and I am content with it; and, though my spirits are less nimble than they were, they are never low. Adieu! my dear sir. Shall not we be very venerable in the annals of friendship? What Orestes and Pylades ever wrote to each other for four and forty years without once meeting? Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1782.

Two days after your letter by Cardini, I received yours of the 17th of last month, which you had written before that by him, but which, as you foresaw, his diligence would precede. I now write merely to answer what you say about Mozzi's business, for I do not know a tittle of news.

As the Cavalier is coming himself, I saw no cause of delivering his letter to Mr. Duane: however, as he had mentioned it to Sharpe, I did deliver it; and the next day received another, from Sharpe, of Mozzi to him, with his own opinion, that I should either take the whole on myself, or accept of Mr. Duane. I confess, this shuffling did provoke me, and I have given it to Sharpe pretty roundly. I told him, that when I proposed Mr. Duane, he (Sharpe) would not consent, though Lucas had approved of him. I was glad thus to sow division between these two. From my Lord I expect no justice; but I will let him and them hear the truth whenever I have occasion. I never trouble myself about him or them but when they come across me, though the usage I have received from all would exasperate a cooler temper than mine.

To this moment my Lord has not paid my brother or me a shilling of our fortunes, though bound by bond to pay us on his mother's death; nor sixpence of the interest, though due from the date of the bonds.

When he sold the collection of pictures at Houghton, he declared at St. James's that he was forced to it, to pay the fortunes of his uncles—which amounted but to ten thousand pounds; and he sold the pictures for forty, grievously to our discontent, and without any application from us for our money, which he now retains, trusting that we will not press him, lest he should disinherit us, were we to outlive him. But we are not so silly as to have any such expectations at our ages; nor, as he has sold the pictures, which we wished to have preserved in the family, do we care what he does with the estate. Would you believe—yes, for he is a madman,—that he is refurnishing Houghton; ay, and with pictures too—and by Cipriani. That flimsy scene-painter is to replace Guido, Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Vandyke, Carlo Maratti, Albano, Le Sueur, &c.; and with subjects out of Homer and Dryden's Fables, selected and directed by his Lordship himself. But enough!—it is madness to dwell on Bedlam actuated by attorneys!

I am perfectly ignorant of the state of the war abroad; they say we are in no pain for Gibraltar: but I know that we are in a state of war at home that is shocking. I mean, from the enormous profusion of housebreakers, highwaymen, and footpads; and, what is worse, from the savage barbarities of the two latter, who commit the most wanton cruelties. This evil is another fruit of the American war. Having no vent for the convicts that used to be transported to our late colonies, a plan was adopted for confining them on

board of lighters for the term of their sentences. In those colleges, under-graduates in villainy commence masters of arts, and at the expiration of their studies issue as mischievous as if they had taken their degrees in law, physic, or divinity at one of our regular universities; but, having no profession, nor testimonial to their characters, they can get no employment, and therefore live upon the public. In short, the grievance is so crying, that one dare not stir out after dinner but well-armed. If one goes abroad to dinner, you would think one was going to the relief of Gibraltar. You may judge how depraved we are, when the war has not consumed half the reprobates, nor press-gangs thinned their numbers! But no wonder—how should the morals of the people be purified, when such frantic dissipation reigns above them? Contagion does not mount, but descend. A new theatre is going to be erected merely for people of fashion, that they may not be confined to vulgar hours—that is, to day or night. Fashion is always silly, for, before it can spread far, it must be calculated for silly people; as examples of sense, wit, or ingenuity could be imitated only by a few. All the discoveries that I can perceive to have been made by the present age, is to prefer riding about the streets rather than on the roads or on the turf, and being too late for everything. Thus, though we have more public diversions than would suffice for two capitals, nobody goes to them till they are over. This is literally true. Ranelagh—that is, the music there,—finishes at half an hour after ten

at night; but the most fashionable set out for it, though above a mile out of town, at eleven or later. Well! but is not this censure being old and cross? were not the charming people of my youth guilty of equivalent absurdities? Oh, yes; but the sensible folks of my youth had not lost America, nor dipped us in wars with half Europe that cost us fifteen millions a-year. I believe the Jews went to Ranelagh at midnight, though Titus was at Knightsbridge. But Titus demolished their Ranelagh as well as Jerusalem. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1782.

I DO not at all guess when this letter will set out; for I do not know when I shall have any thing to put into it, except an answer to one or two points of yours of the 15th of this month, which I have received this morning so soon, that I suppose the East-wind must have brought it himself. I cannot tell why your nephew neglected so many posts; I neither believe him ill nor on the road to Florence, either of which I think I should have heard from Mrs. Noel: but I shall see her this evening at Twickenham Park, and will ask her. *My* nephew, who *is* going to you, has not so much reason for that journey. He was disappointed of preferment when Lord Shelburne, with whom he had connected himself, was made Secretary of State. However, Mr. Fox, who had the other Seals, named

Lord Cholmondeley for the embassy to Berlin. When those two Ministers quarrelled, Lord Cholmondeley thought it became him to follow Mr. Fox, and resigned his unenjoyed post. This is what I have heard; for I have not seen him since the affair happened, nor am I of his privy council.

At night.

I have been at the Duchess of Montrose's. Mrs. Noel knew nothing of your nephew; but Miss Howe, who was there too, had a letter to-day from her sister, General Pitt's wife,* who is at the camp at Cox-heath, and happened to say that your nephew was there the day before yesterday with the son and daughter of your brother Edward; so, t'other Sir Horace is neither ill nor on the road to you. I hope you know so from himself before this.

We are in no pain for Gibraltar. There are accounts of Lord Howe having passed Lisbon. We reckon that the Bourbonian princes will have made but a foolish jaunt.† Our rich fleet from the Baltic is

* General Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B., brother to George Lord Rivers, married Mary, sister of Richard the fourth Viscount Howe.—Ed.

† The length and celebrity of the siege, rendered more interesting by the fame of the extraordinary preparations now going on by sea and land, had drawn volunteers from every part of Europe to the camp before Gibraltar; and not only the nobility of Spain, but many of other countries were assembled, either to display their valour, or to gratify curiosity in beholding such a naval and military spectacle as, it was probable, had never before been exhibited. The arrival of two Princes of the blood-royal of France served to increase the splendour of the scene. The Count d'Artois, and his cousin the Duke de Bourbon, seemed eager to immortalize their names, by partaking in the glory of so signal an enterprise as the recovery of Gibraltar to the crown of their kinsman and ally.

arrived with all the stores we wanted. This is the sum total of our present news, and the relief of Gibraltar will probably be all we shall have this season. By the silence of new letters from New York, the fable of Colonies revolting from the Congress is quite annihilated. Everything is mighty quiet here; and as the Parliament does not meet till the very end of November, I shall probably have very little to tell you for the next two months.

I am not sorry that your influenza ended in a little gout, which will quite carry it off. I have great respect for the gout, though it has broken my limbs to pieces, like the rack; but it is like the Turk, it seldom

"——bears a brother near the throne."

I am afraid it will not cure a famine. We expected one from a very different cause—from heat and drought. In this region of humidity never was so wet a summer as the present; but we had a parenthesis of fine weather for ten days, that housed most of the corn, of which there was plenty. Grass and leaves we have in such abundance, that our landscapes are even uncommonly luxuriant. Nebuchadnezzar, who used to eat his dominions, would here be the most opulent prince upon earth.

Our papers say, Lady Hamilton is dead at Naples. I am very sorry for her; but I hope, as she was a good

So confidently was success anticipated, that the Duke de Crillon was thought extremely cautious of hazarding an opinion, when he allowed so long a term as fourteen days to the certainty of being in possession of the place.—Ed.

fortune in land, that Sir William loses nothing by her death. If you write to him, pray mention my concern.

30th.

My answers to your last would be so mouldy if I detained this any longer, that I determine to send it away. I might keep it back to the end of the week, by which time some account of Lord Howe and Gibraltar is expected; but that event may reach you before my letter could. I shall content myself if I am able to wish you joy; for I reckon Gibraltar in your department, especially as your vigilance and activity extend themselves to every possible duty that you can hook into your province.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1782.

An hour after I had sent my last to town for the Secretary's office, I received the account of the demolition of the Spanish floating batteries at Gibraltar.* There was no occasion for sending a postscript after

* On the 13th of September, the ten floating batteries of the enemy were observed to be moored in a line, lying parallel to the Rock, and at about nine hundred yards' distance. The surrounding hills were covered with people; and it seemed as if all Spain had assembled to behold the spectacle. The cannonade and bombardment, on all sides and in all directions, from the isthmus, the sea, and the various works of the fortress, was tremendous beyond example. The prodigious showers of red-hot balls, of bombs, and of carcasses, which filled the air, astonished the commanders of the allied forces. A scene more terrible than this day and the succeeding night exhibited, imagination could not conceive. By two in the morning, the Admiral's ship and the ship commanded by the

my letter, as I was sure you must learn that great success before my relation could reach you, especially as our intelligence came from the Continent. We have heard nothing but confirmations of that shining advantage, and assertions that the combined fleets mean to dispute the wall with Lord Howe. He has been detained by adverse winds; but we depend on Eliott's being as firm as his rocks (which are all that are left of Gibraltar), to maintain them till he is relieved, or has nothing but his rocks left to eat. The winds, the only powers that have made a figure in this war, have been playing the devil: we have lost two men-of-war; and the Jamaica fleet, that were dispersed by a storm, are not all arrived. The enemies' have probably not fared better; for the winds, like the armed neutrality, mean no good to anybody.

This nothing is all I have to say; so, must tarry till something happens. I am sorry our correspondence makes us resemble vultures that live upon carcases, and banquet when there is a notable destruction of the human species. Oh! I had rather it starved!

Prince of Nassau were in flames, and the rest took fire successively. The ten floating batteries were all consumed. "Such," says the historian of this mighty achievement, "was the signal and complete defensive victory obtained by a comparatively handful of brave men over the combined efforts and united powers, by sea and by land, of two great, warlike, and potent nations, who, sparing no expense or exertion of art for the attainment of a favourite object, exceeded all former example, as well in the magnitude as in the formidable nature of their preparations; a victory which has shed a signal blaze of glory over the whole garrison, but which cannot fail particularly to immortalize the name of General Eliott, and to hand down to posterity, with distinguished honour, those of Lieutenant-General Boyd and the other principal officers."—Ed.

15th.

Our generals and admirals are very inattentive people! They seem to forget that our correspondence depends on them. Eliott and Lord Howe have not sent me a paragraph for you this fortnight. I have not a dish for your table, brother Vulture! but a dozen Jamaica ships that have been cast away; and you are too much the representative of the royal eagle to be content with such vulgar food. A public minister cannot descend to feast on merchantmen. Well! if it is possible, you shall have an arm of the Comte d'Artois; or a leg of the Duke of Bourbon; or, which you would like better, on Mediterranean accounts, the heart of the Duc de Crillon! *A propos*, I hear Sir William Draper persists in bringing General Murray to a court-martial; of which he probably will make nothing.

16th.

I have just received yours of September 28th, when you had not heard of the destruction of the floating batteries; though it had reached us on the 29th, and even me, who live ten miles out of the world, on the 30th. I was told yesterday, that in London the siege is believed to be raised. I hope so, and that there will be no massacres there: though it is thought that the combined fleets will fight Lord Howe—it is not my opinion; but what signifies making conjectures on what is passed by this time one way or the other? I shall no longer wait for the event, but send this to town to-morrow, meagre as it is.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 23, 1782.

SINCE I wrote last, I have received yours of October 5th, when you did not know the demolition of the Spanish floating batteries; which surprises me, as it happened on the 13th of September, and I had learnt it on the 30th, though certainly I take no trouble to get intelligence, but am here quite ignorant of all that passes. By the common newspapers I see that the raising of the siege is still believed, and that no account is received yet of Lord Howe,* for which the public is as impatient as it is at present for anything;

* On the 11th of September, Lord Howe had sailed from Portsmouth with thirty-four ships of the line, several frigates and fire-ships, a fleet of transports, victuallers, and store-ships, with a body of troops on board, for the relief of Gibraltar. He was accompanied by as brave and able a set of naval officers as had ever been joined in any service. The following occurrence, which took place during the passage, is related by Mr. Tucker: "A battle with the combined fleets of France and Spain was fully expected; and, the enemy being in very superior force, Lord Howe was desirous of ascertaining the sentiments of the senior officers under his command, whether, if an option presented itself, the day or the night would be more eligible for the action. It was understood that, as against such an out-numbering force, his Lordship's own prepossession was in favour of the night, in confidence that the discipline and practice of the British fleet would compensate for their inferiority in numbers, while in the darkness the disparity would be less perceptible. On the first opportunity during the passage, his Lordship assembled all the flag-officers and captains on board the Victory, and having fully stated the probable chances, commencing with the junior officer, according to the practice of courts-martial, he requested their voices separately. Every officer accorded with what was supposed to be also the commander-in-chief's views, until it came to the turn of Sir John Jervis; but he dissented. Expressing regret that his duty compelled him to offer an opinion contrary, not only to that of his brother-officers, but also, as he feared, to that of the commander-in-chief, 'he was satisfied, that, if the choice of a day or night

which is, because it is the chief object of the moment. The public does not fatigue its memory, or penetration, or anxiety, with aught beyond what is exactly before its eyes. I, in deference to the mode, and weary of having seen so much pass before mine for above sixty years together, have still greater indifference, as becomes me; and, since the nation cares so little about its own affairs, I do not think that a veteran half-superannuated has anything to do with them, and accordingly the echo suffices for me.

I smiled at my nephew the Earl's giving you so good an account of my health. It is a true one; but he must have shot his knowledge of it flying; for he only saw me as our chaises passed each other, as he

battle were afforded, the former would be greatly preferable. In the first place, it would give the fleet the benefit of the able direction and tactics of his Lordship, who might take the more prompt advantage of any mistake on the part of the enemy, or of any fluctuation of wind, to make a successful impression on the most vulnerable point. Then, the execution of any evolution they attempted would be materially aided by the admirable code of day-signals, which his Lordship had then lately introduced. While, in the *mêlée* of a battle at night, there must always be greater risk of separation, and of ships receiving the fire of their friends as well as foes!' Sir John concluded by strongly urging the advantages of a daylight fight. After him the senior captains, and then Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hughes and Vice-Admiral Milbanke, gave their opinion in conformity with the junior captains, Vice-Admiral Barrington alone concurring with Sir John Jervis; only further observing, 'That he could not contemplate that any ship would be found wanting in the day of battle; yet, should there unfortunately be a shy cock amongst them, daylight would expose him.' It is related, that Lord Howe made no comment. The events of that voyage did not call his Lordship's discretion into exercise; but he seems afterwards to have evinced his sense of the soundness of Sir John Jervis's opinion, by the course he adopted on the evening of the 31st of May 1794, when the enemy's fleet were directly to leeward of him." Life of Earl St. Vincent, vol. i. p. 79.—Ed.

was going to take leave of his mother at Hampton Court: but do not mention this. When people come to me, they are welcome; when they stay away, they are welcome too: I make myself very easy about most things. When I was young, I had some unpleasant uncles: now I am old, I have not much joy in my nephews. Very possibly I am not a pleasant uncle to them, but at least I do not interfere with their pleasing themselves; and so, when we do meet, we are upon very good terms. I aim at nothing but perfect tranquillity; and am so fortunate, that, if nothing disturbs me, my own temper never does. I carefully avoid everything that can create any disquiet to me. Old folks are easily forgotten, if they will but have the sense not to put the world in mind of them. This is a favourite maxim of mine; I practise it very carefully, and I assure you it answers to my sovereign contentment. I find it one of the comforts of old age, that, if one has hoarded experience, one may live upon it very agreeably in one's latter time. One can execute one's maxims and good resolutions. In youth, our passions interpose and counteract them; but what hinders an old man from acting rationally, if he pleases? In truth, I think myself very happy: I have gout enough to serve as an excuse for anything I don't like to do, and I have health enough to allow me to do all I desire to do. I am not so infirm as to be a prisoner; I am grown indolent enough to think idleness palateable, and yet can, and like to amuse myself. I perceive a gradual decay of my faculties;

which perception, since it is well-founded, is a felicity, as ignorance of it might betray me into exposing myself; and I reflect with satisfaction, that, if my present ease should leave me, it cannot be for long.

I could have nothing else to say, when I have talked about myself for a whole page; but if to a friend of above forty years' standing a portrait of my wrinkles would be an acceptable present, why should not the picture of my mind be so? I think such a drawing one of the few things desirable: I cannot interest myself about the young world. The small number of my remaining old friends, and the memory of the past, are my most delicious enjoyments. However, as your life is not chequered with so many solitary hours as mine, you may not have a taste for such reflections; and therefore, when I have the least article of news to send you, I will not forget that I am your gazetteer, and not your philosopher.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1782.

THE great news of the relief of Gibraltar by Lord Howe arrived this day se'nnight, and of the dispersion of the combined fleets by a storm, in which they lost two or three ships, and we none. This is a fine reproof to his Spanish Majesty's obstinacy. What pitiful beings are monarchs, when they knock their heads against winds and seas—yet even then, alas, they

knock other heads too! There is something sublime in this little island, beset with foes, calmly dispatching its own safeguard to maintain such a distant possession. I do not desire a codicil with a victory, which must be dearly bought: there would be dignity enough in returning, after having performed the intended service. For these two days, indeed, there has been the report of a battle much in our favour, though with the loss of six ships; but I hear it is not credited in London.

You are going to lose your neighbour, Lord Mountstewart:* he is no farther off than Turin. They talk of some fracas of gallantry; but whether that was the cause, or politics, I am totally ignorant. I know nothing but what the newspapers tell me, or stragglers from town. Lord Northington is the successor. I am little acquainted with him; but he is a decent, good sort of man.†

The Parliament will meet in three weeks; which must have some novelty, when the Administration is a new one.‡ I wish it may be as new by being pacific,

* John Stewart, eldest son of the Earl of Bute. In 1783 he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain. In 1792 he succeeded his father in the Earldom of Bute, and in 1796 was created an English Marquis, by the title of Marquis of Bute.—Ed.

† Robert, second Earl of Northington. The appointment alluded to did not take place. His Lordship died unmarried in 1786, when the title expired.

‡ The short space of time that intervened between the death of the Marquis of Rockingham and the prorogation of Parliament on the 11th of July, afforded no opportunity of discovering in what manner the House of Commons stood affected towards the changes that had taken place in

and not talk of *one campaign more.* I do not forget how often I have ended my letters with wishes for peace—almost as frequently as Lord Chesterfield talks

the administration of public affairs in consequence of the former event. The weight of the new Minister in that assembly, either from political connexion, from private friendship, or public favour, was known to be very inconsiderable. The recess of Parliament was therefore considered as a circumstance highly favourable to the Minister, by enabling him to take steps for forming such alliances amongst the parties out of power, as might insure some degree of strength and permanence to his administration. Of Mr. Pitt's conduct on entering upon the duties of his office, and of his attempt to induce Mr. Fox to become a member of the Government, the Bishop of Winchester gives the following account:—"Immediately after Mr. Pitt was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, he left Lincoln's Inn, and, having taken possession of his official house in Downing Street, from that moment devoted his whole time and thoughts to the service of his country. Besides a strict attention to the duties of his peculiar office, he omitted no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the business of every department of the State; and by his penetration and diligence he soon acquired a variety of information both as to foreign and domestic politics. The connexion which had subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Lord Chatham in the latter part of Lord Chatham's life, naturally led to a considerable degree of confidence between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, different as their characters were in some important points; and there was, perhaps, at this time no person in the kingdom from whose knowledge and experience Mr. Pitt would have derived greater advantage. Towards the end of autumn, after an impartial estimate of the support which Government, in the present state of parties, might expect to receive in the House of Commons, it appeared to Ministers very desirable that some additional strength should, if possible, be obtained before the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Pitt, however, positively objected to any application being made to Lord North. He had resolved, from a sense of public duty, not to enter into any political connexion with a man, whose administration had brought so much disgrace and calamity upon the country, and whose principles he had so repeatedly and severely condemned. This determination proceeded from no dislike to Lord North, with whom he had never had any acquaintance or intercourse, but from a conviction that a change from that system, which had been so long pursued, was indispensably necessary to rescue the kingdom from the dangers with which it was surrounded. But neither Mr. Pitt nor Lord Shelburne saw any reason why they should not act with

of *the Graces:* however, peace must come sooner or later, which the Graces never did to his Cub.*

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 10, 1782.

I DO not know whether you are like those auctioneers who put up a lot at an extravagant rate, and then, if it sells but for what it is worth, cry, "it is given away." I, if my footman goes on a message and executes it, am content; I don't desire he should have threshed another footman and spoiled his own livery. Lord Howe has relieved and victualled Gibraltar, and has been attacked by the combined fleets; who did not admire his reception of them, made him

Mr. Fox. It was therefore agreed, that an offer should be made to him to return to office; for which purpose Mr. Pitt waited upon him by appointment. As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked, whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain First Lord of the Treasury, to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative: Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any Administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that, if that was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any farther discussion, 'as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne;' and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox; and from that period may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives." Life, vol. i. p. 87.—ED.

* Philip Stanhope, natural son of the Earl of Chesterfield; to whom the celebrated Letters were addressed. Of those Letters, which, on the death of the Earl in 1773, were published by his son's widow, Dr. Johnson observed to Boswell,—"It might be made a very pretty book: take out the immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."—ED.

a bow and retired—and he is coming home without the loss of a wherry.* I like this better than if he had sent home the main-mast of the Admiral's ship to be hung up in Westminster Hall with the standards of Blenheim, and had lost two or three first-rates. The Romans, who had some sense—sometimes—that is, when they thought as I do, loved to be obeyed *au pied de la lettre*. I don't say but Lord Howe had a plenary indulgence for demolishing both squadrons, if he could; but is not there more grave dignity in marching in face of a very superior navy, maintaining a fortress on their own coast, engaging that navy, obliging it to retire, and walking home himself very deliberately? Add, the vexation of that obstinate mule the King of Spain, and the ridiculous flippancies of the Bourbon Princes, and there appears to me ten

* On the night of the 10th of October, a violent gale of wind in the Straits threw the combined fleets at Algeziras into the greatest disorder, and during the course of the storm much damage was done. On the following morning, Lord Howe entered the Straits, and several of the store-ships destined for Gibraltar came safe to anchor under the cannon of the fort, without any molestation from the enemy. On the 13th, the combined fleet put to sea, with a view to prevent the remaining store-ships, that had overshot the bay to the east, from making good their entrance into it. Having the advantage of the wind, they bore down upon the British fleet, which drew up in order of battle to receive them; but, notwithstanding their superiority, they declined coming to an engagement. On the wind becoming more favourable next day, Lord Howe took the opportunity to bring in the store-ships that were in company; and, the day following, the remainder were conveyed to Gibraltar, and the troops for the reinforcement of the garrison were landed, with a large supply of powder and provisions. Thus, the all-important service of relieving Gibraltar was happily and gloriously performed, under such circumstances of inferiority in force, as not only fully to support, but highly to exalt, the honour of the British flag.—Ed.

times more majesty in such sedate triumph, than in a naval victory. Superior armies and fleets have been beaten by inconsiderable numbers; but, when a multitude are baffled by a handful after a mere skirmish, Glory has no true taste if she does not range herself on our side.

As I am of an age to have made a league with all the sober virtues, I would behave temperately on this occasion, and still condescend to offer peace.

Western Europe has, upon the whole, made but a foolish figure of late, either in policy or arms. *We* have flung away men, money, and thirteen provinces. *France* has been spiteful, to gain nothing but the honour of mischief. Spain has been bombastly unsuccessful, and Holland has betrayed imbecility in every light. Dr. Franklin may laugh at *us*; but surely he cannot reverence his allies.

Berkeley Square, 12th.

I am come to town on a very melancholy occasion. Lady Hertford died the night before last of an inflammation in her bowels, after an illness of only eight days.* Her loss to my Lord is irreparable, a considerable one to society, and to me a very sensible one. She was not only an incomparable wife, but conducted all the affairs of so numerous a family herself; in short, she had every domestic virtue and a thousand

* Lady Arabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl of Hertford of that line; by whom she had seven sons and six daughters, who all lived to be men and women. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte.

good qualities. To me she had at all times been kind and obliging. I had lived a great deal with her, and it was one of the few houses on which I reckoned for my remaining time. It will make a great chasm, as I do not either seek or encourage new acquaintance—and almost all the old are gone! It is difficult to stop, when common-place reflections crowd on one's thoughts and mix with one's sensations; but it would not be just to moralize to *you*, because *I* feel. You knew not poor Lady Hertford; and therefore every one that drops would be as fit a subject to preach upon.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 26, 1782.

You will be impatient to learn the event of this day, on which depended the horoscope of the present Administration.* I shall not be sorry if you should hear from France, before you receive this, that an æra of much more importance to mankind than the fate of a Minister had intervened. But, to waive riddles; on Saturday last it was declared that the Parliament, which

* "The Pandemonium," wrote Gibbon on the 14th of October, "does not meet till the 26th of November. I am at a loss what to say or think about our Parliamentary state. A certain late Secretary of Ireland reckons the House of Commons thus: 'Ministers, one hundred and forty; Lord North, one hundred and twenty; Fox, ninety; the rest unknown or uncertain.' The second, by self or agents, talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I think Lord Loughborough will take a very decided part. If he could throw aside his gown, he would make a noble leader." Miscellaneous Works, vol. ii. p. 262.—Ed.

was to meet to-day, was put off to the 5th of next month; by which time the Ministers hoped to be able to declare whether the peace would be made or was desperate.* Our ultimatum went some days ago to Paris: I don't know what it is; therefore I devoutly hope it will be accepted. I look to the scale in which lives are, and not to that of glory; and wish the reality may outweigh the smoke, as it ought to do.

You have seen, I suppose, in the newspapers, the articles preferred against General Murray by Sir William Draper; who has certainly attacked his weak side, his judgment. It threatened to be a most tedious trial: it is interrupted, at least for the present, by Draper's falling ill. Probably I should not have known so much as this, had I not thought *you* would be curious. I have long determined not to concern myself with courts-martial, which I do not understand; and it is unjust for so ignorant a person to pronounce on men whose honour is at stake: were a lawyer to be tried, his character is of no consequence; at worst, he could be made a Peer. Physicians, though they com-

* On the 23rd of November, letters were sent by Mr. Thomas Townshend, Secretary of State, to the Lord Mayor and the Governor of the Bank, acquainting them, "for the information of the public, and to prevent the mischiefs arising from speculations in the funds, that the negotiations carrying on at Paris were brought so far to a point, as to promise a decisive conclusion, either for peace or war, before the meeting of Parliament, which, on that account, was to be prorogued to the 5th of December." In consequence of this notification, the dealers in stocks were immediately in an uproar and tumult, which continued for several days. The stocks rose and fell one, two, and sometimes three per cent. every day; from 57, the price at which they were when this news arrived, they one day rose to 65.—Ed.

mit more deaths than soldiers, never are tried; and for Divines, it would be idle, for they expound their own laws as they please, and always in their own favour.

I began this letter, for this was-to-have-been important day, two days ago, but I am not able to finish it myself. I suppose I caught cold on my coming to town, for in three days I was seized with the gout, and have it now from the top of my left shoulder to the ends of my fingers—but enough of that. I have told you before of the savage state we are fallen into: it is now come to such perfection, that one can neither stir out of one's house safely, nor stay in it with safety. I was sitting here very quietly under my calamity on Saturday night, when, at half an hour after ten, I heard a loud knock at the door. I concluded that Mr. Conway or Lady Ailesbury had called after the opera to see how I did; nobody came up; a louder knock. I rang to know who it was; but, before the servants could come to me, the three windows of this room and the next were broken about my ears by a volley of stones, and so were those of the hall and the library below, as a hint to me how glad I must be of my Lord Rodney's victory six or eight months ago. In short, he had dined at the London Tavern with a committee of the Common Council; for the Mayor and Aldermen had refused to banquet him. Thence he had paraded through the whole town to his own house at this end, with a rabble at his heels, breaking windows for not being illuminated, for which no soul was prepared, as no soul thought on him; but thus our conquerors triumph! My ser-

vants went out, and begged these Romans to give them time to light up candles, but to no purpose; and were near having their brains dashed out. I did not know that my windows were either French or Spaniards; but glaziers and tallow-chandlers always treat sashes as public enemies. As next day was Sunday, I expected to remain in a Temple of the Winds; but my glazier at least had the charity to repair the mischief that perhaps he had done.

Your sister-in-law, Mrs. Mann,* was robbed about ten days ago in New Park, between three and four in the afternoon; the prudent matron gave the highwayman a purse with very little money, but slipped her watch into the bag of the coach. The cavalier, not being content, insisted on more. The poor girl, terrified, gave him not only her own pinchbeck watch, but her grandmother's concealed gold one; for which, no doubt, she will undergo many a supernumerary lecture on œconomy and discretion, and the Christian duty of cheating highwaymen. Adieu! for I am weary, and can dictate no more: but indeed I have nothing more to say.

P. S. I expect to hear of Mr. Duane every day; but God knows whether I shall be able to do any business with him yet, for the gout is come into five places at once: poor Mozzi should have younger labourers in his vineyard than Mr. Morrice and me.

* The widow of Mr. Galfridus Mann.

LETTER CCCXC.

Berkeley Square, Monday evening, Dec. 2, 1782.

THE day that I little expected to live to see, is arrived! Peace came this morning: thank God! That is the first thought: the effusion of human gore is stopped, nor are there to be more widows and orphans out of the common course of things.

What the terms are will be known before this goes away to-morrow: they may be public already; but here am I, lying upon a couch and not out of pain, waiting with patience for what I shall learn from the few charitable that I am able to admit. Proud conditions I, nor even you in your representative dignity, can expect. Should they be humiliating, *they* ought to answer who plunged us into a quadruple war, and managed it deplorably for seven years together!

As I have not breath to dictate much, I shall not waste myself on a single reflection: but in truth I am very low; and what are all the great and little affairs of the world to me, who am mouldering away, not imperceptibly!

Just now I received yours of the 16th of November, chiefly on the affairs of Gibraltar; you will find how details in that place, like your preceding occupation for Minorca, will be absorbed in subsequent events.

To Cavalier Mozzi I can say nothing at present. I have not seen Mr. Duane, nor am I at all capable of business yet. I am taken up and carried to bed by three

servants: Chancellors and Judges are sometimes placed on their woolsacks in as lamentable a condition; but I was not bred to the law, nor habituated to earn money to the last dregs—and, when one is to have no fees, can it be expected that I should go to court? Well! well! I will do the best I can when I am able. Good night till to-morrow!

Friday night, the 6th.

I was much too ill on Tuesday to finish this, and, besides that, recollected that whatever was to be heard you would learn from Paris sooner than from London. I began to write upon the first buzz of the courier being arrived; but all he brought was the Provisional Treaty with America, which too is not to take place till the general peace does.* This, however, we are told

* On the 30th of November, Mr. Fitzherbert had succeeded in obtaining from the American Commissioners the signature of a Provisional Agreement with America; and, on the 5th of December, the King opened the session of Parliament, with a speech from the Throne of unusual length, and of which the following are the leading passages: "I have brought all my views and measures, as well in Europe as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with those colonies. Provisional articles are agreed upon, to take effect whenever terms of peace shall be finally settled with the Court of France. In thus admitting their separation from the Crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire. Having manifested to the whole world, by the most lasting examples, the signal spirit and bravery of my people, I conceived it a moment not unbecoming my dignity, and thought it a regard due to the lives and fortunes of such brave and gallant subjects, to show myself ready, on my part, to embrace fair and honourable terms of accommodation with all the powers at war. I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that negotiations to this effect are considerably advanced; and I have every reason to hope and believe, that I shall have it in my power, in a

to expect soon—and there I must leave peace and war, kingdoms and states, and trust to your nephew for saying anything else; for in truth I am not able. The scale of life and death has been vibrating; I believe it

very short time, to acquaint you that they have ended in terms of pacification, which, I trust, you will see just cause to approve." There was not, in either House, any opposition to the Address. In the House of Lords, Lord Shelburne explained the offer of declaring America independent, not to be a present and irrevocable recognition of her independence, but a mere offer, which, if peace did not follow, was to be entirely at an end. Mr. Fox, in the other House, understood it to be a full acknowledgment of the independence of America; supposed the word "offer" to be a mere inaccuracy of expression, and upon this ground only approved the measure. The day after the Address had been voted, Mr. Fox said in the House, that he had quite mistaken the purport of the King's Speech; that, as the *offer* of independence to America had been explained by Lord Shelburne in the House of Peers, he by no means approved of it, but retracted all he had said the preceding day in its praise. Mr. Burke made a similar declaration, and talked of moving an amendment to the Address, which Mr. Fox affirmed he would second. The following is the Bishop of Winchester's account of the part taken upon this occasion by Mr. Pitt: "Mr. Burke exerted all his great powers of wit and eloquence to turn the King's Speech into ridicule; commenting upon many of its expressions in a vein of sarcastic humour, which kept the House for some time in constant laughter. He accused Lord Shelburne of 'duplicity and delusion;' but of Mr. Pitt's 'virtue, integrity, and honour,' he repeatedly spoke in terms of the highest commendation. Mr. Pitt reproved the levity of this veteran orator in a grave and dignified strain, which at once marked his readiness at reply, and his correct sense of propriety and decorum. He said he should be happy to share in the delights of that fertile imagination which had so long been the wonder and the pleasure of the House; but he could not indulge himself in admiring 'the beautiful motes which people the sunbeam,' when his mind was occupied with objects so serious and important. He could not believe, that the House would consent to call the Speech from the Throne 'a farrago of hypocrisies and absurdities,' which they had unanimously approved, and for which they had, without a single dissentient voice, agreed to present his Majesty with an address of thanks. I was present when Mr. Pitt delivered this speech, and nothing could exceed the applause with which it was received by the House." Life, vol. i. p. 91.—Ed.

is turned to the former. I have had two very good nights, and the progress of the gout seems quite stopped; but I am exceedingly low and weak, and it will take me some time to recover: but I assure you, my dear sir, you may be easy. I have now a good opinion of myself, and I have spoken so plainly that you may believe me.

Adieu! You shall hear again soon, unless I see your nephew, whom I will desire to give you a more particular account.

LETTER CCCXCI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 17, 1782.

On not seeing nor hearing anything of your nephew, I sent to his house, and learnt, to my mortification, that he neither is in town nor is expected. This forces me, though little able, to say a few words to you myself. I have been extremely ill, though not dangerously, but am much mended within these two days; yet my breast is still so weak, that I must not dictate more than is absolutely necessary.

I have received and sent to Lord Orford your letter, the drawing, and the draught: on account of the last, I suppose he will forget all three; but *I* shall not, nor shall let *him*. I must obey Cavalier Mozzi, though to his own prejudice, if he insists upon it; still I hope Mr. Duane will be able to prevent great injustice; but Lord knows when we shall begin. I, at present, am utterly incapable; and, last Friday night, not only

poor Mr. Duane, but Sharpe too, were within an inch of losing every paper they had in the world, and all those in their custody. A great fire broke out in Lincoln's Inn at eleven at night, and consumed twelve sets of chambers; but, beginning in a garret, most people saved their papers, as both Duane and Sharpe did; though the latter at first absolutely lost his senses, and ran about distracted, not knowing what he said or did. I conclude that I shall be recovered before he will have put his papers into order again. These are untoward accidents for poor Mozzi, but unavoidable.

I have been so entirely shut up and incapable of seeing anybody, that I neither know any politics, nor have breath to relate them if I did. The Peace seems at a stand; I know not why.* We are prepared for the

* On the 15th of December, Count de Vergennois had complained in a letter to Dr. Franklin, that the Preliminaries between England and America had been concluded without any communication with the French Cabinet. "I am at a loss, sir," says the Count, "to explain your conduct, and that of your colleagues, on this occasion. You have concluded your preliminary articles without any communication between us, although the instructions from Congress prescribe, that nothing shall be done without the participation of the King. You are about to hold out a certain hope of peace to America, without even informing yourself on the state of the negotiation on our part. You are wise and discreet, sir; you perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed your duties. I pray you to consider how you propose to fulfil those which are due to the King." To this remonstrance the Doctor replied: "Nothing has been agreed in the preliminaries contrary to the interests of France; and no peace is to take place between us and England, till you have concluded yours. Your observation is, however, apparently just, that, in not consulting you before they were signed, we have been guilty of neglecting a point of *bienséance*: but, as this was not from want of respect for the King, whom we all love and honour, we hope it will be excused, and that the great work, which has hitherto been so happily conducted, is so nearly brought to perfection, and is so glorious to

attack on Jamaica, and Spanish bravados are sunk much below par. I must finish, for I have quite exhausted myself. Yours ever.

LETTER CCCXCII.

Jan. 7, 1783.

I KNOW not what to do about your complaint on your letters being produced against General Murray, though it is very well founded.* Your nephew is not, has not been, in town. When he comes, I will speak to him. For myself, I never saw Murray, nor know who are his connections. For Mr. Conway, as Commander-in-chief, it would be most improper for him to take the least part, the trial pending. I have not heard it named since I came to town, but that it would be finished last week; which, however, I believe it is not. As I have not been out of my house yet, but twice to take the air, and seen only the few that come to me, I can give you little account of the transactions or conversation of the world. For above three weeks I was too ill to see anybody but my most intimate friends; and at present the town is deserted,

his reign, will not be ruined by a single indiscretion of ours; and certainly the whole edifice sinks to the ground immediately, if you refuse on that account to give us any further assistance. The English, I just now learn, flatter themselves they have already divided us. I hope this little misunderstanding, therefore, will be kept a secret." Works, vol. ix. p. 449.—ED.

* Sir William Draper produced on the trial a letter of Sir Horace Mann, who had found fault with General Murray.

and will be till Saturday sevennight, the Birth-day. I do, as you see, write myself, yet my only motion is in my thumb and wrist. I can scarcely bend any other joint of my right hand, and believe never shall: thence, writing being difficult and even painful, I very seldom attempt it, and generally employ a secretary.

The Peace is certainly not yet arrived. Armaments, and from them the Stocks, look inauspiciously; I know nothing more.

I told you Lord Mountstewart was leaving Turin. He came the day before yesterday: but my intelligence of Lord Northington's succeeding him was not equally authentic; at least, he is not yet named.

From Mr. Duane not a word yet; nor have I been well enough to do business had he come to me: at sixty-five one does not recover in a moment from an attack in ten places, and with so weak a breast as mine. All the accounts I receive of my nephew speak him frantic; you shall judge from one. One of his footmen was carried before Lord Walpole for getting a bastard, and committed to prison, as usual. Lord Orford wrote a most angry letter to his cousin; and told him, that when he himself was at Hull with his militia, his servants and soldiers got so many children, that the Mayor thanked him for such a bounteous propagation of the species. He himself believes he has contributed; a weeding girl, whom he took out of his garden and keeps, having lately made him a present of a daughter: but I believe the Mayor of Hull might thank one of the footmen. All this is mighty indiffer-

ent to me, who have done caring about him. Indeed, it would be hard to confine my nephew while Lord George Gordon is at large; who is daily trying mischiefs that do not tend to the propagation of the species, and is not so mad as to be excusable.* I must now repose my hand—my letter will not set out till Friday. As I have leisure enough, there is no occasion to fatigue myself: yet I must learn new matter if I add more.

Thursday, 9th.

General Murray's trial, it seems, has been finished some days; but, the report not having been yet made to the King, the event is not known, as courts-martial never disclose their sentence till ratified by Majesty. In general, it is not thought that Sir William Draper made out much.

The Peace is out of order with an ague—the cold fit is on at present; but, as Mr. Townshend has not notified to the City that it is given over, I trust the doctors have still hopes.†

* Lord George Gordon had, during the summer, been occupied in writing letters and dispersing hand-bills, in which he not unsuccessfully imitated the style of the Puritans of the preceding century. He represented Mr. Fox as a Papist, and said that the disturbances in Ireland were to be imputed to the toleration of Catholics.—Ed.

† A strong rumour at this time prevailed, that Lord Shelburne had not only manifested a disposition, but had even consented, with the approbation of the Cabinet, to cede Gibraltar to Spain, on certain conditions; and the more so, as young Mr. Henry Bankes, the member for Corfe Castle, who seconded the Address on the first day of the session, and was supposed to be in the confidence of Administration, made some pointed allusions to the cession. He represented the fort to be an empty honour, of little advantage to the country; and hinted, that by giving up to the Spaniards what they had so set their minds upon, and what seemed to

Friday has produced nothing—the voice of the town is war: still, till the negotiation is declared to be broken off, I will believe and hope that it is yet going on, and may end happily.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

Berkeley Square, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1783.

AFTER so long a suspense, which, I own, staggered my faith, the Preliminaries of Peace are signed, and the wounds of the groaning world may be closed.

have been the sole object of their ambition in the last wars, England would secure the permanency of peace. Mr. Fox owned that peace was most desirable, yet thought too high a price might be paid for it. He would not say that it would not be expedient, in any possible situation of this country, to give up Gibraltar; but he would say, that, Great Britain and Ireland excepted, it was the last of his Majesty's dominions that ought to be ceded; that it was the most effectual instrument of war in our hands: to part with it was to resign the Mediterranean altogether into the hands of the House of Bourbon, to be theirs as completely and as absolutely as any lake or pool in their own dominions. Mr. Burke supported Mr. Fox with all the powers of his eloquence. He declared that Gibraltar was invaluable, because impregnable; that the King of Spain had not an appendage to his Crown equal to it in importance. It was, therefore, something more than a post of pride, or a post of honour: it was a post of power, a post of connection, and a post of commerce. Lord North, too, said he would not go so far as to assert, that in no possible case ought it to be ceded to Spain; such a sacrifice might be necessary; but its price should be large, and no Ministers would be justified in resigning a possession so honourable, so useful, and so dear to the country, unless for an equivalent of the highest importance. It was said at the time, that Charles the Third was so eager to re-annex Gibraltar to the Spanish monarchy, that he tendered in exchange for it the Canary Islands, together with Porto Rico in the West Indies. Dr. Franklin, in a letter of the 5th of December, to Mr. Livingston, said, "that Spain offered for Gibraltar to restore West Florida and the Bahamas."—ED.

What the terms are, or how they will be approved or condemned, is no part of my consideration. I have long eagerly wished for peace, and scarce expected to live to see it. I shall look to no more æras!—the rest will be like the beginning of a new volume, of which I am only to see a few pages!

The Parliament met on Tuesday, but the definitive courier did not arrive till yesterday noon; so, on the first day, all the troops on every side lay on their arms, and not a shot was fired.

Friday.

You will find that my intelligence is not very good; for the courier did not arrive till yesterday evening. It is true, the French agent had got notice sooner; and Lord Clermont* had a letter on Wednesday (whence the report) from the Duchess de Polignac,† saying the Preliminaries were signed. I doubt there was a little jockeyship in this, and that the French had contrived to retard the courier, that they might buy into our stocks before the rise. Madame de Pompadour made a vigorous job by such a manœuvre at the peace of Paris.

Well! France, Spain, and America are at peace with us; but not Holland, which has only agreed yet to a suspension of arms.‡ It looks as if they did

* William Henry Fortescue, Lord Clermont, an Irish Peer, who went frequently to Paris, where his wife was taken much notice of by the Queen of France.

† The principal favourite of the Queen of France.

‡ On the 23rd of January, Lord Grantham notified to the Lord Mayor, that the preliminary articles between Great Britain, France, and Spain

not find themselves so much thought on as they expected—a mighty new case, indeed, for little folks to be sacrificed by great! I don't tell you that this is so; it is only an *il me semble:* I know no secrets, nor trouble myself about *them.*

Your great Mediterranean object is safe, Gibraltar. Whatever questionable points there may be in the treaty, they cannot, be they what they will, occasion half the clamour that the reddition of *Rock-Elliot* would have made.* There are many, I believe, who think it is *in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields* (to talk in the language of acts of parliament), and would as easily have relinquished the Isle of Wight, which French modesty once demanded.† His Catholic

were signed at Versailles on the 20th; and also, that the preliminaries with Holland were not signed, but a cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon.—Ed.

* General Conway having moved, in the House of Commons, the thanks of the House to General Elliot, for his brave and gallant defence of Gibraltar, Sir George Howard proposed to insert, after the word "Gibraltar," the words, "the most valuable and important fortress of any of our foreign possessions." The amendment was warmly approved of by Mr. Fox; but Sir George, finding he had unintentionally opened a great political question, would have withdrawn it; but this was objected to by Mr. Fox: "I do not credit," he said, "the reports that have gone abroad of an intended cession of that fortress, because I am convinced there is not a man in the Cabinet who would dare to give it up; the amendment, if carried, will satisfy the public that such reports are groundless." Mr. Burke also supported the amendment, which, he said, would give the Ministers a handle for obstinately resisting all demands for a cession. The amendment was withdrawn; but, according to Wraxall, a messenger was immediately dispatched to our Minister at Paris with an account of what had passed in the House.—Ed.

† About 1781 or 1782, when some overtures of peace had been made from England.

Majesty's obstinacy has had a *démenti*, for a royal mule may be restive in vain.

It had been pity to have died of my late fit of the gout, when peace, for which I had so long ardently sighed, was so near! I shall certainly not be one of the disapprovers. Nay, I shall certainly find it better than I expected (I know when*) we should obtain. On that subject I shall not expatiate—nay, nor talk more of the peace, as I know so little of the matter.

The report on General Murray's case is not yet made; nor will be, they say, till Monday. The reading over the evidence took up many days. When I see your nephew, I will charge him with your apology to the General, if you have not.

This is a brief letter, but the matter will stand in lieu of length. As the second volume of winter is but begun, there will probably be no want of topics. It is Parliament that I call winter, begin and end when it will. The two Houses make the seasons, and produce storms more regularly than our elements. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXCIV.

Feb. 3, 1783.

THOUGH I begin my letter on this 3rd, I do not know whether it will embark for some days. I hate to send you maimed accounts, which instead of informing can only perplex you. Everything you wish to

* In 1779, when the French fleet was off Plymouth.

know is in an embryo state. You may wonder, as General Murray's sentence is public, that I have not transmitted it to you; the newspapers have: yet it is far from an affair concluded. The sentence was a strange one; yet, I imagine, calculated to prevent very desperate consequences between a madman and a very hot-headed one. Of twenty-nine charges they pronounced twenty-seven trifling; and on the two others, that seem not very grave, reprimanded Murray; and then ordered the accuser and accusee to make mutual apologies to each other. Draper, though the greater Bedlamite, obeyed: Murray would not utter all that was enjoined, and was put under arrest. It seems that Draper had during the siege used, even in writing, most harsh expressions to his commander. Pains are taking to mollify the latter, and reconcile him to submission—there I must leave their history till I know how it ends.

I can tell you nothing more definite about the Peace. The ratification of the preliminaries is expected, they say, this week. Scarcely anything has been said on the subject yet in Parliament; but as the articles, since published, seem to give much offence, it is not probable that the House of Commons should become the Temple of Silence on this occasion. You will not expect me, who know nothing of trade, &c., to specify the supposed grievances. I am content with peace in the lump: I did not suppose that the loss of America and Minorca, &c., would improve our commerce or

glory; nor do I wonder that they who threw them away had rather blame anybody than themselves.

The papers will tell you of a little disturbance at Portsmouth, where a Scotch regiment, destined for the East Indies, mutinied, claiming a promise of being disbanded at the peace. They almost murdered their Colonel, but have been quieted, on assurance that none shall go in-voluntarily.* A second regiment caught the spirit, but were more easily pacified. Would not one think that our Nabobs have drained the Indies, when men would rather go back to Scotland than to mines of gold and diamonds?

Lord Mountstewart will be no longer your neighbour; he goes to Madrid, and Lord Carmarthen to Paris. I have not heard who is to come from the

* On the 23rd of January, a scene of great confusion took place at Portsmouth. The Highland, or seventy-seventh regiment, quartered in the town, were ordered to be ready to embark for the East Indies on the next morning. In obedience to the order, they assembled on the parade, but with a determination not to comply with the order, alleging as a reason, that the arrears due to them were not paid, and that they were enlisted on the express condition that they should serve only for three years, or during the American war; and as they conceived those conditions were fulfilled, and that they were now intended for the East India service, where none of their officers were going, they declared they would stand by each other to the last. The Colonel was not present; but, on the Lieutenant-Colonel and the other officers insisting that they should embark, the soldiers violently assaulted the Lieutenant-Colonel and several others, who narrowly escaped with their lives. After which they broke open the store-house, and supplied themselves with several rounds of powder and ball. They next fired on a party of the invalids, who were ordered out to protect the guard-house, and killed one man and wounded two. Upon a promise from the Mayor that they should not be embarked until further orders had been received, they returned to their quarters in the evening; and on the following morning they were assured, that their embarkation should not be insisted on.—Ed.

latter — I mean as ambassador: a multitude of individuals are expected, and above the rest the Duc de Chartres.

I have not yet heard anything of your nephew, but, by accident, that he will come to town for the sake of his daughters. His absence is inconvenient to me, or rather to you; as he might tell you perhaps twenty things that escape me, who have totally quitted public places, and go but to a very few private houses. However, you lose little worth knowing. Our newspapers are grown such minute registers of everything that happens, and still more of everything that is said to have happened, that you would easily perceive if I omitted anything of consequence. I do little more than confirm the rare truths by mentioning them. The swarms of daily lies die every evening. There is another character due to our papers; if they do get hold of truth, they are sure of overlaying it by blunders; scarcely ever do they state any event in accurate terms or faithful narratives, unless when there are any melancholy circumstances that had better be suppressed. Those they detail minutely, to the great satisfaction of a malignant public, and to the grief of the families concerned: reason sufficient, one should think, for everybody to discourage such vehicles of ill-nature. A pretty woman that makes, or is supposed to have made, a slip, is hunted down as inveterately as a Prime Minister used to be—I do not mean that the latter escapes the better for having everybody associated with him. Our newspapers, like German

princes, hunt all kinds of game at once — boars, wolves, foxes, hares, rabbits; a mouse would not have quarter if it came in their way. Adieu for the present!

Sunday, 9th.

But this morning I have learnt the termination of General Murray's affair. He wanted to resign his regiment rather than submit, though he had been ruined by it; having three children, and his wife big with a fourth, for whom he begged a pension of three hundred a-year. The King excused him the reprimand on the two charges; and General Murray has laboured with so much zeal and good-nature, that at last he prevailed on him and the court-martial to let him alter *one* word of the apology. This is a bigger detail than I should have studied but to satisfy you. My letter will now set out on Tuesday: from you it is long since I had one.

Monday, 10th.

The ratification of the Preliminaries by France is come, and that of Spain is expected in a week. This day sevennight is to be the great combat in both Houses; at least, warm opposition is talked of: but such rumours are far from being always verified. For this last week there has been talk of changes; yet only one has happened, the resignation of Lord Carlisle, who, it is said, disapproves the sacrifice of the Loyalists. Others think he is more discontent at not going Ambassador to Paris. I should not think these reports worth mentioning, but that the newspapers have

been full of them, though they certainly know nothing of the matter. Neither the old Ministry, nor the fragment of the last, have yet spoken out; and, therefore, the public can form no judgment what will happen.*

* The preliminary articles of peace with France and Spain were signed at Paris on the 20th of January, and, on the 27th, copies of them and of the provisional articles with America were laid before both Houses; and the 17th of February was fixed upon as the day for taking them into consideration. "As the time approached for discussing them," says Bishop Tomline, "it was obvious to every one, that the continuance of Ministers in office must depend upon the opinion which Parliament might express respecting the terms of the Peace; and the general expectation was fixed upon the part which the two leaders, Lord North and Mr. Fox, would take upon that question. Lord North was fully aware of Mr. Pitt's positive determination to have no political connection with him; and he could not but know, that a perfectly good understanding subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt: he must therefore have been convinced, that any union between himself and the present Ministers was utterly impracticable. Mr. Fox, on his part, had resolved not to take office while Lord Shelburne was First Lord of the Treasury. Under these circumstances, Lord North and Mr. Fox had a common interest in the removal of Ministers; and the present appeared a favourable opportunity for effecting that purpose. Their sentiments were sounded by common friends, through whose intervention they pledged themselves to each other, to oppose any motion that might be made for approving the terms of the Peace. Nothing further was settled between them at this time. Future measures were to depend upon the result of their first co-operation." Life of Pitt, vol. i. p. 106. The following notices, with reference to the approaching debate on the treaties, are from Mr. Wilberforce's Diary: "Sat. Feb. 15th. Dined at Tommy Townshend's. Pitt asked me at night to second the Address. Bed at twelve, and sleep disturbed at the thought of a full House of Commons. 16th. Dined at home, then called at Pitt's. Went to hear Address read at Tommy Townshend's. 17th. Walked down morning to House to get Milner into gallery. Seconded the Address. Lost the motion by sixteen. Did not leave House till about eight in the morning." Mr. Wilberforce's biographers add, that, when he came down to the House to second the Address, he inquired of Mr. Bankes, "Are the intentions of Lord North and Fox sufficiently known to be condemned?" "Yes," was the reply; "and the more strongly the better." Life, vol. i. p. 25.—Ed.

The capital point, the Peace, is attained. Factions there will always be; the world cannot stand stock-still. War is a tragedy; other politics but a farce. It is plain mankind think so; for, however occupied the persons concerned are by what they are interested in, how little do people dwell upon what is passed, unless it has come to blows! How often, when in Parliament, did I hear questions called "the most important that had ever come before the House," which a twelvemonth after no mortal remembered! Adieu!

P.S. The King has instituted a new order of knighthood in Ireland. There are to be sixteen, and they are to wear a watered light blue riband.*

* The Order of St. Patrick was instituted by the King on the 5th of February, and consisted of the Sovereign, a Grand Master, and twenty-two Knights; the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being the Grand Master. Hardy, in his Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, says, that, as this measure immediately followed the establishment of the independence of Ireland, it was extremely gratifying. Earl Temple, then Lord Lieutenant, in announcing to Lord Charlemont the institution of the Order, and requesting permission to put his Lordship's name upon the list, added, "that he proposed it with the greater satisfaction, as the motto of the Order, *Quis separabit*, would tend to enforce that explained, constitutional, and solid Union between the two kingdoms, so necessary to both, and which Lord Charlemont had so long laboured to establish upon the surest foundation—that of mutual confidence and affection." With reference to the institution of this Order, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Lord Charlemont, written in 1785, threw out the following suggestion: "When the Order was instituted, I had a mind to hint to your Lordship, that it was exactly the moment for seizing an opportunity that has been lost to this country. When I was at Paris, I found in the Convent of Les Grands Augustins three vast chambers filled with the portraits (and their names and titles beneath) of all the Knights of the St. Esprit, from the foundation of the Order. Every new Knight, with few exceptions, gives his own portrait on his creation. Of the Order of St. Patrick I think but one member is dead yet, and his portrait perhaps may be retrieved. I will

LETTER CCCXCV.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 18, 1783.

I HINTED to you that the Peace was not popular —you must make a prodigious stride from that warning: you must extend your idea to the brink of the precipice, and conceive—not that the peace is to be broken e'er consummate, but that it has already overturned the peace-maker! It is not eleven o'clock of Tuesday morning, and the House of Commons,* that sat

not make any apology to so good a patriot as your Lordship, for proposing a plan that tends to the honour of his country; which I will presume to call mine too, as it is, both by union and my affection for it."—ED.

* The 17th of February having been fixed on for taking the treaties into consideration, Mr. Thomas Pitt moved an address of approbation to his Majesty. As soon as it had been seconded by Mr. Wilberforce, Lord John Cavendish rose and said, that although there appeared some grounds of objection to the terms of the Peace, the House was not at present competent to decide, whether, upon the whole, they deserved approbation or disapprobation, especially as the treaty with Holland was not concluded; he should, therefore, move, that the whole of the proposed address, after the words, "to assure his Majesty that," should be omitted, and the following words substituted, "his faithful Commons will proceed to consider the same with that serious and full attention which a subject of such importance to the present and future interests of his Majesty's dominions deserves: that in the mean time they entertain the fullest confidence in his Majesty's paternal care, that he will concert with his Parliament such measures as may be expedient for extending the commerce of his Majesty's subjects: that, whatever may be the sentiments of his faithful Commons on the investigation of the terms of pacification, they beg leave to assure his Majesty of their firm and unalterable resolution to adhere invariably to the several articles, for which the public faith is pledged, and to maintain the blessings of peace, so necessary to his Majesty's subjects and the general happiness of mankind." Lord North declared his intention to vote for the amendment, but proposed the following addition: "and his Majesty's faithful Commons feel that it would be

yesterday on the preliminaries, has not been up three hours, after—in short, after carrying a question against Lord Shelburne, by 224 to 208. He was scarcely less beaten in the other House; where, even with the support of the Household troops, the Bishops, and the Scotch, he had but 69 votes to 55.*

Particulars of this Revolution, which it must be, I do not pretend to tell you. The question moved by the Opposition I barely heard last night at the card-table at Princess Amelie's, who received a note from

superfluous to express to his Majesty the regard due from the nation to every description of men, who, with the risk of their lives and sacrifice of their properties, have distinguished their loyalty and fidelity during a long and calamitous war." The nature of the amendments showed that those who aimed at the removal of Ministers did not venture to propose at once a direct censure of the Peace. It was remarked, that Lord North and Mr. Fox studiously abstained from any reflections upon each other. The Coalition, avowed by Mr. Fox, was not only defended with the boldness and decision that marked his character; but he retorted on Mr. Dundas all the acrimonious expressions which fell from the latter, upon the sudden union of two such inveterate opponents. The division did not take place till half-past seven in the morning, when the amendment was carried by a majority of sixteen; the numbers being 224 and 208. The Address, thus amended, was voted unanimously, and presented to the King on the 19th.—Ed.

* The debate in the House of Lords continued till half-past four in the morning. One hundred and forty-five peers were present; a greater number than had been known on any question since the King's accession. In reference to this debate, Hannah More, in one of her letters, says, "I thought the Peace was to put an end to all divisions and disturbances; but I think I never knew the town in such a state of anxiety and distraction. The disputes are not about peace or war, but who shall have power and place; both of which are lost as soon as obtained. Before you can pay your congratulations to your friends on their promotion, presto! pass! they are out again. Lord Falmouth told me he sat down with a most eager appetite to his soup and roast at eight in the morning, and several of the Lords had company to dinner at that hour, after the House broke up."—Ed.

Lord Duncannon. It was a temperate but very artful one; declared against infringing the treaty, though announcing that the House would consider the terms. This is all I know: both Houses are but just gone to bed; and even the newspapers, who have been sitting up gaping for intelligence all night, have not gotten on their clean shirts yet.

Now will you be — and so by this time is everybody else—eager to know what will be next. That is precisely what I neither know nor guess; in which last point, no doubt, I differ from most people: but you know I always forbid myself conjectures; I have little opinion of my own penetration—nay, nor of any one's. I have a rule about penetration, which may be paradoxical, and yet I think there is good sense in it: it is this. How would a wise man calculate what is to happen? Why, he must state to himself appearances and causes, and then conclude that they would produce the natural consequences. Now, it is a thousand to one that some foolish circumstance or other interferes, influences some very unforeseen event, and destroys all his fine ratiocination: in short, some mistress, wife, servant, favourite, or clerk gives a sudden bias, and turns reason and its train aside; and the philosopher, who would have disdained to make an unlogical computation, finds all his penetration disappointed.

Well! though I cannot lead you a step forward, I will open a little of the back scene, which, at least, will prevent you from making wrong reflections. You

must not then imagine that the mere articles of the Preliminaries have caused the approaching revolution; you must not suppose that any sacrifices of glory, interest, or dominion, nor even the dereliction of the Loyalists, though sounded the most loudly, occasioned the fermentation that has made the House of Commons boil over and cast off the Administration. More human causes than national honour and national interest, than commiseration and justice, made the fire beneath burn too intensely. In one word, my good friend, Lord North and Mr. Fox united their forces and defeated Lord Shelburne in a pitched battle. The town says, that he deferred treating with either till it was too late; and that he did treat with them when it was too late, even last week, when he was rejected by both. Whether *they* can agree better if they are to divide the spoils is now to be seen. But I shall not step over the threshold of next minute; sufficient to the day is the event thereof: I shall say no more, but what I replied (and often do reply, like an old man fond of his own sayings) to a person yesterday morning, who asked me "how all this would end?" I answered, "How will it begin?" That is the proper answer always on political emergencies. Politics never end: after struggles they come to a settlement—but consequences are chained to that settlement; yet I meant more. The first time I used the expression, *how will it begin?* was in the American war; it was that war that overturned a firm settlement: and when I was asked how it would end, I foresaw how often

that question would be repeated, before any man would be able to answer it—the question of to-day is but one instance.

Tuesday, in the evening.

I own I was grown uneasy at not hearing from you, and sent to your nephew's on Saturday, and again to-day, having heard he was expected. He came to me two hours ago, and brought me a letter from you, which explains your silence in a very kind manner, as you forbore writing in pity to my weak hand; but you see, that, lame as all the fingers are but the thumb, I can write glibly. Indeed, excepting in my right hand, I am much the better for my late fit: it has cleared my blood and revived my spirits.

When your nephew and I had gossipped over the great event of the morning, I did not forget your disquiet about General Murray, though everybody else has; as well as the controversy on foot in print between Lord Cornwallis and Sir Henry Clinton.* The peace is the topic on the carpet, and has obliterated the war. Sir Horace junior will go to the General to-morrow, and, by his own prudent thought, will not tap the matter of your letters, not to put into his wild head what never came into it, or may be slipped out of it; but, should Murray mention the subject, your nephew will satisfy him of your innocence.

I can say no more now; nor have time to speak on the war you foresee between emperors and empresses.

* This controversy was on the subject of the last campaign in America.

Though I have nothing to do with politics, I live so much at home, and my house is in so central a position, that it is a little coffee-house in a morning when the town is full, and I am perpetually interrupted. Adieu! you shall hear again as soon as the prospect clears. I do not send you random guesses and reports.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

Monday evening, Feb. 24, 1783.

THE victory of the Opposition on Tuesday last was followed by another on Friday.* Lord Shelburne took

* The victory obtained over the Ministers by the new Coalition, on the 17th, appeared so very encouraging, that they determined to come forward with a positive censure of the terms of the treaties; and accordingly, on the 21st, Lord John Cavendish moved a series of five resolutions, condemnatory of the concessions made by the provisional treaty and preliminary articles, as being greater than our adversaries were entitled to, either from the actual situation of their respective possessions, or from their comparative strength. The resolutions gave rise to a long and animated debate; in the course of which Mr. Powis took occasion to notice the very extraordinary and unnatural coalition and alliance which had been formed against Ministers. Mr. Fox made a long and elaborate speech. He lamented that his coalition with Lord North had lost him the support, and brought down upon him the censure, of some persons for whom he had great respect; and asserted, that this junction of parties was rendered necessary by the political circumstances of the country. He avowed his wish to be in office, trusting that, the short time he was in administration, he had not shown any incompetency, which should prevent his offering himself a candidate for a share in that new arrangement which was become indispensable in consequence of the neglectful—not to give it a worse epithet—conduct of the First Lord of the Treasury. He imputed the blame of the peace to Lord Shelburne, and represented him as acting upon unconstitutional principles, and as having made disgraceful concessions in the treaties for the purpose of keeping himself in power. Mr. Pitt replied to Mr. Fox in a speech

Saturday to consider on it; yesterday morning acquainted the Cabinet with his intention of retiring; notified that resolution to the rest of his adherents in the evening, and resigned his post this morning. In fact, it would have been difficult to maintain it against a House of Commons in which he had lost the majority, and in which the supplies are not yet voted. Parliaments are not to be governed when they will not give money to govern them by. This Parliament, too, has gotten an ugly trick of turning out even those

which lasted three hours, till four in the morning, and which his friend Mr. Wilberforce has noted as an instance of those amazing powers of mind which bodily infirmity seemed never to obscure; his stomach on that evening being so disordered, "that he was actually holding Solomon's porch (a portico behind the Speaker's chair) open with one hand, while vomiting during Fox's speech." In adverting to the supposed Coalition, he said, "If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns." After vindicating Lord Shelburne, and bearing testimony to his abilities and zeal in the service of his country, he thus emphatically concluded: "I was not very eager to come into office, and shall have no great reluctance to go out, whenever I shall be dismissed from the service of the public. It has been the grand object of my short official existence to do the duties of my station with all the ability and address in my power, and with a fidelity and honour which should bear me up, and give me confidence, under every possible contingency. I can say with sincerity, that I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will, at the same time, imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess, that I too have my ambition. High situations and great influence are desirable objects to most men, and objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, but even solicitous to possess, whenever they can be acquired with honour and retained with dignity. I have ever been anxious to do my utmost for the interest of my country; it has been my sole concern to act an honest and upright part. On these principles alone I came into Parliament and into place; and I take the whole House to witness, that I have not been under the necessity of contradicting one public declara-

who did pay them handsomely; * and yet some people in the country are so visionary as to imagine they could improve the constitution or construction of the House of Commons. I don't know what such folks would have, if they are not content with the demolition of two Administrations in one year!

As Lord Shelburne has been routed by the united forces of Lord North and Mr. Fox, it is supposed that these two chieftains will form a new Administration of

tion I have ever made. I am, notwithstanding, at the disposal of the House; and with their decision, whatever it may be, I will cheerfully comply. It is impossible to deprive me of those feelings which must always result from the sincerity of my best endeavours to fulfil with integrity every official engagement. You may take from me the privileges and emoluments of place, but you cannot and shall not take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of Great Britain which constitute the honour, the happiness, and the pride of my life; and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And with this consolation, the loss of power and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise, I hope I shall soon be able to forget,

> 'Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
> Pennas, resigno quæ dedit—
> ——————— probamque
> Pauperiem sine dote quæro.'"

This speech drew forth the warmest applause from every part of the House. "When Mr. Pitt delivered it, I was," says his college preceptor and biographer, "in the gallery of the House, sitting next to a young man who was then a great admirer of Mr. Pitt, but was afterwards one of his most determined and powerful opponents as a member of the House. He did not know me, but we had entered into conversation during the debate; and, when Mr. Pitt quoted this passage from Horace, he turned to me and said with great eagerness, 'Why did he omit Et mea virtute me involvo?' An omission generally considered as marking equally the modesty and good taste of Mr. Pitt." On the division the numbers were, for Lord John Cavendish's resolutions 207, against them 190; thereby leaving the Ministers in a minority of seventeen.—Ed.

* Lord North.

their friends, though neither will be the nominal Premier; the first declaring against being *the Minister* again, and the Duke of Portland being the ostensible successor of Lord Rockingham. From this junction the new Administration is expected; but how it is to be transacted, or how arranged, I am totally ignorant.

The triumphant party declare for adherence to the Peace, though they condemn it. Indeed, I hope it will be inviolate. It is not within the compass of my knowledge to pronounce whether we could have had better terms or not.* They are better than, for some years, I have thought we could obtain: and though

* Dr. Franklin, in a letter of the 17th of March to his friend Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, thus maintains that better terms could not have been obtained: "The clamour against the Peace in your Parliament would alarm me for its duration, if I were not of opinion with you, that the attack is rather against the Minister. I am confident, none of the Opposition would have made a better peace for England, if they had been in Lord Shelburne's place; at least, I am sure that Lord Stormont, who seems loudest in railing at it, is not the man that could have mended it. They talk much of there being no *reciprocity* in our treaty. They think nothing, then, of our passing over in silence the atrocities committed by their troops, and demanding no satisfaction for their wanton burnings and devastations of our fair towns and countries. They have heretofore confessed the war to be unjust; and nothing is plainer in reasoning, than that the mischiefs done in an unjust war should be repaired. Can Englishmen be so partial to themselves as to imagine they have a right to plunder and destroy as much as they please, and then, without satisfying for the injuries they have done, to have peace on equal terms? Let us now forgive and forget. Let each country seek its advancement in its own internal advantages of arts and agriculture, not in retarding or preventing the prosperity of the other. America, with God's blessing, becomes a great and happy country; and England, if she has at length gained wisdom, will have gained something more valuable and more essential to her prosperity than all she has lost, and will still be a great and respectable nation." Works, vol. ix. p. 498.—Ed.

I was far from admiring Lord Shelburne's conduct last spring,* and have been as far from applauding his behaviour since, which has been improper in every light, still I am glad that he did make peace; and I am not less persuaded, that, had the war continued, we should not only have suffered still more, but made a peace much worse at the end. Lord Shelburne's motives may not have been laudable; his management of the treaty injudicious and rash; still I prefer the peace, such as it is, to continuation of the war. I believe I differ from some of my best friends; but I must be governed by my own feelings, and must speak the truth.

Your nephew tells me he intends to make you a visit next month: he makes no more of a journey to Florence than of going to York races; and, therefore, I am glad you will not only have the comfort of seeing him, but of hearing a thousand things expounded that cannot be detailed in a letter.† The

* When he negotiated with the King without concert with Lord Rockingham. [This was in March 1782, immediately after Lord North had signified to the House of Commons, that he was no longer Minister. Upon which event, the King is stated by Nicholls "to have sent for Lord Shelburne, arranged the Administration with him, sent the Earl to the Marquis of Rockingham, to inform him of the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who were to form the Cabinet, and of the different offices they were to fill." Mr. Wilberforce, in his Journals, thus alludes to this interview: "In 1782, I first knew Fox well: he giving us dinners twice or thrice; very pleasant and unaffected. I was invited to attend at Tommy Townshend's during the formation of the Ministry, and can remember when the jealousy between the Rockingham and Shelburne parties was first betrayed by Fox's awkward manner, when he let out that the King had been seen by no one but Lord Shelburne."—Ed.]

† Sir Horace Mann the younger not only voted with the majority on

new system will probably be adjusted by that time. I shall desire him to carry you the detail of General Murray's trial, which I myself shall never read. It was an incident that made no impression here. This great city is wonderfully curious, though exceedingly indifferent. The latter complexion occasions the former. Everybody wants to hear something new every day, no matter whether good or bad. They forget it next day, and enquire again for news. At this moment every man's mouth and ear is open to learn the new Administration—none can tell yet; still, dispositions of places are invented and circulated: yet, excepting interested politicians, nobody really cares who is to go in or out; and, when the change is completed, it will be forgotten in a week. This was exactly the case in March and in June last. Our levity is unlike that of the French: they turn everything into a jest, an epigram, or a ballad; we are not pleasant, but violent, and yet remember nothing for a moment. This was not our character formerly. Perhaps the prostitution of patriotism, and the daily and indiscriminate publications of abuse on all the world, have, the former made virtue suspected, and the latter made discredit so general, that virtue is either not believed, or has no authority. Can the people be much attached to any man, if they think well of none? Can they hate

the last debate, but made a strong attack upon the peace, which he said he execrated, "as it was, in his opinion, a heap of everything that was disgraceful and degrading to his country." Parl. Hist. vol. xxiii. p. 513. —Ed.

any man superlatively, if they think ill of all? In my own opinion, we have no positive character at present at all. We are not so bad as most great nations have been when sinking. We have no excessive vices, no raging animosities. A most absurd and most disgraceful civil war produced no commotions. A peace, far from glorious to be sure, and condemned, pleases many, seriously provokes very few. It will sink into silent contempt, as soon as the new Ministers are appointed. The peace of Paris, more ignominious as the termination of a most triumphant war, was scarce mentioned after the preliminaries had been approved in Parliament. If you find these features resembling those of former England, then I am wrong to think our national character altered.

There has been a deep snow, which has prevented my going out, or having seen anybody to-day; so, if there is anything new, I hope your nephew will write it. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXCVII.

March 10, 1783.

I BEGAN a letter to you yesterday sevennight, intending to send it away the next day: so I did on Friday, by which time I concluded a new Administration would be settled. That is not just the case yet; and therefore I have laid aside my commenced letter (which, however, you may get some time or other), and begin another—just to stay your stomach till I can

tell you something positive. To-day I shall not utter a word of politics, as they might be addled by to-morrow.

My old aunt, and your old acquaintance, Lady Walpole, died yesterday morning at past eighty-seven.* She has been quite blind for some years; but so well, that, having a fever last year of which she recovered, she said it was the first money she had ever laid out with an apothecary for herself. I sat an hour with her three weeks ago, and never saw her look better, nor possess her senses more.

Another person you once knew, died at the same time in a more dismal way—*à l'Anglaise.* Mr. Skrine shot himself; they say, from distressed circumstances.

Tuesday, 11th.

My vow of not uttering a word of politics being confined in the literal sense to yesterday, I shall open my pen's mouth again so far as to tell you that the Interministerium still exists, as far as Nonentity is a Being. Do not imagine that we feel any inconvenience from the Administration wanting a Head. Everything goes on more quietly for that defect. The Parliament sits —business is done without obstruction, for nobody can be opposed when there is nobody to be opposed; the inference, I doubt, is, that a Minister is opposed,

* In 1720, Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton, married Mary Magdalen, daughter and coheiress of Peter Lombard, Esq., of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune. She survived her husband twenty-six years. Towards the latter part of her life she lost her sight, a misfortune which she is said to have borne with extreme serenity.—Ed.

not for what he *does*, but for what he *is*. In the fable of Æsop, the Head and Members were starved out when they would not feed the Belly: here we now find, that, if the Belly and *Members* are well crammed, they can jog on mighty comfortably without the Head.

The newspapers will tell you, that tenders of the first place have been made to various persons, who have declined it, and that a veto has been put on the only person who is ready to accept.* These reports I neither affirm nor deny; for I know nothing but town-talk. You would naturally ask me, "But what do you believe?" I reply, "Nothing!" When people are quite ignorant of what is doing, instead of confessing their ignorance, they coin knowledge and invent something that others at least may believe. Thus I have been told positively for this last fortnight of so many Premiers being appointed, that at last I have determined to disbelieve anything I hear, but to believe nothing. In that suspense I leave you for the present. Excepting a million of lies, you know as much as the whole town of London does; and, if there are half a dozen of truths amid that inundation of falsehoods, my spectacles are not good enough to discriminate the precious stones from the counterfeits; and, as I am too old to wear jewels, it is pretty indifferent to me which are diamonds, and which Bristol-stones. I only take care not to send you bits of glass. Adieu!

* The Duke of Portland. This long suspense was occasioned by the King's unwillingness to take the Duke of Portland and the old Whigs for Ministers.

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

Sunday, March 2, 1783.

[This is the letter mentioned in the preceding to have been begun, but it was not sent away till March 18th.]

It is not quite new in this country, though not so frequent as in your neighbourhood, to see a *sede vacante:* here, I call it an Inter-ministerium. There is this difference between the two vacuums; at Rome, the pretence is, that the Holy Ghost does not know its own mind till the *majority* fixes it. Here, the *majority* has decided; but inspiration has not yet given the fiat. As even what passes within the Conclave is known, or guessed, or reported falsely; so here people pretend to account for the present hiatus in government. I do not warrant what I am going to tell you; only send you the creed of the day.

Lord Shelburne resigned the Treasury last Monday, and the Duke of Portland was ready to take his place; being named thereto by the united factions of the Cardinals, Fox and North. The Holy Ghost is said to be highly displeased with that junction; and, instead of imposition of hands on the elect, offered the ministerial tiara to the juvenile Cardinal, William Pitt; who, after pondering in his heart so effulgent a Call, and not finding his vocation ratified by a majority of the Sacred College, humbly declined the splendid nomination on

Thursday last.* Clouds and darkness have hung over the last two days.—Here I pause till the sky clears: at present, I know no more than the Pope of Rome what is doing.

Wednesday night, 5th.

This letter, which was to have speeded to you last night, could not get its complement, the political atmosphere being still overcast. Cardinal North was summoned to the Vatican on Monday,† where much en-

* The consequence of the two divisions upon the Peace was, that Lord Shelburne and the rest of the Ministers resigned their offices, or declared themselves ready to do so, as soon as their successors should be fixed upon; and it became necessary that a new Administration should be formed. The King was very reluctant to apply to Lord North and Mr. Fox, the union between whom could not but be highly displeasing to his Majesty. He was therefore induced to propose to Mr. Pitt to succeed Lord Shelburne as First Lord of the Treasury. "This," says the Bishop of Winchester, "was a most dazzling offer to so young a man, and demanded, both upon private and public grounds, the most serious consideration. By far the greater number of the friends whom he consulted, advised him to accept the offer; but, after reflecting upon the opposition which he must experience from the two numerous and powerful parties at the head of which were Lord North and Mr. Fox, he was convinced there was no prospect of his obtaining that degree of support in Parliament, without which no Administration can be effective or beneficial to the country, and therefore felt himself under an imperious obligation to decline the offer." This offer was made on the 24th of February, and on the following day Mr. Dundas moved, that the House of Commons should adjourn to the 28th; the object of which motion, though not avowed, the Bishop states to have been, to give time to Mr. Pitt to consider his Majesty's offer; and it was carried by a majority of 49 to 37. The following passages from Mr. Wilberforce's Diary throw light on what took place in the interval: "Feb. 24th. Dined at Pitt's: heard of the very surprising proposition. 25th. Ministry still undecided. 28th. Ministers still unappointed. T. Townshend called, and in vain persuaded Pitt to take it. 29th. The chariot to Wimbledon; Pitt, &c. to dinner, and sleep. Nothing settled."

† "March 3rd. This evening, or on Sunday evening, the King sent for

treaty was used to detach him from his new confederation, but in vain; and he was dismissed with a declaration, that any terms should be granted, except the disbursement of St. Peter's pence by the Head of an heretical faction. The Cardinal had another short audience last night, with as little effect. This morning, it is said, the young Cardinal I mentioned, and two others, have been closeted; and there ends the second part of this interlude, as far as I know. If things remain in suspense till Friday night, I shall still withhold this: you had better remain in negative than in positive uncertainty, unless your nephew gives you any hint. For my part, I do not choose, at such a crisis, to divulge our bickerings, though they can be no secret.

March 13th.

I began this letter, as you perceive, a fortnight ago; but we have remained in such confusion till yesterday, that truly I did not care to give you an account that might delight foreigners, and would give you an anxiety that I could neither remove, nor cared to explain. I shall now send you a few lines to-morrow, that will make you easy by announcing a settlement; but, as your nephew will set out for Florence next week, I will commit this to him; which will give you a fuller

Lord North, having previously seen Lord Guilford, and they parted on bad terms; Rex refusing to take Charles Fox, and North to *give* him up. 5th. King saw North a second time. Both continue stout. 12th. This day Lord North was commissioned, being sent for by the King, to desire the Duke of Portland to form a Ministry." Wilberforce's Diary. —Ed.

explanation, though it will be longer before you receive it.

In short, whether Lord Shelburne retained his influence in the Closet, or endeavoured to preserve it; or whether mere aversion to Charles Fox and the Cavendishes, who govern the remnant of the Rockingham faction, was the cause; Lord Shelburne, the Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and some of the old Bedford squadron, seconded the King's wishes to patch up a succedaneous Administration, though without Lord Shelburne for ostensible Minister. The first idea was to offer the Treasury to young Pitt, whose vanity was at first naturally staggered; but his discretion got the better, and he declined. It was then offered to Lord Gower, who had not resolution enough to accept. At last, Lord North, as I told you, was sent for, and it was proposed to him earnestly to resume his old rudder; but he avowed his new alliance with Fox, and proposed the Duke of Portland. This was absolutely rejected; and a resolution was declared of not appointing the Duke premier, though all the rest of his party might have places. This strange interval lasted from Sunday night to the Tuesday sevennight following. All men were in amazement, and nobody knew how this Gordian knot would be cut. I believe it was expected, perhaps hoped, that Mr. Fox and his associates would fly out into violence; which would revolt a very fluctuating House of Commons, in which the Tories, though they had followed Lord North, their old commander, against Lord Shelburne, might repent their desertion of prero-

gative, and leave the new allies, North and Fox, once more in a minority: but *these* were too cunning to precipitate their plan, and kept their temper; while the Crown received so many rebuffs, and found it impossible to form any other Ministry, that at last Lord North was again sent for, and ordered to form a new arrangement according to the system he had adopted and proposed; but was desired to make it broad enough, that there might not be another change soon.* Whether the latter part of the command will be easily executed, I don't know. The Coalition of North and Fox† has given extreme offence reciprocally to many of

* This was certainly an insincerity to lull the allies asleep, as appeared nine months afterwards; and, even so early as the following August, the King dropped hints of his meditating another change.

† Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was supposed to have been the person who had the principal weight with Lord North upon this occasion. "He was called," says Bishop Tomline, "the father of the Coalition, and I myself heard Mr. Sheridan attribute the Coalition to him." Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the surviving daughter of Lord North, in a letter addressed to Lord Brougham in February 1839, and inserted in the first volume of his Lordship's Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the reign of George the Third, observes, in allusion to the much criticised Coalition, "The proverb says, 'Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows;' it is no less true, that dislike of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a Whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; hé, together with Mr. Adam and Mr. Eden, were, I believe, the chief promoters of the Coalition. My mother, I remember, was averse to it; not that she troubled her head with being a Tory or Whig, but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency." With many others, Sir Samuel Romilly appears to have been greatly disgusted at what had taken place: "I suppose," he says, in a letter to his friend Roget, "all the gazettes have proclaimed to you the scandalous alliance between Fox and Lord North. It is not Fox alone, but all his party; so much, that it is no exaggeration to say, that, of all the public characters of this devoted country (Mr. Pitt only excepted), there is not a man who has, or who deserves, the nation's confi-

their friends, and I believe is not very popular in the country; nay, I question whether they are very sure of either House of Parliament. Of the Court they cannot be, which has shown so much aversion; and, as in March last, has affronted the Duke of Portland, like Lord Rockingham, by appointing another person to treat with him. Many expect the two Allies will break again—I own I do not believe that: but as few, by the reduction of employments, and by the fullness of other places, whence the present occupiers will be removed, can be provided for, I foresee a pretty strong Opposition; and young Pitt, whose character is as yet little singed, and who has many Youths, of his own age and of parts,* attached to him, will be ready to head a new party. There are many other circumstances, too long to detail, that will favour my ideas. Your ne-

dence. But that even these men may not be judged unheard, the apology for their conduct which they offer, or rather upon which they insult the public, is this: They say, the great cause of enmity between them was the American war, which being removed, there remains no obstacle to their now becoming friends: that this country has long been shamefully rent with party feuds and animosities, to which it is high time to put an end, by uniting all the talents of the country in one Administration: that their alliance implies no departure from their ancient principles; for though each party consents to act with men whom they formerly opposed, yet neither gives up any of their political sentiments: that an Administration formed of men holding contrary speculative opinions in politics is no novelty in this country: that even Lord Shelburne's Administration was one of this kind; the Chancellor and the Lord Advocate of Scotland being the warm advocates of the Crown, and of the present Constitution; and the other Ministers being the zealous friends of the people, and the promoters of a reformation of the Constitution. These sophisms are not worth refuting." Life, vol. i. p. 269.—Ed.

* The Youths of his own age and of parts, here alluded to by Walpole, were Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Bankes, Mr. Pepper Arden, Mr. Eliot,

phew will supply a verbal comment; but pray remember to send me *this letter*, and the rest of mine, by him.

The peace and the new arrangement are certainly fortunate. A duration of obstinacy against the latter might have endangered the former. Our situation, however, is far from admirable; and fallen we are very low in every respect—nay, have no symptoms of a nation returning to its senses, and thinking of repairing its errors and recovering its consideration. Mr. Fox, I am persuaded, had he full authority, is most capable of undertaking such a task; as, of all men living, Lord Shelburne has shown himself the most insufficient. Every day of his administration produced new proofs of his folly, duplicity, indiscretion, contradictions, and disregard of all principles. He was fallen into the lowest contempt, even before his power was shaken. He will have full time to reflect on his errors; and yet

and Mr. Dudley Ryder. With these young friends, Mr. Pitt, as is shown by Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, passed at this time most of his leisure hours: "March 31st. Pitt resigned to-day. Dined Pitt's: then Goostree's, where supped. April 3rd. Wimbledon, where Pitt, &c. dined and slept. Evening walk; bed a little past two. 4th. Delicious day. Lounged morning at Wimbledon with friends, *foining* at night, and run about the garden for an hour or two." "Little was it known," says Mr. Wilberforce's biographer, "by those who saw him only in his public course, that the stiffness of Mr. Pitt's ordinary manner could thus at times unbend, and wanton in these exuberant bursts of natural vivacity. The sports of the rigid Scipio and meditative Lælius, in their ungirded hours, were equalled by the '*foinings*' of the garden at Wimbledon, where Pitt's overflowing spirits carried him to every height of jest. 'We found, one morning, the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat in which Ryder had overnight come down from the Opera.' It was in this varied and familiar intercourse that their mutual affection was matured." Life, vol. i. p. 27. —Ed.

hitherto he has seemed insensible of them, and incapable of correcting them. The Duke of Portland is a cypher. Lord North has lately shown himself a dexterous politician for his own interests, though a most fatal Minister to us, and uncreditable to himself, and not very grateful to his Master. Still, such was our blindness, he was the most popular man in England, even after his fall; but that vision is dispelled, and he will be seen hereafter in his true colours, as a bad minister and a selfish man, who had abilities enough to have made a very different figure. Adieu!

March 18th.

P.S. I have been telling you what may be true; but at least it is not so yet. The Administration that was thought settled, is not. The Duke of Portland was invited, and refused in the same breath; that is, was ordered to send his list *in writing*, and would not: and, lest any part should be in the right, he and his new friend Lord North are not agreed on their list; and yet they and their Sovereign have squabbled about part of that unsettled list. He has insisted on keeping the Chancellor, they on dismissing him. Why? oh! thereby hangs a tale, more serious than all the rest. George the *Fourth** has linked himself with Charles Fox. The Chancellor was consulted (by the King), and is said to have expressed himself in terms that would be treason, if the present tense were the future;†

* The Prince of Wales. His connection with Charles Fox made the King detest the latter, and was the principal cause of his dislike to the proposed Administration.

† That is, if the Prince were King.

but, that I may not be in the same præmunire, I leave to your nephew to expound the rest by word of mouth. I expect him every minute to receive my pacquet. This letter, I hope, and he, will give you a clue that may make you understand my future dispatches, which will be circumspect, not so much against home inspection as foreign. We are in such a distracted state, and may continue so, that I shall avoid touching on our confusions more than shall be too notorious to be concealed. As to who are or shall be Ministers, I care very little. All parties are confounded and intermixed, without being reconciled. My belief is, that new distractions will arise, and, after some scene of anarchy, a new æra. You may depend upon it, that I shall have nothing to do with it; and consequently shall know nothing but outlines. I withdraw myself more and more from the world, have few connections left, and despise supremely such old simpletons as thrust themselves amongst generations two or three degrees younger. If one outlives one's contemporaries, it is no reason for supposing one shall cut a new set of teeth.

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Thursday, April 3, 1783.

I MARK the very day of the week on which I begin my letter, because of late nothing has proved true; at least, not lasting for four-and-twenty hours. For these three weeks I have said to everybody that called on me

and told me news, "I beg your pardon, but I will not believe anything you tell me: all I can do is to disbelieve." Well! at last there is an Administration—it *has* kissed hands; and therefore, were it to be destroyed to-morrow, it will have been. In a word, Lord North was sent for once more on Tuesday night, and was ordered to tell the Duke of Portland, that his Grace's arrangement would be accepted. Accordingly, the new Cabinet kissed hands yesterday: the Duke of Portland, as First Lord of the Treasury; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Stormont, President of the Council; Lord North and Mr. Fox, Secretaries of State; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty. This is all I know yet: for reports, even crediting, I should not repeat them till they have taken *seisin;* as, on a change of Administration, places, like insects, undergo a variety of transformations, at least in the eyes of rumour, before the metamorphoses are completed. As my letter will not leave London till to-morrow, I may be able to tell you more. I sent you a key by your nephew, which will unlock much of what is past.

In the mean time, let us talk of Cavalier Mozzi. I have received your letter, with his enclosed to Mr. Duane; which I sent immediately, and have seen the letter this morning. He is to appoint Mr. Sharpe and Lucas to meet him here, if they can, on Monday or Tuesday next; and when we have heard all they have to say, Mr. Duane and I shall talk it over together, and I hope give a more favourable decision than Cavalier

Mozzi is willing to submit to. Since Mozzi has so long delayed coming, I see no occasion for it now. Indeed, the walls of Florence seem impassable, or your principie'd Earl* would not have been riveted there so long. How strange he is! neither parent nor children can draw him from that specific spot! But we are a lunatic nation!

They tell us that the Sicilian and Neapolitan tragedy has not been so very dreadful as at first represented. I hope my friend, the Professor of Earthquakes, Sir William Hamilton, will give a full account of it, and not treat it with your Pope's indifference.

Mr. Fox is again *your* principal, and a very agreeable one he will be: there is no walk in which *he* will not shine.

Friday, 4th.

The Duke of Richmond resigned yesterday. Of new preferments, to-day produced but the following: Burke, Paymaster; Spanish Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Navy; Eden, Vice-treasurer of Ireland; Lord Surrey, Frederick Montagu, and Sir Grey Cooper, Lords of the Treasury; and John Townshend, of the Admiralty. These are nothing to you, but your nephew will like to know. I tell you none of the Who-are-to-be's, to save myself the trouble of contradiction, if I should misinform you.†

* Earl Cowper, made Prince Nassau by the Emperor. He had lately sent his children to England to be educated, yet did not follow them himself.

† On the 2nd of April, after repeated impediments and interruptions, which strongly marked the reluctance of the King in acceding to the ar-

I believe some of your earthquake weather has reached hither; for it has been so warm for these five days, that, on opening my window to the Square this morning, I found a large wasp on the outside, which soon flew away. Adieu!

LETTER CCCC.

Berkeley Square, April 30, 1783.

I FEAR poor Cavalier Mozzi will not find himself much advanced, though Mr. Duane and I have made a beginning. He might as well have a suit in Chancery, if we go no faster than we have done. We sat the first morning near four hours, and then could proceed no further, for a point of law being started, upon which it was necessary to take the opinion of counsel; which Sharpe took down to state to two of

rangement, the Coalition Administration was announced, consisting of the Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord North and Mr. Fox, Principal Secretaries of State; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty; Viscount Stormont, President of the Council; the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Privy Seal. The above seven formed the Cabinet. The Great Seal was put into commission: the Commissioners being Lord Loughborough, Sir W. H. Ashurst, and Sir Beaumont Hotham. The Earl of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain; Viscount Townshend, Master-General of the Ordnance; the Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, Secretary at War; Edmund Burke, Esq., Paymaster of the forces; Charles Townshend, Esq., Treasurer of the Navy; James Wallace, Esq., Attorney-General; John Lee, Esq., Solicitor-General; Richard Brindsley Sheridan, Esq., and Richard Burke, Esq., Secretaries to the Treasury; the Earl of Northington, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; William Windham, Esq., Secretary for Ireland; and William Eden, Esq., Vice-Treasurer.—Ed.

the first lawyers. All our three said we should obtain that *opinion immediately;* and *immediately* has already lasted above three weeks, and I have not heard a word from my fellow-labourers.

Between Easter and Newmarket, politics have been a little at a stand: there had been vivacities in both Houses, but no division in either. The heat of the war seems likely to lie in that of the Lords. The newspapers specify the preferments: the one most difficult to be filled, the Viceroyalty of Ireland, is at last supplied by Lord Northington. Mr. Windham, whom you saw lately in Italy, is his Secretary. Mr. Trevor, second son of Lord Hampden, who has been employed in Germany, is to be your neighbour at Turin. There seems to be a little suspense in Lord Mountstewart's destination to Madrid. The French Ambassador, D'Ademar, is expected incessantly, for the Duke of Manchester is gone to Paris. It is well these articles are connected with your vocation, or they would not be worth noting: but I have nothing more material to tell you. After a war, and so many changes of Administrations, it might be natural to repose a little; but perhaps we may not be arrived at a settlement yet.*

When you wrote last, your nephew was not arrived at Florence; but I conclude he was before your letter had made ten posts; for he travels as fast as your own couriers. I shall grudge your having him for one particular day in next week; when Mr. Pitt is to move for

* This proved a prophecy: the new Administration did not last above nine months.

the alteration of the Representation, against which your nephew is as zealous as I am. It will probably not be carried; but I wish it knocked on the head by as many blows as possible. Our Constitution has resisted all kinds of shocks; but, if it changes itself, who can foresee the consequence? We have lost our grandeur! I hope our felicity is not to follow it! It is a disinterested wish, as most of mine are; for the progress of revolutions to come will scarcely enter into the volume in which I am concerned.

The newspapers intimate that you were in the right, when you judged that the two ambitious Imperials* were determined to treat the Turkish empire as they did Poland, and share it between them: it seems, no submissions have diverted them from their purpose; on the contrary, I suppose, have encouraged them. Formerly an Emperor and Empress, with no more religion than these two, would have christened it a holy war; modern rapine is more barefaced. Our Nabobs do not plunder the Indies under the banners of piety, like the old Spaniards and Portuguese. I call man an *aurivorous* animal. We pretend just now to condemn our own excesses, which are shocking indeed; *sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* a Parliament is a fine court of correction. The Lord Advocate of Scotland,† who has sold himself over and over, is prosecuting Sir Thomas Rumbold for corruption at Madras! This

* Austria and Russia.

† Henry Dundas, Esq.; who, on the coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North, had gone over to the side of Pitt.

Rumbold was a waiter at White's: there are two or three of like origin, who have returned from Bengal incrusted with gold and diamonds. This trial has disclosed a scene of tyranny in the East India Company itself as royally iniquitous as could issue from the Council-chamber of Petersburgh. We talk and write of liberty, and plunder the property of the Indies. The Emperor destroys convents, and humbles the Pope; the Czarina preaches toleration, but protects the Jesuits; and these two philosophic sovereigns intend to divide Constantinople, after sacrificing half a million of lives! In one age, religion commits massacres; in another, philosophy. Oh! what a farce are human affairs!

LETTER CCCCI.

Thursday morning early, May 8, 1783.

I WRITE, though I wrote but last week, and rather to gratify your nephew than you. Mr. William Pitt's motion for Reform of the House of Commons was rejected at past two this morning by 293 to 149.* I

* On the 7th of May, Mr. Pitt again brought the question of Parliamentary Reform before the House of Commons: upon which occasion there was a call of the House, and at four o'clock nearly five hundred members had taken their places. After a most eloquent speech, Mr. Pitt moved three resolutions:—1. "That the most effectual and practicable measures ought to be taken for the better prevention of bribery and expense at future elections. 2. That, for the future, when the majority of voters for any borough should be convicted of gross and notorious corruption before a committee of that House, such boroughs should be disfranchised, and the minority of voters, not so convicted, should be entitled to vote for the county in which such borough should be situated. 3. That

know no particulars yet, but from a hasty account in a newspaper; and to those intelligencers for the circumstances I refer you and him; as I shall not have time to-day probably to relate them after I have heard them, and must go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow morning to receive company, and this must go away to-morrow night.

This great majority will, I hope, at least check such attempts. Indeed, when two hundred and ninety-three members dare to pronounce so firmly, it is plain that the spirit of Innovation has gained but few coun-

an addition of knights of the shire, and of representatives of the metropolis, should be added to the state of the representation." "The gallery of the House," writes Sir Samuel Romilly, "was quite full at a little after eleven, and three times as many as it would hold were obliged to come away. One might imagine, from this crowding, that a great many persons took concern in the fate of their country: but the truth is, that it was the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, and not the subject on which it was to be employed, that excited people's curiosity; and, no doubt, the reflection which his speech produced in the minds of many of his hearers was not unlike that which the usurer makes upon the preacher in the Diable Boiteux, 'Il a bien fait son métier; allons faire le nôtre.' In his speech, Mr. Pitt said, that the addition he would propose should be of about one hundred members. He spoke of a perfectly equal representation as a wild Utopian scheme, which never could be realized; and gave as a reason for not proposing to strike off the corrupt boroughs and those which are the patrimony of particular families, that it would be an unjust invasion of private property. This is a kind of argument which, I confess, has no great weight with me; for I think the laws are not bound to protect men in the possession of such pecuniary advantages as they ought never to have obtained. If a man's having a pecuniary interest in a thing, no matter how acquired, is sufficient to make his property in it sacred, then may the laws become a shield to every species of fraud, iniquity, and immorality." Mr. Thomas Pitt and Mr. Dundas both declared themselves proselytes to the plan for rendering the representation more extended. Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, while they sustained the proposition, treated with derision Mr. Thomas Pitt's surrender of the borough of Old Sarum at the shrine of the British Constitution

ties; five or six at most, supposing Kent and Essex added to the *Quintuple* Alliance. That very epithet proves that the demand is confined to a small number. The object of altering the Representation I think most dangerous. We know pretty well what good or evil the present state of the House of Commons can do: what an enlargement might achieve, no man can tell. Nay, allowing the present construction to be bad, it is clear that on emergencies it will do right. Were the House of Commons now existing the worst that ever was, still it must be acceptable to our Reformers: for

" If we reflect," says Wraxall, " on the close degree of consanguinity between William and Thomas Pitt, we may perhaps be inclined to think that the latter relied on being speedily raised to the peerage for this mark of devotion; as eventually took place eight months afterwards. Dundas, too, who had a long and a keen political sight, having already determined on attaching his future political fortune to Pitt, probably thought a speculative political tenet to be undeserving of contention. Burke, whose powerful abilities would have been thrown into the opposite scale,—for he was always an enemy to experiments on the representation or on the Constitution,—stood up when Fox concluded, with the intention of replying to the arguments of the Right Honourable Secretary, his friend; but the disinclination evinced to hear him, and the noise made by those members who dreaded the prolixity of his speeches, was so great, as at once to irritate and disgust a man, who, with all his splendid talents, never learned or practised the secret of knowing how and when to address the House. With strong marks of indignation in his countenance and gestures, he resumed his seat. With perfect truth did Goldsmith assert of him, when preparing to open his exhaustless stores of knowledge to men fatigued, or averse to receive his information, that

> ——————— ' as he went on refining,
> He thought of convincing, when they thought of dining ! '

Lord North, who contrived to blend his own defence with the opposition which he made to the motion, moved the order of the day; for which 293 voted, and 149 against it; and thus Mr. Pitt failed by a much greater majority than before; which Dr. Tomline attributes to the increased influence of Lord North, who was now Secretary of State.—Ed.

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which House of Commons, since the Restoration, ever did more than tear two Prime Ministers from the Crown in one year? In short, the constitution of the House of Commons I see in the same light as I do my own constitution. The gout raises inflammations, weakens, cripples; yet it purges itself, and requires no medicines. To quack it would kill me. Besides, it prevents other illnesses and prolongs life. Could I cure the gout, should not I have a fever, a palsy, or an apoplexy?

There has been but one other debate of note lately; and that was in the other House, when Lord Shelburne opposed the loan, and exposed himself egregiously. He moved, that all loans should be applied to the national debt, which was an Iricism in terms; that is, to lessen a debt by borrowing more.* Yet his rhodomontade on himself was still more extravagant. He vaunted his popularity, and said he was adored;

* On the 5th of May, upon the third reading of the bill for raising a loan by way of annuities and by a lottery, Lord Shelburne, after condemning in the strongest manner the terms on which it had been concluded, moved two resolutions, which he wished the House to adopt as principles for the conduct of every future loan. The resolutions were: 1. "That it is the opinion of the House, that all future loans should be conducted in the manner which may best conduce to the reduction of the national debt;" and 2. "That it is the opinion of the House, that whenever it shall be thought expedient, in negotiating a public loan, to deal with individuals, and not on the foot of an open subscription, the whole sum to be raised shall be borrowed of, or rather taken from, such individuals, without reserve of any part for the future disposal of any Minister." The first resolution was objected to as unnecessary, and as obscure, if not absurd, in the mode of expression: the second was opposed as designed to cast a reflection on the negotiators of the present loan. Both were rejected without a division.—Ed.

yet it is neither more nor less than true, that he was hooted out of the Administration by all mankind. His falsehoods, flatteries, duplicity, insincerity, arrogance, contradictions, neglect of his friends, with all the kindred of all those faults, were the daily topics of contempt and ridicule; and his folly shut his eyes, nor did he perceive—surely, does not yet perceive—that so very rapid a fall must have been owing to his own incapacity.

The King has lost another child, Prince Octavius; a lovely boy, they say, of whom both their Majesties were dotingly fond. When Prince Alfred died, the King said, "I am very sorry for Alfred; but, had it been Octavius, I should have died too." *

We have another Prince arrived, the Duc de Chartres, of whom I need say nothing: you have seen him, I believe.† Nor have I time now for more; only to trouble you with a commission, if you can

* Prince Octavius, the King's eighth son, was born on the 20th of February 1779, and died at Kew Palace on the 3d of May 1783. In reference to the death of this Prince, Hannah More says, in a letter to her sister, "The King and Queen have suffered infinitely from the loss of the sweet little Prince, who was the darling of their hearts. . I was charmed with an expression of the King's: 'Many people,' said he, 'would regret they ever had so sweet a child, since they were forced to part with him: that is not my case; I am thankful to God for having graciously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years.' Yet his sorrow was excessive." Life, vol. i. p. 282.—Ed.

† The Duc de Chartres' visit to this country, in May 1783, is thus noticed by Hannah More:—"As I do not go to Ranelagh, nor the play, nor the opera, nor sup at Charles Fox's, nor play at Brookes's, nor bet at Newmarket, I have not seen that worthy branch of the House of Bourbon. I never heard of such a low, vulgar, vicious fellow. His character is—Poltron sur mer, Escroc sur terre, et vaut-rien partout."—Ed.

execute it. I saw the other day a book much to my taste, and which I never saw before. It is called Fatti, or Fasti, Farnesiani, I am not sure which.* It is a thin and not large folio, and contains the history of the House of Farnese in prints; taken, I believe, from one of their villas. There is the marriage of Horatio Farnese and the daughter of Henry the Second of France. In short, it is full of portraits and ceremonies of that time, and I should be most glad to have one, if you can procure it; though, as it came out so long ago, it may be scarce, even at Parma or Rome. If it is not—if it is common—I should wish for two copies; yet, do not attempt two, if not quite easily attained. Adieu! I have not a moment more—but I believe there is nothing more worthy telling you.

LETTER CCCCII.

Berkeley Square, May 29, 1783.

I AM glad to have nothing to tell you worth telling. We have subsided suddenly into a comfortable calm. Not only war has disappeared, but also the jostling of

* It is called "Fatti Farnese," and contains prints from the paintings by the two brothers, Taddeo and Frederico Zucchero, in the Palace of Capralola. Taddeo, the elder, born in 1529, excelled in elegance of design. Frederico, born in 1543, studied under him. A quarrel with some of the distinguished persons about the Papal court lost him the patronage of Gregory XIII., and made it advisable for him to quit Rome. He retired first to France, and afterwards removed to England, where he grew into considerable repute, and painted a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. His friends at length succeeded in restoring him to favour at Rome.

ministries, the hostilities of factions, the turbulence of county associations, and the mutinous spirit of disbanded regiments. The signal repulse given to the proposed Reformation of Parliament seems to have dashed all that rashness of innovation. The ousted Ministers do not attempt a division in either House of Parliament. In the Lords, where most vigour was expected, Lord Shelburne and the late Chancellor made so ridiculous a figure, that even they themselves appear ashamed. Mr. William Pitt, though little supported, indulges himself in shining; and does shine marvellously. His language is thought equal to his father's; his reasoning much superior; and no wonder, if at all good! He is less deficient, even when speaking on affairs of money; and in his last speech had more fire than usual. Is not all this wonderful at twenty-three? Is not it wonderful, when he can shine, though within the orbit of Mr. Fox, and opposed to him?

This is all that is memorable, but a new suicide. A Mr. Powell, a tool of Lord Holland, and left by him in the Pay-office, was dismissed last year for a deficiency in his accounts of 70,000*l.* It is not yet known whence this happened; nor do I know, however ill the appearance, that he was guilty of dishonesty. Still, he had sworn to a false account, and was to be prosecuted for perjury. Mr. Burke, on succeeding Colonel Barré in the Pay-office, restored this man and another disgraced at the same time,—as Burke says, from commiseration of their distracted shame. Great censure was passed on that restoration. Mr. Burke

vehemently defended himself in the House, and was supported; but the men were given up in two days; and in two days more Powell cut his throat.*

This happened as if to convince the newly-arrived French, that self-murder is a weekly event in this country. We have not only the Duc de Chartres, but

* Two individuals, Powell and Bambridge, the one cashier, the other accountant of the Military Pay-office, having been accused of malversation in the discharge of their functions, had been dismissed by Colonel Barré from their situations, while he was Paymaster of the Forces, under Lord Shelburne's Administration. One of the first acts of Mr. Burke, on coming again into that office, was to reinstate, without previously consulting Mr. Fox, both these individuals. On Mr. Martin having said, in the House of Commons, that he looked upon their restoration as a gross and daring insult to the public, Mr. Burke rose in great heat, and exclaimed, "It is a gross and daring"—but, before he proceeded further, Mr. Sheridan pulled him down on his seat. This took place on the 2nd of May. On the 19th, Sir Cecil Wray having expressed his astonishment that the new Paymaster should have reinstated two persons suspected of so great a crime as the embezzlement of public money, Mr. Burke apologized for the violence he had displayed on the former evening; but said, that "nothing was farther from his intention than to offer an excuse for what he had done relating to the two unfortunate gentlemen; he felt such a sunshine of content within, that, if the act was undone, he was convinced he should do it again. He called Messrs. Powell and Bambridge two unfortunate men, and said they had been committed to his protection by Providence; one of them had been with him, and appeared almost distracted; he was absolutely afraid the poor man would lose his senses; this much he was sure of, that the sight of his grey hairs, and the condition in which he had seen him, had so affected and overcome him, that he was scarcely able to come down to the House." Several members expressed their strong disapprobation of Mr. Burke's conduct, and the business would have been agitated anew, had not Powell a few days after put an end to his existence with a razor, and Mr. Rigby announced that Bambridge was removed from his situation. In July, Bambridge was tried on an information filed against him in the Court of King's Bench, for conniving at the concealment of forty-eight thousand pounds, and found guilty; and, in November, he was sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and be confined in the King's Bench prison for six months.—Ed.

three ladies of the Court, the Ducs de Coigny, Fitz-James, and Polignac, husband of the Queen's Favourite, and various others, and more coming. These wise men from the East, like those of ancient time, are led by a star to a stable; their great object was Newmarket: at least, the Royal Duke's horses and dogs are so much his taste, that he has a brace of them engraved on his buttons, in the most indecent attitudes; and, at the first dinner made for him, pointed out the particular representations to Lady ——. As our newspapers take as great liberties as any Prince of the Blood, they have made due mention of such vulgar indelicacy; and, as it gave great offence, his Serene Highness has not exhibited his stud and kennel any more.

The papers say that the Imperial Freebooters, male and female, have remitted their invasion of Turkey, on having all their demands complied with; but, as they covet all, I should not think pusillanimity would abate their appetites. Are vultures tamed by one belly-full?

Our lawyers flatter me, that one more session will complete the discussion of Cavalier Mozzi's affair. Without Mr. Duane I do not know what we should have done. He is patient, cool, attentive, and very intelligent. I must do justice to Mr. Sharpe, who really is very active and zealous for the Cavalier.

Mr. Robert Walpole, your diplomatic brother at Lisbon, is come over for a few months; and has brought a young wife, the daughter of a Scottish merchant settled there, who is the phenomenon of

the day.* She is a regular beauty, but in my eyes less pleasing than my nieces, the Waldegraves and Miss Keppel.† The last, with a little too much plumpness, has a most divine face, with exact features, beautiful skin, and sweet countenance. Lady Horatia is extremely pretty, and like the Duchess; but not of that great style and commanding glory. Lady Maria, the handsomest of the three sisters, has a spirit and sensible vivacity, with a perfect person and lovely hands and arms, that make her more charming than an irreproachable beauty, as Mrs. Robert Walpole is. The Duchess of Devonshire,‡ the empress of fashion, is no beauty at all. She was a very fine woman, with all the freshness of youth and health, but verges fast to a coarseness. A more perfect model than any of them, but in miniature, Lady Jersey,§ is going to Paris, and will be very angry if they do not admire her as much as she intends they should. Good night! You perceive by my babble that I have nothing to say, and fill my paper with any trifle.

* The Honourable Robert Walpole, fourth and youngest son of Horatio first Lord Walpole, and Envoy at Lisbon, married, in 1780, Diana, daughter of Walter Grosett, Esq., a merchant of that city.

† Anna-Maria, eldest daughter of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter.

‡ Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, born in 1757, and married in 1774 to William, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

§ Frances, sole daughter and heir of Dr. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe, younger son of Sir William Twysden, of Roydon Hall in Kent, Baronet; and wife of George Bussy, fourth Earl of Jersey.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1783.

You never gave me a commission before, my dear sir, that I was unwilling even to try to execute; but you will see in a moment that I am the most improper person in the world to attempt what is required. I say nothing of my gratitude to you for all the trouble you have taken for me on a thousand occasions, which ought to make me decline no task to oblige you. In the present case, I should have a stronger incitement—zeal for the cause of inoculation, which I hope will not suffer by the absurdity of a Leyden Gazette, though falling in with the prejudices of Italy and Germany.* Absurdity catches and spreads like the rapid mischief of fire. In general, I can assure you that the death of Prince Octavius has neither been imputed to inoculation, nor checked the practice. He was recovered of the small-pox, and died of a sudden illness; and the two other children are quite recovered, though they had been unhealthy before; and some of them were bathed in the sea for two years together, along with Prince Alfred, who died last year, and was *not* inoculated.

This is all the satisfaction I can give you. To

* The Great-Duke of Tuscany was going to inoculate his children, when he saw in a Leyden Gazette, that Prince Octavius had been killed by inoculation, and immediately desired Sir Horace Mann to inquire of Mr. Walpole (with whom he knew Sir Horace corresponded) whether it was true. Mr. Walpole knew, on his side, that the Great-Duke opened letters; and therefore did not choose to speak out.

make inquiry of the King's physicians would in *me* be highly blameable. Consider, in the first place, how I am connected; and in the next, should the physicians tell me, which it is not probable they would, (and if they did not, what could I say?) that the child died of any other complaint, would it be decent for me to repeat it? would it not be trumpeted about till it would reach both London and Anspach? and, the more credit given to my report, the more I should be quoted. I choose therefore to remain in perfect ignorance of what the child died, only convinced that it was not killed by inoculation. You may tell the Great-Duke what is most true, that I am in the country, and not *à portée* to see the royal physicians: persuade him to wait, and he will hear that inoculation has not lost a grain of character; and do not let him deprive his children of such a blessing, because the Leyden Gazette is a fool and liar. Were the fact truth, is *one* child lost an argument against millions preserved? if the child was unhealthy before, would it be a reason for not inoculating children that are well?

I am very sorry that your nephew has any embarrassment in his family. Parents are much to be pitied! how difficult for fondness and prudence to be both satisfied, and to conduct their charges safely into port! At present, the incumbrance seems double. Sons can scarce avoid the contagion of gaming; daughters make unworthy choices—for how can they make good? If they marry titles and wealth, may they not be sent back to their parents in two or three years to

be maintained—or even before they are married? Such rascals are some of our young fellows! Just such an instance has happened in Lord ——'s family.

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have seen a person who tells me the young Prince was at the sixth day of the small-pox in the most favourable manner, was seized with convulsions, and died—it is supposed, from a pock on the brain; which has sometimes happened, and may just as well happen in the natural way. This is a *hors d'œuvre*, nor do I know a word of news.

LETTER CCCCIV.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1783.

Two days ago, who should walk into my room but Sir Horace Mann,—not *the* Sir Horace indeed that I could have most wished to see, and whom I have not seen in two and forty years; and whom, alas!—yet one I was very glad to see! I turned him round to look for his wings; for he certainly flies! He tells me charming miracles of your health and youth. I hope the Goddess of correspondence is proud of us, and intends we shall write to one another as long as Abraham and Methusalem would have done, if they had learnt to write.

Your nephew had not unpacked his portmanteau; so, I have not received Cavalier Mozzi's or my own letters, but shall have them before this departs.

News I have none, or should have written to you before now. We have had one or two qualms, which looked very much as if the new Ministers did not sit easy upon a certain stomach. They were very near discharged on the Establishment of the Heir; but all was compromised.* The Parliament rises next week. If nothing happens *then*, the summer will probably conclude tranquilly.

My name-sake,† cousin, and nephew has got a son. As it will be the descendant of my father, as well as of my uncle, I hope it will be the heir of the family. One symptom looks as if it would be. Its father wrote to Lord Orford to ask him to be god-father; he not only consented graciously, but invited the parents to Houghton, with this frantic though promising addition,

* The Prince of Wales approaching the period of his majority, a separate establishment became necessary for him; and Carlton House, which had not been inhabited since the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1772, was chosen for his future residence. The income proper for his Royal Highness's support produced great difference of opinion among members of the Administration. Mr. Fox thought a hundred thousand pounds would not be more than adequate to maintain his state; while Lord John Cavendish, in whose immediate department the business lay, considered a moiety of that sum sufficient, in the actual circumstances of the country, and the heavy incumbrances on the Civil List. The King being of the same opinion, Lord John Cavendish, on the 24th of June, acquainted the House with his Majesty's gracious determination not to call for any additional aid to the List, but to take on himself the present expense of the Heir Apparent, and limit his demand to sixty thousand pounds, as a temporary supply to the Crown, and an outfit. A resolution to that effect was agreed to.—Ed.

† Horatio, eldest son of the second Lord Walpole, had married Sophia, youngest daughter of Charles Churchill, Esq., by Lady Maria Walpole, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by his second wife, and half-sister of the writer of these Letters.

" that though he had sold his collection of pictures, of which too many were by the same hands, [as if one could have too many Carlo Marattis, Rubens's, and Vandykes!] he hoped my cousin would be satisfied, as his Lordship had gotten *two* excellent Ciprianis!" This Cipriani would not have been worthy to paint the dog-kennel, when the house possessed its original collection; Cipriani is to Guido, as his Lordship is to his grandfather.

I have another nephew going to Florence—for I have nephews enough to people the Promised Land. It is George Cholmondeley, son of Robert, consequently my great-nephew; for I have lived to count third and fourth generations. This George is a young man of sense and honourable principles, and among the best of my nepotism. He has claimed my recommendation to you, and I trust will deserve it better than some of my nephews have done: he has some humour, and some voice, and is musical; but he has not good health, nor always good spirits.

Berkeley Square, July 10th.

I came to town yesterday on summons from Lucas, and this morning he and Sharpe and Mr. Duane were with me. Sharpe declared that he had advised Cavalier Mozzi to divide the ten thousand pounds with my Lord, but had received no answer. I said, I knew Cavalier Mozzi's disposition to agreement; but Mr. Duane and I could not act so summarily. In one word, I wish to save six or seven thousand pounds for Cavalier Mozzi, as I see how much pains Lucas has used to get

more, whereas little have been employed on the other side. Sharpe said, too, that the Cavalier would have consented, if Lady Orford's woman had not dissuaded him. I proposed, and Mr. Duane seconded me, that Sharpe and Lucas should state what claims, and to what amount, each reciprocally allows of the other; and then it would be easier for us referees to split the difference. This has brought matters to a point, and I hope one more meeting may terminate the business.

I have not yet heard again from your nephew, but conclude he has sent the letters to Strawberry, which my suddenly coming to town may have prevented my receiving.

Adieu! I am writing after midnight, and panting for breath: the weather is wonderfully sultry, and great mischief has been done by lightning in the counties. Were I not in town, I should delight in such Florentine nights.

LETTER CCCCV.

Strawberry Hill, July 30, 1783.

I HAVE received yours of the 12th, and Cavalier Mozzi's from your nephew. To the latter's I can say nothing new at present. The last time we met, Mr. Duane and I desired Sharpe and Lucas to try how near they could come in adjusting the separate demands of Lady Orford and my Lord, after we had struck off the

unfounded ones on either side. I have no doubt but the two lawyers could have agreed in an hour's time; that is, that they would have agreed to give much advantage to my Lord: but as they choose, I suppose, to seem to deliberate, as physicians do who retire to consult in another room, and there talk news, Sharpe and Lucas have taken some weeks to consider. I hope Mr. Duane will see through their juggle; I shall be guided by him.

A thousand thanks to you for the Fatti Farnesiani; but you must tell me the prices, that I may pay your nephew. Do not imagine that I send to Italy for everything I want at your expense; I cost you enough in trouble. It would truly be more kind of you if you said at once, "I paid so much, or so much." As you did not, I insist on your naming the price in your next.

I shall not believe that when the Czarina has whetted her talons, she will go to roost without scratching anybody. They say the plague has cried hola! nay, that it is at Dantzick. Our gazette has rung out the bell. The summer is so sultry, that it would be formidable indeed!

I have not the honour of being acquainted with Lord and Lady Algernon Percy: both he and I go so little into public, that I never saw him above once in my life. She is generally commended.

Your nephew did not name his distress about his daughter, and therefore I certainly did not. I pity him; but what can his remonstrances do? passions

are not to be allayed by words: love does not lie in the ear.

Thank you for dispensing with me about inoculation. It is most true that its virtues have not suffered in the smallest degree by the late accident; yet, as there was *no* reason it should, I wonder it did not.

I have not a tittle of news for you, good or bad, public or private. It is better that correspondence should suffer, than be supplied by wars and calamities.

We have swarms of French daily; but they come as if they had laid wagers that there is no such place as England, and only wanted to verify its existence, or that they had a mind to dance a minuet on English ground; for they turn on their heel the moment after landing.* Three came to see this house last week, and walked through it literally while I wrote eight lines of a letter; for I heard them go up the stairs, and heard them go down, exactly in the time I was finishing no longer a paragraph. It were happy for me had

* Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, of the 24th of June, thus accounts for the briefness of the visits made by our neighbours at this time: "For imports of French, I believe we shall have few more! They have not ruined us so totally by the war, much less enriched themselves so much by it, but that they who have been here complained so piteously of the expensiveness of England, that probably they will deter others from a similar jaunt; nor, such is their fickleness, are the French constant to anything but admiration of themselves. Monsieur de Guignes and his daughters came to Strawberry Hill; but it was at eight o'clock at night, in the height of the deluge. You may be sure I was much flattered by such a visit! I was forced to light candles to shew them anything; and must have lighted the moon to shew them the views. If this is their way of seeing England, they might as well look at it with an opera-glass from the shore of Calais." Collective Edition, vol. vi. p. 190. —Ed.

nobody more curiosity than a Frenchman; who is never struck with anything but what he has seen every day at Paris. I am tormented all day and every day by people that come to see my house, and have no enjoyment of it in summer. It would be even in vain to say that the plague is here. I remember such a report in London when I was a child, and my uncle, Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, was forced to send guards to keep off the crowd from the house in which the plague was said to be; they would *go* and *see* the plague! Had I been the master of the house, I should have said, as I would to Kings who pretend to cure the King's evil, "*You* cure the evil!—*you* are the evil!" "*You* see the plague!—*you* are the plague!"

Since I began my letter, Mrs. Noel has told me who is your nephew's daughter's innamorato. I now pity him even more than I did. There is madness in the lover's family—how can a parent consent to such an union? I am very tender-hearted on love-cases, especially to women, whose happiness does really depend, for some time at least, on the accomplishment of their wishes: they cannot conceive that another swain might be just as charming. I am not so indulgent to men, who do know that one romance is as good as another, and that the binding is of little consequence. But must not the blood of a father recoil, when his child would unite with phrenzy, and for grandchildren would bring him lunatics? Oh! I approve your poor nephew's repugnance. I have seen the lover's mother in her

moods, and know but *too well* the peril of such alliances! That, and the royal malady I named in my last paragraph, are not enough guarded against. Both sometimes lie dormant for a generation, but rarely are eradicated. On the want of fortune I should be much less restive; and for the profession, if a girl is in love, how can she secure such a prospect of felicity as by marrying a clergyman? I am a little indelicate; but I know why Providence gave us passions; and therefore, however we may dress up and dignify the idea, the most romantic maiden upon earth, whether aware of it or not, is in love with the gender, though its more visible accompaniments may have made the impression. Your Orianas therefore find their account better in a Levite than in an Amadis. I have often wondered dowager Orianas do not always replace Amadis with a cassock. It is almost the only chance they have of not being disappointed. If the bell-wether strays after other ewes, the noise he makes betrays him, and the old crone is sure of reclaiming him. I beg pardon of goddesses for so ungallant a comment; but, however heretical it may sound to ears of twenty, it would be solid advice if dropped in those of forty. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCVI.

Aug. 27, 1783.

It is time to resume my veteran punctuality, and think of writing to you; but alas! correspondence, like matrimonial duty, is but ill performed when only prompted by periodic recollection of a debt to be paid. However, I am so far different from a husband, that my inclination is not decreased: want of matter alone makes me sluggish. The war is at an end; which, like domestic quarrels, animated our intercourse, and, like them, concludes with kissing, and is followed by dullness and inaction. The Definitive Treaty, they say, is signed;* the French and we are

* Amongst the numerous distinguished individuals who had availed themselves of the recess to visit the Continent, was Mr. Pitt. "In the beginning of September," says the Bishop of Winchester, "accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Wilberforce, he went to France, where he remained till the beginning of October, residing principally at Rheims and Paris. His name and character were well known in France; and he was everywhere received with great marks of distinction. This short visit was the only one he ever made to the Continent." Life, vol. i. p. 176.—As any incidents in the private life, at this youthful period, of the illustrious man, who, in the short period of a month, was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, will be interesting, we give the following passage from the Life and Journals of his attached friend and companion on the tour:

"Although no master of the French vocabulary, his ear, quick for every sound but music, caught readily the intonations of the language; and he soon spoke it with considerable accuracy. He enquired carefully into the political institutions of the French, and the Abbé De Lageard has stored up his concluding sentence: 'Monsieur, vous n'avez point de liberté politique, mais pour la liberté civile, vous en avez plus que vous ne croyez.' As he expressed in the strongest terms his admiration for the system which prevailed at home, the Abbé was led to ask him, since

exceedingly fond. Presents pass weekly between the Duchesses of Polignac and Devonshire; and so many French arrive, that they overflow even upon me, and visit Strawberry as one of our sights. The Marquise de la Jamaique, sister of your *Countess of Albany*,* has been here this month, and stays above another. But, are not such articles below even the ingredients of a letter; especially between you and me, who have dealt in the fates of kingdoms? If I would talk politics, I must have recourse to the long-depending topic, whether there will be a war between the Turks and Russians; of which, in good truth, I know as little as of anything else.

Sir William Hamilton is arrived, but I have not yet seen him. He will not be quite out of his element; for

all human things were perishable, in what part the British Constitution might be first expected to decay? Pitt, a Parliamentary reformer, and speaking within three years of the time when the House of Commons had agreed to Mr. Dunning's motion, that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, after musing for a moment, answered: 'The part of our Constitution which will first perish, is the prerogative of the King, and the authority of the House of Peers.'—'I am greatly surprised,' said the Abbé, 'that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox; it seems to shew you to be less moral than you appear. 'C'est que vous n'avez pas été sous la baguette du magicien,' was Pitt's reply; 'but the remark,' he continued, 'is just.' At Paris it was hinted to him through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable suitor for the daughter of the celebrated Neckar. Neckar is said to have offered to endow her with a fortune of 14,000*l.* per annum; but Mr. Pitt replied, 'I am already married to my country.'"—Life of Wilberforce, vol. i. p. 38.

* Wife of the son of the Duke of Berwick and Liria, and daughter of the Prince of Stolberg. Her sister was married to the Pretender, who called himself Prince of Albany, and then resided at Florence.

we have had pigmy earthquakes, much havoc by lightning, and some very respectable meteors.

I have not heard a syllable of Sharpe and Lucas. As it is vacation, I suppose even private justice cannot be administered out of term time. Pray, has Lord Orford ever paid you for his mother's tomb? I promised you to dun him if he did not; therefore empower me if he has neglected it.

I have not wherewithal to compose another paragraph, so this exordium must prove that I have not been negligent; but it must lie in my writing-box till I can collect something to fill up the remainder of the page—if I aimed at a third, I should not perhaps send it away before the Parliament meets.

Sept. 1st.

I shall finish this letter, brief as it is; for I go to-morrow to Park Place* and Nuneham† for ten days. Mr. Fox has notified to the City, that the Definitive Treaties are to be signed the day after to-morrow by all parties but Holland: whether the latter is abandoned and pouts, or is reserved by France as a nest-egg for hatching a new war, I know not. Lord Shelburne, I suppose, will rave against the Ministers for

* Seat of General Conway, near Henley.

† Seat of the Earl of Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. ["At Nuneham," says Walpole, "I was much pleased with the improvements both within doors and without. Mr. Mason was there; and, as he shines in every art, was assisting Mrs. Harcourt with his new discoveries in painting, by which he will unite miniature and oil. Indeed, she is a very apt and extraordinary scholar. Since our professors seem to have lost the art of colouring, I am glad, at least, that they have undergraduated assessors." Collective Edition, vol. vi. p. 200.—Ed.]

having definished his treaties, since he cannot abuse them for not having terminated them; but I trust he will be little heeded.

They say there has been a dreadful hurricane and inundation at Surat. All the elements seem to be willing to make a figure in their turn. In our humble northern way we have had much damage by lightning. The summer has been wonderfully hot, and of late very unhealthy. Our globe really seems to be disordered. I have had my share in a rheumatic fever, which is not gone; but I hope change of air will cure it. In truth, I have no great faith in cures at my age for chronic complaints; but I try remedies, like people who go into lotteries, because they would not be out of fortune's way.

LETTER CCCCVII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10.

[This was only a note in the cover of a letter to be transmitted to Mr. Morice.]

MR. MORICE has written to me from Lausanne, which he was to leave at the beginning of this month for Naples, desiring to find a letter from me at Florence, with a state of the affairs of Cavalier Mozzi. I fear this will arrive too late. Should he be gone, you will be so good as to convey it to him wherever he is, or keep it for him should he not be arrived.

I do not know a tittle of news, but that the Peace

arrived signed last Saturday. I have just seen Sir William Hamilton at General Conway's, and heard with great pleasure a most satisfactory account of you and your good looks and health. It is midnight, and this must go to town early to-morrow morning; and I am tired with writing to Mr. Morice, for I have the rheumatism in my right arm.

LETTER CCCCVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1783.

THOUGH I enclosed a letter to you for Mr. Morice about three weeks ago, I cannot pretend to have written to you since the 1st of September. The cause of my silence lasts still,—a total want of matter; and though my punctual conscience enjoins me to begin a letter to you, it will have a hard task to make me finish it. The Peace has closed the chapter of important news, which was all our correspondence lived on. My age makes me almost as ignorant of common occurrences as your endless absence has made you. I cannot concern myself in what people, who might be my grandchildren, do. The fatal American war has so lowered my country, that I wish to think of it as little as I do of the youth of the times. My common-sense tells me that I cannot belong to a new age; and my memory, that I did belong to a better than the present. Thus I interest myself in nothing; and whoever is indifferent, is ill qualified

for a correspondent. You must make allowance for my present insipidity, in consideration of my past service. I have been your faithful intelligencer for two and forty years. I do not take my leave; but, in a dearth of events such as you would wish to know, do not wonder if my letters are less frequent. It would be tiresome to both to repeat that I have nothing to say. Would you give a straw to have me copy the Gazette, which you see as well as I, only to tell you there are nine new Irish lords and ladies, of whom I never saw the persons of three?

I have complained to Mr. Duane of the indecent inaction of Sharpe and Lucas: he thinks it as extraordinary as I do, and has promised to reprove them.

Not being worth another paragraph in the world, I shall postpone my letter till next week, and carry it with me to town on Monday. Not that I expect to learn anything there or then. London is a desert the moment the shooting season begins, and continues so to the middle of November at least. In my younger days I have been very barren in autumn in time of peace.

Monday, 30th.

I have lately been putting together into a large volume a collection of portrait-prints of all the persons mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sévigné; of whom for many years I have been amassing engravings, and of whom I have got a great number. I wish, therefore, you would send me a single print, if you can procure a separate one, of the Great-Duchess, wife

of Cosmo the Third, and daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, that absurd woman, of whom so much is said in the new History of the Medici. I have her amongst the other heads of the Medici, but do not care to mangle the set. You probably can obtain one from the engraver; but do not give yourself any trouble, nor pay a straw more than it is worth. If you obtain one, send it by any traveller coming to England. I trust you will have no occasion to send a courier. Let us rejoice, my dear sir, that you have no such occasion, and that I have so little to say. I hope we shall neither blunder into new matter, nor that our foregoing errors may be attended by new events? Never was my father's *Quieta non movere* established into a maxim that ought to be a lesson to politicians, so much as by the American war. It has *already* cost us our colonies and doubled our debt.

Learning nothing in town, I send this away to prove to you that I have no disposition to relax our correspondence; but, as it is foolish to give only negative proofs, be assured, if my intervals are longer, that, like a good husband long married, my constancy is not impaired, though I may not be so regular in my demonstrations as formerly.

P.S. I have heard nothing of the Fatti Farnesiani.

LETTER CCCCIX.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 12, 1783.

I HAVE been longer than usual without writing to you, my dear sir; but so I told you in my last it was possible I should be. Had I written sooner, I could only have made excuses for having nothing to say. I have now the satisfaction of telling you that the political horizon is much cleared, and discovers a more serene prospect. The Parliament met yesterday, and the Address to the King was voted without a negative. The threatened Opposition is disjointed, and half of its expected leaders did not appear. The late *ridiculous* Minister, Lord Shelburne (which is using the most favourable of all the epithets he deserves), keeps in the country. Lord Temple made a speech in the Lords which nobody minded or answered; and Mr. William Pitt in the Commons behaved with candour and great decency. Mr. Fox shone with new superiority; but even masterly eloquence is not his first quality. All his conduct is manly, and marked with strong sense, and first-rate common sense, which is the most useful of all. In short, he has *that*, and frankness and firmness, and the utmost good-humour; and, therefore, you will not wonder I am partial to him, and think him the only man I have seen who unites all those qualities like my father. I wish he may be Minister as long—which is a very disinterested wish at my age. I don't believe you suspect that it is interested for any part of the term.

The preliminaries with Holland are signed; nay, Ireland seems to be coming to its senses. One thing they have taken from us and improved, which I do not envy,—Parliamentary scurrility. Mr. Grattan, their late idol, and Mr. Flood (who, they say, might be the idol of Indians, who worship the powers that can do most mischief,) have called one another as many foul names as Scaliger and Scioppius used to throw in Latin at the heads of their adversaries. It is pity that one of them at least did not reserve a few for the Count-Bishop, whom you have seen in Italy, and who seems to have conceived there a passion for a red hat. Is not it odd to see an Emperor demolishing convents in the East, and a Protestant Bishop pleading for Popery in the West? His son has been as eccentric in a smaller line here, as you may have seen in the papers.

This is a slight sketch of public affairs: private news I have none. I now come to Cavalier Mozzi.

Ten days ago Mr. Duane told me that Sharpe and Lucas would be ready in a few days to lay the result of their most tedious consultation before us; and that he believed the upshot would be, that they would think we ought to allow *five* thousand pounds to my Lord. I smiled, and said to myself, "They needed not to have taken five or six months to agree on an opinion which they might have delivered in five minutes, for it is precisely what both had settled long ago my Lord should have." Sharpe said at first, that my Lord and Mozzi should divide the money in question, which he

called ten thousand; and Lucas above a year ago, I think I told you, told an impatient creditor of my Lord, that his Lordship would get *five* thousand from Cavalier Mozzi. However, I said nothing then, reserving my reflection for a moment when it may come with more force. Nay, I even commanded myself this morning, when Lucas was with me, and produced their liquidated states, by which these honest men allot 5457*l.* to my Lord. But my indignation took its revenge; for, on Lucas telling me that there was still *one* point on which Sharpe and he could not agree, which was on interest upon interest for arrears of my Lady's jointure, and which was originally founded on an iniquitous parallel demand which had been allowed by a villainy of old Cruwys, Lucas's predecessor, by which my father's creditors were defrauded of 18,000*l.*, I broke out, called Cruwys all the rascals he deserved, [not meaning to except his successor,] and told him, that even if Mozzi's claim should not be allowed, the money ought not to go to my Lord, but to the creditors. At last I said plainly, that Mr. Duane and I were not at all bound to submit to his and Sharpe's opinion, but ordered them to deliver their reasons to us in writing; and that, for my part, I would lay those reasons before Lord Camden, for, being no lawyer myself, I would be justified by having the opinion of one of the first lawyers in England for the judgment I should pronounce. This, I trust, will make him less flippant. He had begun by saying, Mr. Duane and I would be

able to decide in a few minutes; which was pretty impudent, considering that even he and Sharpe do not agree on one point: but I repeated that we should not have such implicit faith; we had only desired to know on what points *they* did agree. Upon the whole, I fear this affair will not be so soon concluded. Nay, I perceive so much roguery, that, as I cannot unravel it, I shall be very unwilling to pronounce; being persuaded that Cavalier Mozzi will be cheated. Lucas pretended just now to have found but yesterday a scrap of paper *without a title*, that proved, under the hand of Lady Orford's steward, that she had received more from her jointure than was pretended. I asked him in a very severe tone where he had found that bit of paper. He said, amongst my Lord's writings. I replied, it was very extraordinary that he, who for so many years had been poring over my Lord's writings, should never have taken notice of that paper before;—nor do I conceive how a paper of my Lady's steward came there! In a word, I told Lucas plainly that all he had said to-day had confirmed me much more strongly in what I thought before of Cruwys's villainy, and of the justness of the arguments I had used to shew that what had been deemed law for my brother ought to be law for Lady Orford, and that what a jury had given to one ought to be given by a jury to the other. This he owned; but said, the money ought to go to my Lord as executor. "If it does," said I, "will my Lord pay to the creditors?" He replied, "I suppose he will; he has paid much

more to them." I could have answered, "Much less than he ought."—Oh! my good sir, do you wonder, after all I have seen, that I have a dismal opinion of the three professions—lawyers, clergy, and physicians? 'Tis well I am come to the bottom of my paper, or I should continue invectiving.

LETTER CCCCX.

Nov. 21, 1783.

I AM exceedingly hurt to be forced to tell you, that I shall not be able to do so much service to Cavalier Mozzi as I hoped; nor should I have it in my power to do any, if I threw up my refereeship, as I have been on the point of doing: but I will tell you methodically, and as shortly as I can, what passed yesterday. The three lawyers came to me. As soon as Lucas had opened the points on which Sharpe and he are agreed, and by which they give a balance to my Lord of 5457*l.*, I said with all the sneer I could put into a look, "It was unlucky, gentlemen, that you flung away six months to compute what you guessed so exactly a year and a half ago! You both said, *so long* ago, that my Lord would or ought to have five thousand pounds." Lucas understood me; but I afterwards made *him* understand a great deal more, which I will not repeat now. We then came to the point of interest, on which he and Sharpe still disagree, and by which Lucas would extort 1900*l.* for my Lord. Sharpe did behave handsomely, and would have set it *all* aside.

I then spoke, and called on Lucas to acknowledge that I had at first declared in writing to my Lord that I would not undertake the office of umpire, unless I were allowed to act as a gentleman, and not as a lawyer. [This Lucas could not deny.] I then stated all the Cavalier's handsome behaviour. I appealed to Sharpe, who knew all, whether I could be partial to my Lady and her friend. [This Sharpe allowed.] I said, I had accepted the office only to save her honour and my Lord's from being bandied about in a public court of justice; but that since I found that the law was stretched to the utmost against Cavalier Mozzi, and as I was unwilling to pronounce against my Lord, whose side I was to maintain, or to be thought partial for him, I chose to throw up my trust, and leave the whole to be decided at law. I was then silent for some minutes. At last Mr. Duane spoke, and said, that Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Lucas had agreed on the 5457*l.*, and that he and I during the former discussions had in general allowed their several demands; and that we had allowed very liberally to my Lord. Lucas interrupted him, and would not acknowledge that we had allowed *liberally* to his Lordship; but both Duane and Sharpe insisted we had. Mr. Duane then proposed to Lucas to desire my Lord to give up the interest to Cavalier Mozzi, which would be 1900*l.*, and would, by so much, lessen the 5457*l.* Lucas said very awkwardly, he would, and was sure my Lord would agree to anything; but seemed exceedingly dissatisfied. Sharpe and Lucas then took their leave;

and Duane was going, but I kept him, and beseeched him to tell me honestly what I ought to do. I should tell you that Sharpe had proposed to give up the interest on both sides. Mr. Duane said that he advised me by all means not to leave the affair undecided; that it must then go to Chancery, where it would not be decided in a dozen years, or perhaps not in twenty; —that Cavalier Mozzi would lose the whole interest of all the money in the meantime, and perhaps spend the principal in the pursuit; that it had always been his practice to advise adverse parties to split the difference; and therefore, of the 1900*l.*, he would give my Lord half, and Mozzi half. I did not like this. At last I proposed my Lord should have 600*l.*, and the Cavalier the remaining 1300*l.* I found Mr. Duane did not like this.—In short, we agreed at last that my Lord should have 6400*l.*, and Cavalier Mozzi the rest; and this he would go and offer to Sharpe. Thus, after all, of 10,500*l.*, the sum in dispute, I shall save Cavalier Mozzi but 4100*l.*! You will say, I had better have let Lucas go and propose to my Lord to cede the 1900*l.* It is true; but, besides that Lucas accepted the request so unwillingly, and not in a way to satisfy my Lord, I could not satisfy myself without talking to Mr. Duane alone; and, when I did, I found him so clear in what I ought to do, that I could not, from inclination to serve Cavalier Mozzi, do what would be injustice to my Lord, whose cause I was chosen to defend. In short, I am very unhappy, and shall not wonder if at last Cavalier Mozzi suspects I

have acted a double part; and have, notwithstanding all my professions, only meant to hurt him. Lucas, I am sure, still thinks just the contrary; at least, that I have been partial *against* my nephew: no; yet against Lucas I have, whom I did reproach with instigating my Lord to contest his mother's will, after he had said he would not. I do not care what my Lord or Lucas think; I have strictly followed Mr. Duane's opinion; and, as *he* could have no partiality, I chose to prefer his opinion to my own, as his could have no bias. Whatever Cavalier Mozzi shall think, it is mortification enough to me to be outwitted by Lucas; but I could not suffer my wish of defeating him to supersede what I am told is justice.

I have attempted to carry a collateral point, in which I suppose I shall not be much more successful. In Lucas's warmth of pleading for my Lord, I discovered that the 6000*l.* which my Lord is likely to recover from Mozzi (for observe, nothing is yet decided,) ought to go to my brother's creditors, and can only be received by my nephew as executor. I pinned Lucas down to this confession; and both the other lawyers agreed I was in the right. I then wanted to have the 6000*l.* deposited in the hands of trustees or a banker: but that, it seems, is not law; my Lord indeed being answerable for the money to the creditors, but nobody has a right or power to sequester it from him. However, when the decision shall be made, I shall declare to Lucas that I shall give my brother's creditors notice that there is such a sum, which they may claim.

I have thus told you the substance, and you may inform poor Mozzi of it. I will write again when I know any farther. I have done the best I could, and perhaps more than any one else could have done; yet I claim no merit. All evidence, except what little was in Sharpe's hands, was in Lucas's, and he has certainly made the most of it. Had I not been present, who bore witness against him in some particulars of his own knowledge, I conclude he would have gained more from Mr. Duane, who, as a lawyer, must be a little biased by law arguments; yet I believe, though I explained much to him, that his love of peace, and the disagreeable consequences he foresaw from a legal suit, chiefly influenced his judgment. I have not room or time to add a word more.

P.S.—Nov. 25, after dinner.

As I was going to seal my letter, I received one from Mr. Duane, which obliges me to add a postscript. He says, that Mr. Sharpe has convinced him by arguments, which I have not time to particularize, that Cavalier Mozzi ought to have more than we had allotted to him. [This shews Sharpe has not quite sacrificed his client;—indeed, I have always specified every instance in which I thought he acted justly.] Mr. Duane therefore advises to let Lucas make the proposal above-named to my Lord, and wait his answer. If it is not favourable, he says we may then offer 5600*l.*, or at least enlarge it. I certainly agree to wait, and willingly; but I send my letter notwithstanding: though you need not read the particulars to Cavalier Mozzi

yet. It is hard to be a judge in a law affair, of which I am no judge. I have acted throughout from good-nature for Cavalier Mozzi, whom I thought ill-treated; and, to avoid scandal, I have done the best I could. I have made Lucas my enemy more than he was before, and I have not managed him; though I do not doubt but he will represent my conduct to my Lord in the worst light; and, though Mozzi may suspect me of favouring my nephew, I have probably added new alacrity to the wretches who wish my Lord to disinherit me, should I outlive him,—but that is certainly what I do not expect to do; and, when I have scorned to court him or them, be assured I would not flatter him at the expense of another. In short, I have done right to the best of my judgment, and cannot help what is thought of me.

LETTER CCCCXI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 2, 1783.

We have not yet terminated poor Cavalier Mozzi's business. Lucas is highly dissatisfied at our offering my Lord what he calls *but* 6000*l.*, and I am as much displeased at offering so much; but Mr. Duane thinks the 5457*l.* must be allowed, though Lucas, I believe, would find it very difficult to prove so in a court of law: and, as we fear we must agree to divide the remaining 1800*l.* in question, we probably shall be reduced to fix the whole sum for my Lord at 6400*l.*, as I told you in my last.

At present we wait for an answer from Cavalier Mozzi to Mr. Sharpe's last, and expect it in a week. Upon the whole, I shall have done sadly; and at best shall only have saved him from an eternal suit in Chancery.

Your nephew is in town, but confined by the gout. I called on him, but did not see him; yet you may be very easy, for he expects to be abroad in a day or two. I can make you as easy about another point, too; but, if you have not learnt it from him, do not take notice to him that you know it. Mrs. Noel has informed me that his daughter's treaty of marriage is broken off, and in a fortunate way. The peer, father of the lover, obliged *him* to declare off; and Mrs. Noel says that your niece is in good spirits. All this is just what one should have wished. Your nephew has sent me a good and most curious print from you of the old Pretender's marriage: I never saw one before. It is a great present to my collection of English portraits. The Farnesian books I have not yet received, and have forgotten the name of the gentleman to whom you entrusted them, and must search among your letters for it; or, tell it me again.

The politicians of London, who at present are not the most numerous corporation, are warm on a bill for a new regulation of the East Indies, brought in by Mr. Fox. Some even of his associates apprehended his being defeated, or meant to defeat him; but his marvellous abilities have hitherto triumphed conspicuously, and on two divisions in the House of Commons he had majorities of 109 and 114. On *that* field he

will certainly be victorious: the forces will be more nearly balanced when the Lords fight the battle; but, though the Opposition will have more generals and more able, he is confident that his troops will overmatch theirs; and, in Parliamentary engagements, a superiority of numbers is not vanquished by the talents of the commanders, as often happens in more martial encounters. His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an adequate rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense; and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone, when set by the diamond Reason.

Do not wonder that we do not entirely attend to things of earth: Fashion has ascended to a higher element. All our views are directed to the air. *Balloons* occupy senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody. France gave us the *ton;* and, as yet, we have not come up to our model. Their monarch is so struck with the heroism of two of his subjects who adventured their persons in two of these new *floating batteries*, that he has ordered statues of them, and contributed a vast sum towards their marble immortality. All this may be very important: to me it looks somewhat foolish. Very early in my life I remember this town at gaze on a man who *flew down* a rope from the top of St. Martin's steeple;* now, late in my day, people are

* On the 1st of June, 1727, one Violante, an Italian, descended head foremost by a rope, with his legs and arms extended, from the top of the steeple of St. Martin's church, over the houses in St. Martin's Lane, to

staring at a voyage to the moon. The former Icarus broke his neck at a subsequent flight: when a similar accident happens to modern knights-errant, adieu to air-balloons!

Apropos, I doubt these new kites have put young Astley's nose out of joint, who went to Paris lately under their Queen's protection, and expected to be Prime Minister, though he only ventured his neck by dancing a minuet on three horses at full gallop, and really in that attitude has as much grace as the Apollo Belvedere. When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks,* in search of islands in the Atlantic,* where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints! Well! I hope these new mechanic meteors will prove only playthings for the learned and the idle, and not be converted into new engines of destruction to the human race, as is so often the case of refinements or discoveries in science. *The wicked wit of man always studies to apply the result of talents to enslaving, de-*

the farthest side of the Mews, a distance of about three hundred yards, in half a minute. The crowd was immense; and the young princesses, with several of the nobility, were in the Mews.—Ed.

* Sir Joseph Banks, having previously made a voyage to Newfoundland and the Labrador coast, obtained an appointment in the ship which took out Captain Cook on his first voyage of discovery; and, in order to fulfil his own share in the enterprise in the most efficient manner possible, prevailed on Dr. Solander to accompany him, and engaged draftsmen and painters, to delineate such objects of interest as should not admit of transportation or preservation. This voyage occupied him three years.—Ed.

stroying, or cheating his fellow-creatures. Could we reach the moon, we should think of reducing it to a province of some European kingdom.

P.S. 5th.

The Opposition in the House of Commons were so humbled by their two defeats, that, though Mr. Pitt had declared he would contest every clause (of the India bill) in the committee, (where in truth, if the bill is so bad as he says, he ought at least to have tried to amend it,) that he slunk from the contest, and all the blanks were filled up without obstruction, the opponents promising only to resist it in its last stage on Monday next; but really, having no hopes but in the House of Lords, where, however, I do not believe they expect to succeed. Mr. Pitt's reputation is much sunk; nor, though he is a much more correct logician than his father, has he the same firmness and perseverance. It is no wonder that he was dazzled by his own premature fame; yet his late checks may be of use to him, and teach him to appreciate his strength better, or to wait till it is confirmed. Had he listed under Mr. Fox, who loved and courted him, he would not only have discovered modesty, but have been more likely to succeed him, than by commencing his competitor. But what have I to do to look into futurity?

LETTER CCCCXII.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 15, 1783.

I WRITE you in great haste a few lines, which will surprise and perplex you, as I cannot enter into any explanation.

The town is full of rumour of a change of Administration. No such thing has happened; but enough has happened at least to countenance such a report. You will be cautious, therefore, till you hear farther, what you write. Mention no politics, but to the Ministers, as you ought to do.

Everything goes as well as possible in Ireland. You are much too candid when you impute no bad designs to the person* whose speech has been Italianized.

I have received the two books of Caprarola from Lord Algernon Percy: I had quite forgotten to whom you had consigned them. It is not a way of speaking, but I do insist on your letting me know what they cost, that I may pay your nephew. You would deprive me of the pleasure of troubling you now and then with a little commission, if you do not let me reimburse you. I shall employ Sir W. Hamilton in that way, if you forbid my applying to you; which you will do effectually, if you do not send me the prices of the Fatti Farnesiani.

* Dr. Hervey, Bishop of Derry and Earl of Bristol. He had sent to Rome a speech he had made in favour of the Roman Catholics: it was translated into Italian, printed, and dispersed.

No answer is come yet to Sharpe from Cavalier Mozzi.

Tuesday, 16th.

An event has now happened that is decisive. The Ministers were beaten last night in the House of Lords by eight votes on the India Bill.* *An Administration beaten* often implies *a Court beaten;* at present, the reverse is true. It is not proper to say more: but, as our newspapers seldom leave anything unexplained, though commonly falsified or blundered, you will not remain long in the dark. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Friday, Dec. 19, 1783.

I HAVE only a moment's time to tell you, that, at *one* this morning, his Majesty sent to Lord North and Mr. Fox for their seals of Secretary of State. It is said that Mr. Pitt is to be First Lord of the Treasury, and that the Parliament will be dissolved immediately. I know nothing more. You will learn the new arrangements from the Gazette of to-morrow night or Tuesday, which last day is the soonest I could write again, for this must go away this evening. The Great Seal has been sent for from the Commissioners, and, it is supposed, will be given again to Lord Thurlow.

* The King had sent for Lord Temple, and ordered him to declare that his Majesty did not approve of the India Bill, but wished to have it thrown out by the House of Lords; yet he had never signified that disapprobation to the Duke of Portland and the Ministers. He went farther, and commanded the Lords of the Bedchamber to vote against it.

Friday evening.

I saw nobody after Court; so, do not know what passed there, nor if anybody kissed hands; nor am likely to hear before the end of the evening, for I almost always dine alone and early, and do not go out till eight o'clock, when it would be too late to send this to the Secretary's office.

If the Parliament is dissolved, as it may be by this time for aught I know, I shall go to Strawberry Hill, for nobody will be left in town, but all gone to their re-elections; so, I could only transcribe the Gazette, and be able to send you little news.

LETTER CCCCXIV.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 8, 1784.

THE Gazettes have told you all the changes. The House of Commons is to meet on Monday, and all expectation hangs thereon. Each party promises itself—or others the majority. I never deal in prophecies; and, not having more *knowledge* than prophets, I shall not pretend to foretell the event, much less the consequences it will produce either way.

I have other reasons for writing to you. Cavalier Mozzi's message by you, and his letter to Mr. Duane, will, I think, put an end to our arbitrage. I do not imagine that Mr. Lucas will give up the interest upon interest, at least not without such strong reluctance as will make it very difficult for me, as my Lord's nominee, to decide against him. On the other hand, I do not see how Mr. Duane, or even I, can pronounce *for*

that accumulated interest, after such earnest protests of Cavalier Mozzi. My inclination, therefore, as I must, either way, give such dissatisfaction, and as the lawyers are so positive in their contradictory opinions, is to decline the arbitrage. At present we can do nothing. Lucas is in the West, looking after Lord Orford's boroughs, in case the Parliament should be dissolved. I myself have an avocation or occupation of a more melancholy kind.

My brother, Sir Edward,* is, I fear, dying: yesterday we had no hopes; a sort of glimmering to-day, but scarce enough to be called a ray of hope. He has for a great number of years enjoyed perfect health, and even great beauty, without a wrinkle, to seventy-seven; but last August his decline began by an aversion to all solids. He came to town in the beginning of November; his appetite totally left him; and in a week he became a very infirm, wrinkled, old man. We think that he imagined he could cure himself by almost total abstinence. With great difficulty he was persuaded to try the bark; it restored some appetite, and then he would take no more. In a word, he has starved himself to death, and is now so emaciated and weak, that it is almost impossible he should be saved, especially as his obstinacy continues; nor will he be persuaded to take sustenance enough to give him a chance, though he is

* "Sir Edward Walpole's three natural daughters were, Mrs. Keppel, wife to the Hon. Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; the Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester; and the Countess of Dysart."—*Lord Dover's Life of Horace Walpole.*—(See Collective Edit. of Walpole's Letters, 1840.)

sensible of his danger, and cool, tranquil, perfectly in his senses as ever. A cordial, a little whey, a dish of tea, it costs us all infinite pains to induce him to swallow. I much doubt whether entire tractability could save him!

I am very sorry your Swedish King* is so expensive to you. Should he think of any return, do not be disappointed, if, on opening a weighty bale, you find nothing but a heap of copper money.

Lord Hardwicke† is a great oaf, both in the book he has written, and in thinking it worth being sent so far as to Florence. The ignorance in it is extreme, and so are the blunders. The fable of the late King giving my father a large sum of money towards building Houghton must have been borrowed from some vulgar pamphlet or magazine. There is not a shadow of truth in it, nor did one of the family ever hear of it. I do not mean to impeach the late King's goodness to him; but, for presents, he most assuredly never made him but two: a very large diamond, but with a great flaw in it, which Lady Mary had; and, after the Queen's death, her crystal hunting-bottle, with a golden stopper and cup. I have often heard my father mention these as the only *presents*. He was too grateful and too frank to have been silent on money; nor would it have escaped

* Gustavus III. In 1783, having been advised by his physicians to spend the winter in a milder climate than Sweden, he set out in the beginning of October for Italy, and remained during the winter and ensuing spring at Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, and Genoa.

† Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke. The book alluded to was a collection of anecdotes respecting Sir Robert Walpole, called "Walpoliana," printed in 4to. but not published. Lord Hardwicke died in 1790.

the Opposition, who were reduced to charge him with falsehoods, in want of truths. This pretended friend was reduced to fish in the kennels of Grub Street, to eke out his meagre anecdotes of a man whose long administration might have furnished so many; but, like his Lordship's other publications, they are all dead before him! He has all his life resembled an angler, who stands for hours and days by a river with a line and hook, and at last catches a paltry dace or bleak, which no mortal will touch.

Some events next week must produce; I perhaps shall be shut up in the house of mourning, and know little of the matter! Parliamentary debates are now so circumstantially detailed in the newspapers, that at best I could but send you extracts. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXV.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 13, 1784.

Amid the distresses of my family I can find time to send you but few lines. My brother died yesterday evening, with the same constant tranquillity which he had preserved through his whole illness. His almost unvaried health from soon after thirty to seventy-seven, his ample fortune and unambitious temper, make his life and death rather to be envied than lamented. His boundless benevolence and charity had left him but very moderate wealth, which he has given chiefly to his eldest daughter, Mrs. Keppel.

Yesterday was the mighty day of expectation in the

House of Commons: at six in the morning the ex-Ministers had a majority of 39.

I could tell you but few or no particulars, having been shut up entirely at my brother's; and this whole morning was employed on reading his will, and other melancholy duties, till seven this evening, when I have barely time to write and send this to the Secretary's office. It was expected yesterday that the Parliament will be immediately dissolved—what the opinion is to-day, I do not at all know. I am interrupted, and must bid you good night.

LETTER CCCCXVI.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 2, 1784.

As your nephew tells me that he sends you punctual accounts of our politics, I shall say nothing on them. I do not know how he contrives to give you a clear idea of them, so fluctuating and uncertain they are. Once or twice a week there is a day which it is said will be decisive. *To-day* is in that number; yet I expect it so little, that I am writing to you at ten at night, without inquiring whether the House of Commons, where action was expected, is up; without knowing what was to be there.

My reason for writing is to tell Cavalier Mozzi, through you, that Lucas was with me this morning along with Messrs. Duane and Sharpe. I then acquainted them, as I had resolved, that Mr. Sharpe, having received from the Cavalier, and I from you, the strongest remon-

strances against the *injustice criante* of allowing my Lord interest upon interest, and Mr. Lucas adhering to the demand, I did not see how Mr. Duane and I could proceed any farther as referees; as, to decide on either side, must discontent the other; whereas our business was to accord them as amicably as we could, consistently with equity. Mr. Duane then declared against the legality of interest on interest. I said, if it was illegal, it was not a point on which we *could* decide, but ought to be left to lawyers; and that it would be better to name two new lawyers, one on each side; and, if they disagreed, to call in a third, who should pronounce decisively. Mr. Duane was warm against that; said, the whole cause must be gone over again, and would not end in years. He was for offering my Lord 600*l.* out of 2431*l.* demanded by Lucas, who on the other hand offered to abate 1000*l.* Neither would come into the proposal of the other. At last, after many words, I hit on this expedient—that the 5457*l.*, which we had all agreed my Lord should receive as a compromise of the demands of both parties, (and which yet Lucas persists in calling a very liberal concession on my Lord's part, not, I believe, because strictly just, but he having all the proofs in his hands, and Mr. Sharpe few or none but what Lucas pleased to give him,) I proposed, I say, that Mr. Duane and I should decide that sum to my Lord, and then that my Lord and the Cavalier should settle as they could the demand of 2431*l.* Mr. Duane and Mr. Sharpe were much pleased with this expedient. Lucas did not like

it so well, but could urge nothing material against it. On that issue we left it for the present. Lucas is to write to my Lord, and Mr. Sharpe to Mozzi, who will now know what he likes to do, and how much of the 2431*l.* he will sacrifice for a termination. He may take what time he will to consider on it, or what measures he pleases to obtain as much as he can. Do not let him answer hastily or inconsiderately. If he is impatient to finish, I believe Lucas is as eager to finger the money for my Lord. The more patient will have the advantage. As I believe the demand exorbitant, if not totally unjust, I cannot help saying, that I should think Mozzi had better offer but little at first, which may make Lucas at last accept less than he would if the offer were considerable. A delay cannot make much addition to the time already lost; and whatever he recovers by this new contestation will pay him for losing two or three months more.

I have thus done all that was possible for me to do in my situation. Thinking my party in the wrong in general, though perhaps not wholly, (as it does seem that my Lady had appropriated some things to herself to which she had no right,) I have preferred justice to partiality towards the person for whom I acted; and, as I avowed to Lucas to-day, I have contradicted him throughout whenever I knew (by my own acquaintance with the affairs of the family) that he urged what was not true or matter of fact; for instance, in the case of Lady Orford's jewels, the chief of which I remembered my brother had retained when she went abroad. Still,

I dare to say, that, besides displeasing my Lord and Lucas, I shall not have answered Cavalier Mozzi's expectations. I can only say to that, that when I have submitted, I have been guided by Mr. Duane, and never allowed but what he said ought to be allowed—and yet I assure you he has not flinched a jot when he thought Lucas unreasonable. Mr. Sharpe has said less, but has been against the interest on interest.

Upon the whole, I am still of opinion that had Cavalier Mozzi come over when I advised him, he would have fared better—but that is past!

You, my dear sir, will be as tired as I am of this tedious affair; but your goodness to poor Mozzi will make you excuse it. I could not possibly have explained myself to him in Italian, nor even in French; he is lucky that I could not in terms of law, which even you could not have translated into Italian, nor perhaps into sense. Adieu! I am quite fatigued, having been writing another letter on business.

I have received and thank you for the two prints of old Cosimo's Duchess; and I thank you for telling me the price of the Fatti Farnesiani, which I shall pay directly to Mr. Croft; I have been so hurried by my brother's death, that I forgot it till just now on reading your last of Jan. 10th again.

LETTER CCCCXVII.

March 12, 1784.

YOUR nephew sends you such regular accounts from the fountain-head, the House of Commons, that I could only retail them more imperfectly. As it will not be long before you see him, you will understand our state of politics better by question and answer, than from maimed or partial relations. The present face of things looks like a suspension of arms—not a truce; much less has your half-nephew succeeded in his endeavours to negotiate an accommodation. The Opposition acquiesce in raising the supplies; and, consequently, the rest of the session is not likely to be tempestuous, as it has been.

You may be sure that *I* approve of your nephew's intention of withdrawing from Parliament. As I have never for one moment regretted my own retirement from that disagreeable occupation, I cannot wonder at another's being sick of it. Ambition, vanity, and interest may reconcile one to acting a part in their theatre; but where *they* are weak motives, or not existent, how many are there to disgust!

You perceive that I have received yours of Feb. 14th, and the news of Florence in it, which require no answer. Nor have I any to send you in return. Politics have engrossed all conversation, and stifled other events, if any have happened. Thus I find it difficult to be so punctual as I was wont, or to fill a decent sheet when I do write. Indeed, our ladies, who used

to contribute to enliven correspondence, are become politicians, and, as Lady Townley says, "squeeze a little too much lemon into conversation." They have been called back a little to their own profession—dress, by a magnificent ball which the Prince of Wales gave two nights ago to near six hundred persons, to which the Amazons of both parties were invited; and not a scratch was given or received!

I am impatient for Cavalier Mozzi's answer to Mr. Sharpe's letter. The one you sent me from the former came too late; and, though he mentions the distress that delay would occasion to him by his probably missing the opportunity of buying into the French funds, it was impossible for me to go back. I had avoided the inconvenience of throwing up the refereeship, by the sole expedient of deciding all but the interest on interest, and leaving that to be accommodated by the parties themselves, on which it was impossible for me to pronounce, unless by allowing it to my Lord, which I both thought unjust, and which Cavalier Mozzi himself had *almost absolutely* forbidden me to grant—I say *almost*, for, though not *positively*, he had represented so strongly against it, that, concurring with mine and Mr. Sharpe's sentiments, I could not think myself at liberty to comply; and indeed, if I had, Mr. Duane and I should, after so long a suspense, have been of very little use, as Lucas would have obtained very near all he demanded in the most unbounded manner at first. I have, I am persuaded, offended my Lord much, and do not doubt but that Lucas will have insinuated that I have given his

Lordship full excuse for *doing any act* to my prejudice; but I laugh at that. I am neither fool enough to expect to outlive him, nor care, if I should, whether he totally disinherits me, as I conclude he would. I will not pay the smallest degree of court to him, but rather less, if less could be, since I am become his next heir. I will not owe even what my birth would entitle to, to any insincerity. Judge, then, whether I should not be hurt, if Cavalier Mozzi should suspect me of having acted with any partiality. I doubt whether I have not shewn too much on *his* behalf, though I have often checked myself when I perceived it; for indignation at the treatment of him, resentment on other accounts to his adversaries, and even the vanity, the ostentatious vanity of acting uprightly, may, and I really believe have, biassed my inclinations *against* the party *for* whom I was employed:—but then, I have really done nothing but by Mr. Duane's advice; and by his advice have allowed much more to my Lord than I ever believed he had a right to; and which, if he had behaved handsomely, and not been guided by Lucas, he would not have claimed, whatever his pretensions were.

I beg your pardon for dwelling so much on this tedious affair. You will soon, I trust, hear no more of it.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

Berkeley Square, March 26, 1784.

THE Dissolution of Parliament, a manœuvre so long upon the anvil, and so often intermitted, has at last

taken place. The King went to the House on Wednesday, and in few words declared his intention;—a strange event interrupted the blow for a moment. In the preceding night some thieves had broken into the Chancellor's house, and stolen the Great Seal! The hubbub it occasioned for some hours was prodigious; but, as forms and ceremonies are not quite so awful as before Time was arrived at years of discretion, a cast was taken off, and served for the death-warrant of the House of Commons last night. In truth, there does not seem to remain any terror in solemnity, when housebreakers make free with the head of the law himself. I doubt, that, for a month or six weeks to come, one shall have additional occasion to keep watch and ward. All the island will be a scene of riot, and probably of violence. The parties are not separated in gentle mood: there will, they say, be contested elections everywhere; consequently, vast expense and animosities. The Court, it is believed, will have the majority in the new Parliament. As your nephew does not intend to be of it, you will, I conclude, see him soon; but he is out of town, and I know nothing of him. I only write now just to mark the crisis, though to-morrow's papers would have notified the event; but you love, now and then, to have the confirmation from me. I have not received from you that of the Pretender's death,* though it has been public here this fortnight. I do not mean that I

* This proved to be erroneous. He had, however, been given over, and had received extreme unction.

cared a straw about it; and perhaps you thought you had mentioned it. Does his brother mean to encircle his hat with a diadem, like old King Henry of Portugal;* or rather more like the imaginary Charles the Tenth of France,† the puppet of the League?

I have not only not heard from you on the part of Mozzi, but not a word from Sharpe; and therefore I conclude no answer is come.

We have no private news at all. Indeed, politics are all in all. I question whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, "Pray, Miss, of which side are you?" I heard of one that said, "Mama and I cannot get Papa over to our side!"

The weather is as violent as our contests. Though the winter was so long and severe, we had snow two days ago, and have again to-day; yet our calamities are trifling to what we hear from the Continent: from Germany, destruction of bridges by inundations; and still more dreadful from Holland. Well! politics and tempests are important in their day, and then sink into the mass of events, and lose their striking characteristics—the sufferings of individuals. I have lived so long, and have seen such a succession of both kinds of convulsions, that they make little more impression on me than the scenes of a play.

To the present drama, Elections, I shall totally shut my ears. Such subjects as, however noisy, one is sure to

* Cardinal Henry, uncle and successor of Don Sebastian.

† The Cardinal of Bourbon, uncle of Henry IV. of France, proclaimed king by the name of Charles X. by the League, though a prisoner to his nephew; in which confinement he died.

hear of no more the moment they are over, are to me insupportable. I hated elections forty years ago; and, when I went to White's, preferred a conversation on Newmarket to one on elections: for the language of the former I did not understand, and, consequently, did not listen to; the other, being uttered in common phrase, made me attend, whether I would or not. When such subjects are on the tapis, they make me a very insipid correspondent. One cannot talk of what one does not care about; and it would be jargon to you, if I did: however, do not imagine but I allow a sufficient quantity of dulness to my time of life. I have kept up a correspondence with you with tolerable spirit for three and forty years together, without our once meeting. Can you wonder that my pen is worn to the stump? You see it does not abandon you; nor, though conscious of its own decay, endeavour to veil it by silence. The Archbishop of Gil Blas has long been a lesson to me to watch over my own ruins; but I do not extend that jealousy of vanity to commerce with an old friend. You knew me in my days of folly and riotous spirits; why should I hide my dotage from you, which is not equally my fault and reproach? I take due care that nobody should hear of me but two or three, who persuade me that I still live in their memories; by the rest I had rather be forgotten.

LETTER CCCCXIX.

Berkeley Square, March 30, 1784.

As I expect your nephew in town previously to his setting out for Florence, and as his residence, I conclude, from his having let his house in London, will be very short, I prepare a letter to send by him, lest I should not have time to write it leisurely when he comes, and is departing again instantly.

My letters, since the great change in the Administration, have been rare, and much less informing than they used to be. In a word, I was not at all glad of the Revolution, nor have the smallest connection with the new occupants. There has been a good deal of boldness on both sides. Mr. Fox, convinced of the necessity of hardy measures to correct and save India, and coupling with that rough medicine a desire of confirming the power of himself and his allies, had formed a great system, and a very sagacious one; so sagacious, that it struck France with terror. But as the new power was to be founded on the demolition of that nest of monsters, the East [India] Company, and their spawn of Nabobs, &c., they took the alarm; and the secret junto at Court rejoiced that they did. The Court struck the blow at the Ministers; but it was the gold of the Company that really conjured up the storm, and has diffused it all over England.*

* "A bill for the regulation of the territorial government in India (the corruptions of which were notorious to all) was brought into Parliament

On the other hand, Mr. Pitt has braved the majority of the House of Commons, has dissolved the existent

in November 1783. Its leading provision was to vest the whole management of the affairs of the East-India Company in seven commissioners, named in the act, and of course appointed by the existing Ministry. It was warmly opposed by Pitt, on account of its being a violation of the chartered rights of the Company; it however passed the House of Commons by a great majority, and was introduced to the Lords. But in the mean time an alarm was raised respecting the inordinate power such a regulation would confer upon the Ministers, and which would render them almost independent of the Crown: and in a private audience given to Lord Temple by his Majesty, this danger was represented in such a light, that directions were sent to all the noblemen dependent on, or confidential with, the Court, to vote against the bill; and it was accordingly rejected. The immediate consequence was a change of Ministry; and in the new arrangement, Dec. 1783, Pitt united the posts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and thus in his twenty-fourth year assumed the station of Prime Minister. But, although supported by the choice of his Sovereign, he had a very powerful opposition to encounter in the House of Commons, and his first India bill was rejected. The extraordinary spectacle was now presented of a Minister standing opposed to the majority of the national representatives, and it was obvious that either he must give way, or Parliament be dissolved. After a long struggle, in which Pitt, almost unsupported, steadily resisted the call upon him to declare whether or no a dissolution was intended, that measure took place in March 1784, and a general election succeeded. On this occasion it appeared that the voice of the nation was decidedly in favour of the Minister; and he had the singular fortune of being supported, as well by the friends of royal prerogative, as by those of parliamentary independence. Some of the strongest aristocratical interests in the kingdom were defeated, and the new Parliament opened with a large majority on the ministerial side. Pitt was returned for the University of Cambridge. His first measure was the passing of his India bill with some alterations. Its essence was the constituting of a board of control, appointed by the King out of the Privy Council, for superintending the civil and military government and the revenue concerns of the Company, whilst their commercial and internal affairs were left under the management of their own directors. The King was to nominate a commander-in-chief, and to possess a negative upon all appointments of the Company; and a new court of judicature was instituted for the trial of offences committed in India."

one, and, I doubt, given a wound to that branch of the Legislature, which, if the tide does not turn, may be very fatal to the Constitution. The nation is intoxicated, and has poured in Addresses of Thanks to the Crown for exerting the prerogative *against* the palladium of the people. The first consequence will probably be that the Court will have a considerable majority upon the new elections. The country has acted with such precipitation, and with so little knowledge of the question, that I do not doubt but thousands of eyes will be opened and wonder at themselves; but the mischief will be done! But, without talking of futurity and constitutional points, you may easily judge what detriment the nation must have received already. The first year after a war—and after so fatal a war!—was the moment to set about repairing what could be repaired. *That* year is already lost, totally lost! not a measure has been taken yet; and it will be the end of May before even the session can begin. Unanimity, too, was essential; instead of which, behold two parties revived with as much animosity as ever actuated factions, except in religious wars! It was deemed of the last urgency that the East India Bill should have gone by the ships in February; not a bill is yet in the egg-shell. The Cabinet of Versailles speak their opinion plainly, by being zealous for Mr. Pitt; a sad compliment to him! And they are sending a powerful fleet to India, accompanied by Spaniards and Dutch. Guess how near we are to peace with Holland! Add to all these difficulties the in-

capacity of the new Ministers. Mr. Pitt is certainly an extraordinary young man; but is he a supernatural one? Do not trust to me, but believe the foreign Ministers. There is but one voice amongst them on the marvellous superiority of Mr. Fox, and the unheard-of facility of doing business with him. *He* made the peace between the Turks and Russia; and Simonin, the latter's Minister, told the King himself so in the drawing-room since Fox's fall. On the contrary, those foreigners talk loudly of the extreme ignorance of the new Secretaries. Our Ambassador at Paris is a proverb of insufficience. Lord Shelburne (who, by the way, seems likely to succeed one of his successors, Lord Sydney,) said the other day, "Upon my word, I hear that the Duke of Dorset's letters are written very well; he talks of the ceded islands as if he knew where they are."*

This is a brief sketch of part of our history; for particulars, I refer myself to your nephew. You, with whom I have conversed so freely for above forty years, could not want a clue to my sentiments

* "For the embassy to Paris, the Duke of Dorset was selected by Pitt, or rather by the King. The Duke was the son of Lord John Sackville, elder brother of Lord George; and succeeded collaterally to the title, on the demise of his uncle Charles, second Duke of Dorset, mentioned so frequently in Dodington's Diary as Earl of Middlesex. The Duke, when named Ambassador to Versailles, had nearly attained his fortieth year. He displayed neither shining parts nor superior abilities; and, considered as Ambassador to France, could not sustain a comparison for diplomatic ability, or strength of intellect, with the Earl of Stair, or with the first Horace Walpole, brother of Sir Robert, who had represented the English Sovereign at the Courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth."—*Wraxall's Memoirs.*

on the present crisis. I never have changed my principles, nor am likely. I shall continue to write to you on great events, but without comments, which would be unnecessary after I have given you this key.

In a general view, I suppose we shall fall into all the distractions of a ruined country. The memory of what we have been so recently will exasperate our feelings; or we shall grow insensible, remain dissipated till totally impoverished, and perhaps imagine from indolence that submission is ease! I am so near the end of my course, that I bear these uncomfortable prospects with more indifference than I should have done some years ago. I take no part; for, when boys are on the stage, a veteran makes but an awkward figure: nor can I tap a new controversy, of which I shall probably see but little of the progress. Methinks one ought to be ready to go at one's time, and not be called away when one has much to do. I was enough engaged when the former Pitt * and Fox were the heroes of the scene. Were I to list under the son of the one or the other, I should feel as if I were reading the romance of Amadis de Gaul, which continues through the adventures of his son.

April 11th.

I hear nothing of your nephew, nor know where to enquire; yet, as he has parted with his house in town and abandoned his borough, I conclude he perseveres

* Mr. Pitt was second son of William Earl of Chatham, who was also a second son; as Charles Fox was of Lord Holland, a second son also.

in his intention of visiting you, and that I shall see him before he sets out.

The scene is wofully changed for the Opposition, though not half the new Parliament is yet chosen. Though they still contest a very few counties and some boroughs, they own themselves totally defeated. They reckoned themselves sure of two hundred and forty members: they probably will not have an hundred and fifty; and, amongst them, not some capital leaders,—perhaps not the commander-in-chief, Mr. Fox;* certainly not the late commander-in-chief of the army, General Conway. In short, between the industry of the Court and the India Company, and that momentary phrenzy that sometimes seizes a whole nation, as if it were a vast animal, such aversion to the Coalition and such a detestation of Mr. Fox have seized the country, that, even where omnipotent gold retains its influence, the elected pass through an ordeal of the most virulent abuse. The great Whig families, the Cavendishes, Rockinghams, Bedfords, have lost all credit in their own counties; nay, have been tricked out of seats where the whole property was their own: and in some of those cases a *royal* finger has too evidently tampered, as well as singularly and revengefully towards Lord North and Lord Hertford; the latter of whom, however, is likely to have six of his own sons† in the House of Commons—an extraordinary instance.

* Though Mr. Fox was elected both for Westminster and Kirkwall, petitions from both were presented against him.

† He did get but five of his sons into that Parliament.

Such a proscription, however, must have sown so deep resentment as it was not wise to provoke; considering that permanent fortune is a jewel that in no crown is the most to be depended upon!

When I have told you these certain truths, and when you must be aware that this torrent of unpopularity broke out in the Capital, will it not sound like a contradiction if I affirm that Mr. Fox himself is still struggling to be chosen for Westminster, and maintains so sturdy a fight, that Sir Cecil Wray, his antagonist, is not yet three hundred ahead of him, though the Court exerts itself against him in the most violent manner, by mandates, arts, &c.—nay, sent at once a body of two hundred and eighty of the Guards to give their votes as householders, which *is* legal, but which my father in the most quiet seasons would not have dared to do? At first, the contest threatened to be bloody: Lord Hood* being the third candidate, and on the side of the Court, a mob of three hundred sailors undertook to drive away the opponents; but the Irish chairmen,† being retained by Mr. Fox's party, drove them back to their element, and cured the tars of their ambition of a naval victory. In truth, Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; and, indeed, is so amiable and winning, that, could he have stood in person all over England, I question whether he would not have carried the Parliament. The beldams hate him; but most of the pretty women in London are indefati-

* Lord Hood was an admiral.

† Almost all the hackney-chairmen in London were Irish.

gable in making interest for him, the Duchess of Devonshire* in particular. I am ashamed to say how coarsely she has been received by some worse than tars!—But me nothing has shocked so much as what I heard this morning: at Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory!—a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! how much nobler to have hurried to London and torn Mr. Fox himself piecemeal! I detest a country inhabited by such stupid barbarians. I will write no more to-night; I am in a passion!

April 15th, at night.

Your nephew has been in town for a moment, and called on me; but hurried into Kent, apprehending an opposition to his friend, Mr. Marsham:† but Lord Mahon,‡ a savage, a republican, a royalist—I don't know what not—has been forced to drop it; and your nephew will set out immediately, and sends for this letter, which I must finish in haste. I

* Lady Georgiana Spenser. She certainly procured the greatest part of Mr. Fox's votes for him: though the Court party endeavoured to deter her by the most illiberal and indecent abuse, yet they could not fix the smallest stain on her virtue.

† The Honourable Charles Marsham, son and heir of Robert, second Lord Romney. Wraxall describes him as a man by no means prepossessing or engaging in his manners; but admits that he wanted not ability, and that he deservedly attracted general consideration in his parliamentary capacity.

‡ Lord Mahon, by his first marriage, stood in the near relation of brother-in-law to Mr. Pitt. He was a very eccentric man in dress and manners, and his opinions were tinged with republicanism. His temper was impetuous and fiery.

can add nothing newly decisive. The Court will have a great majority; but the tide, at least here, begins to turn. They did not carry a supply of six new Directors of the East-India Company swimmingly yesterday: Mr. Fox was within two or three voices of choosing three of those very friends who were to have been members of his bill, which proves that he has still great weight among the proprietors. His own election for Westminster still continues, and he has recovered much ground within these three days, so that Sir Cecil Wray's majority of above 300 is reduced to 175.

The aspect in Ireland is cloudy; nay, has been stormy. The mob broke into the House of Commons, and insulted the members for not passing what is called the Protecting Duties, which your nephew must explain; but the rioters were suppressed and imprisoned—*reste à voir* whether *the Volunteers* will not espouse *the Protecting Duties*, which might be very serious. I thought and said, that our India Bill was still more a bill for Ireland; meaning, that if lost, and the Ministry changed, I concluded the Irish would say, that it was not fit to be governed by a country that could not govern itself for six months together. It looks as if I had not been totally mistaken; nor shall I be, if France, whose whole eye is on India, should contrive to find us employment in Ireland. That island is more *à leur portée* than America was. In short, the present reign may be painted in one sentence, which I found t'other day in Muratori's Annals

of Italy : "*Cento si richieggono ad edificare ; un solo basta per distruggere tutto.*" Adieu ! Return me this letter.

LETTER CCCCXX.

Berkeley Square, April 29, 1784.

NEVER did more traverses happen even in a law-suit than befall poor Cavalier Mozzi ! Three weeks ago Mr. Duane sent me the Cavalier's letter to Mr. Sharpe, with the handsome offer of 1000*l.*, which I concluded my Lord would jump at ; and I expected to hear, that, as soon as he could dispatch an answer, I should have notice to settle the whole affair with the lawyers. No such summons arrived. Alas ! the night before last I was told accidentally that Mr. Duane had had a stroke of apoplexy ! I immediately wrote to Mr. Sharpe to inquire : he has this moment been with me, confirmed the melancholy story, adding, that he doubts much of Mr. Duane's recovery. However, he brought me my Lord's answer—satisfactory so far, as that he will close with the Cavalier's offer ; but not at all content with it. No matter : the affair will at least be terminated, though neither side will be pleased. A little time, I suppose, will be wasted in waiting for the event of Mr. Duane's illness ; and Lucas, as Mr. Sharpe said this morning, will not hurry himself a jot more than a snail : yet, whether poor Mr. Duane recovers or not, the matter will be ad-

justed ; it might, no doubt, in a week, but I dare to say will not be finished in two months.

As I sent you all the news I knew by your nephew, I have none to add. Most elections are over; and, if they were not, neither you nor I care about such details. I have no notion of filling one's head with circumstances of which, in six weeks, one is to discharge it for ever. Indeed, it is well that I live little in the world, or I should be obliged to provide myself with that viaticum for common conversation. Our ladies are grown such vehement politicians, that no other topic is admissible ; nay, I do not know whether *you* must not learn our politics for the *conversationi* at Florence,—at least, if Paris gives the *ton* to Italy, as it used to do. There are as warm parties for Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt at Versailles and Amsterdam as in Westminster. At the first, I suppose, they exhale in epigrams ; are expressed at the second by case-knives; at the last they vent themselves in deluges of satiric prints, though with no more wit than there is in a case-knife. I was told last night that our engraved pasquinades for this winter, at twelvepence or sixpence a-piece, would cost six or seven pounds.

Having written thus far, I received yours of the 9th, in which I find Cavalier Mozzi is anew displeased with Mr. Sharpe, whom indeed I do not understand. He told me to-day, as justifying my Lord's dissatisfaction, that he did think his Lordship was entitled to interest on interest on part of his demand ; namely, on what

Lady Orford had taken away from the seats in the country. *This he had not intimated before;* nor indeed does he now pretend that my Lord should have more than the 1000*l.* that he consents to take. For Sharpe's demand of the same allowance as he used to have from my Lady, it is extortion; as he certainly, by his own statement, has not been collecting rents since her death. In short, I can only recur to my old opinion, that Cavalier Mozzi should have come over himself: I could have given him advice here; but, being made referee for my Lord, I could not take part against him. I doubt I have gone to the utmost limits of decency and equity to protect Mozzi; and Lucas, I am persuaded, will have represented that delicacy in the worst light. I do not care; I will take no step to disculpate myself. I am only sorry that I could do no better for Mozzi: though I repeat it, he must in part blame himself for not coming to defend his own cause, which has given Sharpe and Lucas full elbow-room for plundering him;—and yet Sharpe blames, or pretends to blame, Lucas; and I must own, in justice to the former, that more than once he did provoke the latter by his opposition. I hope that Mozzi gained so much by Lady Orford's favour, from what was not within reach of our legal harpies, that he will be much at his ease.

We do not know that Lady Charlotte Herbert is dead, though a letter received to-day represents her case as totally desperate. Though her father was forced to be acquainted with her danger, his return

will be far from a consolation. We are not surprised at any extravagance in his Lordship's morals, though at his age; but much at his profligacy, counteracting his avarice. I will give you one instance of the latter. At Wilton he always recommends his port before his other wines, saying, "I can warrant the port good, for I make it myself."

I am sorry to hear you are tormented by the rheumatism. I have had it in my shoulder, though not sharply, ever since last July, and prefer the gout to it. The latter goes at its period, and does not return for some time; but the rheumatism may depart to-day and come back to-morrow, or never leave one at all. Our winter has been doleful too, though less so than in many countries. Of spring there was not a symptom a fortnight ago, though commonly many trees and most shrubs are in full leaf by the end of April. I shall visit my Strawberry to-morrow, and hope at least to find the grass verdant. We are so pestered by robbers, that a month ago I thought they had stolen all the turf of my meadows. Good night! It is near one in the morning.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1784.

As I was told two days ago that Mr. Duane is recovered, and still, as I heard nothing from Lucas or Sharpe, I yesterday wrote to the latter, complaining of

the continuation of delay, though all points are agreed and declaring I was ashamed of seeing Cavalier Mozzi so incessantly ill-treated. That night I found a letter on my table from Sharpe,—not an answer to mine, which he could not have received; but one to tell me that he had the day before had a letter from the Cavalier, consenting to all their demands, and promising to send the necessary order on the following Saturday. Sharpe adds these words: "In the mean time Mr. Lucas and I have prepared a writing for the mutual discharge of all demands, which is now submitted to Mr. Duane's consideration."

Thus I suppose, *at last*, when all has been extorted that can be, those honest gentlemen will let the Cavalier receive his remaining pittance; though, no doubt, Lucas will not be very expeditious, if he can help it, for fear of breaking his good old custom of being dilatory.

Well! but a letter was not all I found from Sharpe; it was accompanied by a very large snuff-box, and a request to inquire of *you* whether any letter of advice was sent by you to any person, or the bill of lading signed by the captain of the Swedish ship the Esperance, (the captain's name Lingdeen,) to whom was consigned, in January 1782, the portrait of Lord Clinton, by Vandyck, which, the Cavalier says, in April last was addressed to your nephew for my Lord, and of which my Lord has yet heard nothing more. Oh! but now comes the curious part! The snuff-box, which is a black tortoise-shell one, contains

an uncommonly large enamel portrait, by Zincke, of Lady Orford, painted, I suppose, early for my brother Orford. The features are extremely like; the countenance not at all so: on the neck is a flaw from the furnace. If I was surprised at its being sent to *me*, I was not less at its real destination. It was sent to me, says Sharpe, by his Lordship, either to be forwarded to the Cavalier in return (for the Lord Clinton), or to have it copied in oil to the size of life three quarters; "but I know no hand," continues he, "that I think can do that to any advantage." He then asks my opinion; as it is supposed the Cavalier would prefer a portrait near to the size of life. A more absurd or indelicate thought never entered into the head of man; but, indeed, it is a madman's head! I did *not* reply, that I concluded the Cavalier, had he wished for a portrait of my Lady, might have obtained one from her, and could not wish for one painted fifty years ago. I did just hint, that it would be a very *odd* present from *my Lord* to the *Cavalier*, but said I did not presume to give advice: that for a copy, the picture, which has no merit but in the excellence of the enamel, would make a woful appearance in oil; for it is in the plain barren manner of that time, totally void of ornament and grace. And so I sent it back to let the cabal decide, whose delicacy I do not doubt will decide for sending the original; especially as a copy, or any other present, would cost a few guineas, which they had rather get for themselves. However, it became me to object to the impropriety of giving away his mother's picture,

and to *the person* in the world to whom *he* should not send it—and there I shall leave it!

Your nephew, I depend upon it, has been with you some time, and satisfied you in all you could wish to know. The new Parliament, as the papers will have told you, and as the progress of the elections foretold, is decidedly with the Court.* Nothing extraordinary has passed there or anywhere else. The House of Commons is occupied by the Westminster election, and sat on it till six this morning; nor yet is it finished. You know, I cannot bear election contests, nor ever inform myself of their circumstances. In truth, I am very ignorant of what is passing. I have been settled here this fortnight, though two dreary wet days drove me to town; but I returned to-day, and shall stay here if the weather is tolerable, though London is brimfull—but then it is brimfull of balls, shows, breakfasts, and joys, to which my age says no, and my want of inclination a treble no. It is my felicity to have remembered how ridiculous I have formerly thought old people who forgot their own age when everybody else did not; and it is lucky too that I feel no disposition that can lead me into absurdities. The present world might be my grandchildren; as they are not, I have nothing to do with them. I am glad they are amused, but neither envy nor wish to partake of their pleasures or their business. When one preserves one's senses and faculties, and suffers no pain, old age would be no

* The Opposition moved an amendment to the Address, which was supported by only 114 votes against 282.

grievance but for one; yet oh! that one is a heavy calamity—the surviving one's friends: nay, even the loss of one's contemporaries is something! at least, I cannot feel interested about a generation that I do not know.

I felt this very sensibly last week. I have no taste for, and scarce ever read, the pamphlets and political letters in the newspapers; but I cannot describe the avidity with which I devoured a new publication. A nephew of Lord Melcombe's heir has published that Lord's diary.* Indeed, it commences in 1749, and I grieve it was not dated twenty years earlier. However, it deals in topics that are ten times more familiar and fresh to my memory than any passage that has happened within these six months. I wish I could convey it to you. Though drawn by his own hand, and certainly meant to flatter himself, it is a truer portrait than any of his hirelings would have given. Never was such a composition of vanity, versatility, and servility! In short, there is but one feature wanting—his wit, of which in his whole book there are not three sallies. I often said of Lord Hervey and Doddington, that they were the only two I ever knew who were always aiming at wit, and yet generally found it. There is one light in which the book pleases *me* particularly; it fully justifies the unfavourable opinion I always had of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham, and which was thought such heresy during their lives.

I have somehow or other made out a longer letter

* It is generally named Doddington's Memoirs.

than I expected. My correspondence in summer has commonly been barren, and probably will not be luxuriant in this, though the Parliament will be sitting: but I shall know no more than the newspapers tell me; and they are grown so communicative, that you may draw from the fountains, without my purloining a pitcher here and there to send you. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXII.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1784.

I HAVE delayed and delayed writing, in hopes of being able to send you the completion of Cavalier Mozzi's business; but at last I have lost my patience, as I suppose he has. Lucas is intolerable. I sent him word of it the moment I received the order on Mr. Hoare. Lucas desired to see a copy of it: I sent it. He said, Mr. Hoare must have it before he (Lucas) could withdraw the caveat: but Lucas had stayed some time before he gave me that notice. I replied, I would deliver the order, if Mr. Hoare would engage to restore it to me, provided he, Lucas, should start any new difficulties; but would not part with it out of my hands till everything was ready for conclusion: and I did express resentment at his endeavouring to represent me as the cause of the delay. I said, I had learnt circumspection from him, and gave him plainly to understand that I would not *trust him* with the order; in which I believe I was very much in

the right. He begged my pardon, and pretended to have had great difficulties in waiving his own scruples —I don't know about what. Still, I hear nothing from him, though I told him, near a fortnight ago, that I would meet him and Mr. Hoare, &c. in town, whenever they would give me notice they were ready. I comprehend nothing of all this. I am surprised Lucas is not impatient to finger his booty; but his invincible slowness, in which, somehow or other, he thinks he finds his account, is perhaps the sole cause; for I do not see how he can possibly hope to extort more from Mozzi than he has done. You may depend upon hearing, the moment the affair is terminated.

This letter is merely written to explain my silence to poor Mozzi. I know no news, public or private. The Parliament sits, but only on necessary business. There is much noise about a variety of new taxes, yet only few have a right to complain of them.* The majority of the nation persisted in approving and calling for the American war, and ought to swallow the heavy consequences in silence. Instead of our colonies and trade, we have a debt of two hundred and fourscore millions! Half of that enormous burthen our *wise* country-gentlemen have acquired, instead of an alleviation of the Land-tax, which they were such boobies as to expect from the prosecution of the war! Posterity will perhaps discover what his own age would not see, that my

* The budget comprised a loan of six millions, which was obtained on very favourable terms, and an increase of the window-tax, to make up for a reduction of the duties on tea.

father's motto, *Quieta non movere*, was a golden sentence; but what avail retrospects?

Pray tell me if you know anything of a very thin book lately printed at Florence, called "The Arno Miscellany," said to be printed at the Stamperia Bonducciana; and what does that mean? The Abbé Bonducci I thought dead many years ago; yet that term, and the style of the work, seems to allude to his buffoonery.* The paper, impression, and binding, I will swear, are Florentine. This dab was left at my house in town without a name. It consists of some pretended translations and odes by (pretended) initials, though I suppose all by the same hand. The two last are a pastoral and an ode that are perfect nonsense; designedly nonsensical, no doubt; yet undesignedly too, for they have no humour, or at least no originality, being copies of Swift's ballad, *Mild Arcadians, ever blooming:* and certainly nothing is so easy as to mismatch substantives and adjectives, when the idea has once been started. The last ode seems to be meant to ridicule Gray's magnificent odes, and in truth is better than the serious pieces; for a thousand persons can mimic an actor, who cannot act themselves. I imagine the whole to be the work of young Beckford.† He is just returned from Italy.

* This was a slip of memory. Mr. Walpole, in 1740, had been acquainted at Florence with the Abbés Bonducci and Buondelmonte: the latter was the wit and mimic; the other had taught Mr. Gray Italian. In this letter Mr. Walpole had confounded them.

† The celebrated author of "Vathek," and of "Italy, Spain, and Portugal; with an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha." —Ed.

One of my hundred nieces has just married herself by an expedition to Scotland. It is Mrs. Keppel's second daughter;* a beautiful girl, and more universally admired than her sister or cousins the Waldegraves. For such an exploit her choice is not a very bad one; the swain is eldest son of Lord Southampton.† Mrs. Keppel has been persuaded to pardon her, but Lady Southampton is inexorable; nor can I quite blame her, for she has thirteen other children, and a fortune was very requisite: but both the bride and bridegroom are descendants of Charles the Second, from whom they probably inherit stronger impulses than a spirit of collateral calculation.

Another of the Fitzroys is dead, the Dowager Lady Harrington,‡ who in the predominant characteristic of the founders of her line certainly did not degenerate in her day from the King her grandfather, or her grandam the Duchess of Cleveland.

Adieu! I hope you will hear from me again very soon; but I answer for nothing that depends on Lucas. One would think he had been the inventor of the game of chess.

* Laura, second daughter of Dr. Frederic Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, by Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

† Lord Southampton was grandson of the Duke of Grafton; the Bishop of Exeter's mother was Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

‡ Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and widow of Henry Stanhope, second Earl of Harrington.

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

July 10, 1784.

THE very night on which I sent my letter for you to town, complaining of Lucas's tediousness, I received one,—not from him, but from Mr. Sharpe,—telling me that Mr. Hoare *had* paid the money to my Lord, who had executed a full discharge to Cavalier Mozzi, one part of which was lodged with Mr. Hoare, and the other part, or duplicate, he, Sharpe, had sent to me, *as he apprehended the Chevalier had desired him to do*, in hopes that I might find some favourable opportunity of conveying it to you; and, as the Chevalier must execute a counter-part, he had sent that to me too, and had himself written to Mozzi to acquaint him with the termination, and in what manner he must execute the deed. Thus the same post will convey my complaint of the delay, and Sharpe's account of the conclusion: however, this will explain the contradiction. But what will explain Lucas's conduct? He would not withdraw the caveat till Mr. Hoare had the order; and yet Mr. Hoare pays the money without that order, of which he has seen nothing but a copy! This may be law—it is not common sense.

What do you think, too, of Lucas's impertinence to me? I was referee; I have made no decision in form; I offered to meet all the parties, to settle and conclude

the whole business: and then Lucas, without taking notice of me, concludes the whole without me! A footman would have been treated with less disrespect; they would at least have told him they did not want him. I have written a word of resentment to Sharpe; but do not mention it to Mozzi, lest he should suspect any informality, and not yet be easy.

I do not doubt but they have acted legally, and only chose to affront *me* after all the trouble I have had. They never omit any opportunity of egging the poor madman to insult me. I wish that was all: I despise such wretches; but I am not indifferent to being kept out of even the interest of my fortune. But I shall not trouble you with my own grievances; indeed, they do not sit heavy. I am arrived too near the term when grievances or joys will be equally shadows passed away, not to consider either but as the colours of a moment. A prospect of suffering long may poison even the present hour; but it were weak indeed to be much affected by injuries that arrive at the end of one's course: one is within reach of the great panacea which delivers one from the power of the most malevolent. Old age is like dipping one in Styx; not above the breadth of one's heel is left vulnerable. I perceive this numbness even to bodily pain. Some years ago the dread of a fit of the gout soured even the intervals; now, if the apprehension occurs, I say to myself, "Is not it full as probable that I shall be laid out as be laid up? then why anticipate

what may never happen?" My dear sir, life is like a chess-board,—the white spaces and the black are close together: it does not signify of which hue the last square is; the border closes all!

12th.

Well! I have received a note from Lucas, to tell me he had desired Mr. Sharpe to give me intelligence of the conclusion, and that Mr. Hoare *now* ought to have the order—if I please to deliver it. This, you see, is again to imply blame on me—as if I could have had any reason for detaining the order, but from a caution which in justice I owed to Cavalier Mozzi. Does any one give up an order on a banker, unless he is ready to pay the money? Nor indeed did I know till now that a banker would pay money on the *copy* of an order. It is all a juggle that I do not comprehend: perhaps it is not irreputable not to understand all the tricks of such an attorney as Lucas.

I can plainly see that he and his associates are willing to censure me for ends for which they would always have pretended some reasons or other; and it is not improbable but that was an inducement to employing me as referee. Lucas knew I disapproved of his instigating my Lord to contest his mother's will; and, because I have said what I owed in justice to Mozzi, he will have represented me as partial to one for whom in reality I could have no partiality, though I certainly would not be influenced by any prejudice against him. I smile at all their plots, and am not

fool enough to entertain myself with such improbable visions as they may think I indulge; though my whole conduct, and the little management I have had for the crew, proves how far I am from having a grain of such weakness.

I trust, my dear sir, that this is the last letter I shall write to you on the subject of Mozzi. Sharpe's expression, of apprehending the Chevalier meant the deed should be deposited with *me*, looks as if he had expected it himself; or that he is in the plot of representing me as acting in concert with Mozzi. On the other hand, I should not be surprised if Mozzi, from the unfavourableness of the decision, should suspect me of having acted too partially towards my Lord. I cannot help it if he does.

It will be some comfort to reflect, that, if I have dissatisfied both sides, it is a presumption that I have not been very partial to either. At Mozzi I shall not wonder. From the other side I have never met but ingratitude, distrust, and ill-usage, in return for behaviour, I will dare to say, unparalleled in tenderness, care, attention to his interest, and most scrupulous integrity. Should it ever come to the test, I know what my reward would be. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1784.

YOUR'S of the 24th of July, which I have just received, tells me that Cavalier Mozzi is much disap-

pointed at the small sum he is to receive on the winding up of his affair. I am not surprised, and can only tell him what I have said to my nephew; from whom I have, to *my* great surprise, received a letter of thanks, but saying that Cavalier Mozzi must be satisfied, as many points had been given up. I replied, "that I had done but my duty in undertaking the arbitration, to prevent a very disagreeable discussion in a public court; that I confessed I had favoured Mozzi to the utmost of my power, as far as I thought I might, that *he*, a stranger, and not acquainted with even his own lawyer or referee, might not think himself betrayed; and that I had done it the rather, lest he should suspect me of partiality too; that, for thanks, his Lordship owed me none; as I owned, that, if Mr. Duane had not given his opinion so much in favour of his Lordship, I should have been inclined to allow him less; and, consequently, I could not agree that any rights had been ceded on that side."

I do not doubt but Lucas had already acquainted him with what I have said, though, perhaps, neither the one nor the other expected I should be so frank. I did not expect to content either party, nor have even contented myself; but I could not act otherwise than I have done. And, as Cavalier Mozzi would not be persuaded by anything I could urge to come over, he must blame himself, if his cause has not been better defended.

The history of Count Albani's daughter is no news

to me;* I knew it from a physician† who attended her at Paris: but you mistake the name of the mother, which was Walkinshaw, not Walsingham, and who has a sister now living, that was Woman of the Bedchamber to the late Princess of Wales. The family of Fitzjames have always opposed the acknowledgment of the daughter, lest on her father's death they should be obliged to maintain her in a greater style than they wished.

I asked you a question in my last, about some poems lately printed at Florence: I know now that I did guess the right author.‡

I know no news, public or private. We have had, and it still continues, a most dismal summer; not only wet, but so cold, that for these two evenings I have had a fire. The rage of air-balloons still continues.

* The Pretender had just acknowledged his natural daughter, declared her his heiress, and pretended to create her Duchess of Albany. He sent this declaration to be registered at Paris.

† Dr. Gem, an English physician settled at Paris. She had been educated in a convent in Paris, and at this time resided *en pension*, under the name of Lady Charlotte Stuart. The Pretender was desirous that she should reside with him in Florence, where he purposed to marry her to some Florentine noble.

‡ Mr. Walpole was misinformed; at least, it is not certain that Mr. Beckford had any hand in those poems which were written in concert by the persons whose initials are prefixed. "M." was Captain Merry, who had been in the Horse-guards, sold out, and retired to Florence. The second was old Alan Ramsay, the painter and author, son of Alan Ramsay, the Scotch poet. The son, who died at Dover about this time, on his return from Italy, whither he had been for his health, brought over some copies of these poems, and had ordered, or intended, a copy to be sent to Mr. Walpole, who from his family probably received it. The third was one Buignon, a Swiss governor to Mr. Dawkins.

both here and in France. The Duc de Chartres* made a campaign in one, that did not redound to his glory more than his former one by sea. As he has miscarried on three elements, he should try if he could purify himself by the fourth. He is now in England for the third time.

I have been writing to you this morning, but you will not receive my letter immediately. It is to recommend Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's only son,† who is on his travels. The grandfather‡ was my father's most intimate friend, and the late Lord§ a friend of mine; and with the present I have been much acquainted from a boy; consequently, I should wish you to be kind to the son, even if you were not always disposed to be so. But I have been so unlucky in my *protegés*, and your goodness has been so thrown away upon them, that I desire no work of supererogation on my account. The son of an English peer, whose father has a considerable office, is entitled to attentions enough; but, after Mr. Windham, I will never trust any man with particular credentials, nor will expose

* Afterwards Duke of Orleans, and unhappily distinguished in the French Revolution as Philippe Egalité. He was the father of the present King of the French. On the 15th of July 1784, he ascended from the park of St. Cloud in a balloon with three companions, and after a very perilous voyage descended safely.—Ed.

† George, third Lord Edgcumbe, created Viscount Mount-Edgcumbe by George III. He was an Admiral, and Captain of the band of Pensioners.

‡ Richard, the first baron created by George II., had been Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

§ Richard, second baron, was Comptroller of the Household to Geo. II.

you to rudeness by beseeching you to fling your pearls before swine. I even restrain myself from recommending the gentleman who travels with Mr. Edgcumbe, though I think him a sensible, prudent young man. I did recommend him to Lord Mount-Edgcumbe. He is a youngish French Protestant, of a very good gentleman's family, and left the service on, I believe, an affair of honour. He was addressed to the Duke of Richmond and to me, by the Prince de Beaufremont, in the strongest terms imaginable. He passed three years in this country in a manner that fully justified his character. He speaks and writes English well; his name is De Soyres. It was not in my power to serve him but in the manner I did; and he gives great satisfaction in his present situation. As the Mentor is so much a gentleman, I hope the Telemachus will give you no trouble. But, were it Minerva herself, I prefer your peace; and therefore pray lay yourself out in no attentions beyond what you find received with "reciprocity." * Your nephew, I hope, is not leaving you yet; in him, I am sure, neither you nor I shall be disappointed. Adieu!†

* A term used by Lord Shelburne on the peace with America, and much ridiculed at that time.

† Sir Horace Mann thus writes to Walpole at this time: "I have not heard anything more, relating to the daughter of Count Albany and Mrs. Walkinshaw; but it is said in his family that she is expected here [Florence] soon, and that the delay is owing to the preparations necessary to equip her out properly to appear, first at Paris, and then here, under the new title her father has given her of Duchesse d'Albany. She is not to be accompanied by her mother, who would disgrace her, but by some great lady, who must ask that

LETTER CCCCXXV.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1784.

I THOUGHT I had done corresponding with you about Cavalier Mozzi; but here is a letter which you must deliver to him. Good Mr. Duane came to me two days ago, and insisted on my sending it. He protests that he declared at first to Mr. Sharpe that he would accept no reward for his trouble; that he undertook it to oblige Mr. Morice, and says he has had little trouble: and, though I thought it decent to press him to accept the draft, he would not hear of

honour as *dame de compagnie*, as the discarded Countess has, who is a *chanoinesse* and sister of a Prince Malsan. It will require time to settle all these matters; and, after all, there may be some difficulty in the etiquette. If the Count has not erred in his calculations, the family of Fitzjames need not be under any apprehension of their *cousine* being a future expense to them, for the Count purposes to marry her here, not indeed to one of the Archdukes, but to a Florentine nobleman; and to leave her twelve thousand crowns a year, —a sum which would tempt any of them more than the tincture of royalty. I know the little book which was left at your house; it was composed in my neighbourhood by the persons indicated by the initials affixed to each performance, Merry and Ramsay. The first was known in England by the name of Captain, as he was then in the Horse-guards, but has since sold out, and has resided here some years. Ramsay's name is well known to you, both by his pen and pencil: he was in a decrepit state here, and died lately at Dover, on his way to London to meet General Campbell, who married his daughter, on their return from Jamaica. The third is a Swiss governor of a Mr. Dawkins, named Buignon. Mr. Ramsay promised me to cut out the last performance from all the copies he proposed to send to England, to be distributed by his sister as a tribute to his learned friends or patrons. I formerly knew Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and shall be glad to see his son. You interpreted what I wrote of Mr. Windham too severely. I was only offended at the violence of his political sentiments, and the great indiscretion with which he spoke of the King, and all those whom I was obliged to respect."—*From an unpublished Letter.*—ED.

it; and it is here enclosed. I own I am charmed with his handsome behaviour; it confirms the character I gave of him when I recommended him to Cavalier Mozzi, and, I think, ought to convince the latter that Mr. Duane was clear in the judgment he pronounced. Still, I must regret that my Lord was advised to make the claim, and shall never be persuaded but that Lucas had multiplied documents that it was impossible to fathom without a waste of years; but which, if they could have been probed to the bottom, would not have stood the test. All the comfort that remains is, that the duration of a law-suit would probably have cost as much to Mozzi as he has now lost.

The Parliament is risen; and, having lasted so late in the year, is not likely to meet again till after Christmas. Consequently, no events are to be expected, unless the scene should grow very serious in Ireland, as it threatens; but it is to be hoped that our American experience has taught us discretion.

I interest myself little in novelties, but I own I have some remains of curiosity from ancient impressions. Pray send me the sequel of the Count Albany and Lady Charlotte Fitzcharles, his daughter, the new Duchess.* I shall like to know, too, whether the Car-

* In a letter to Walpole, dated Florence, September 18th, Sir Horace Mann says, "The affair relating to Count Albany and his natural daughter is drawing to a conclusion. Lady Charlotte Stuart (not Fitz-Charles), to which her father has on this occasion added the title of Duchess of Albany, is supposed to be on the road hither, attended by two ladies and two gentlemen, and is expected in the beginning of next month. The Count is very busy in furnishing his house with all the valuables

dinal assumes the royal title when his brother dies. I recollect but two King-Cardinals, Henry of Portugal and the Cardinal of Bourbon, whom the League called Charles the Tenth, but who attained the crown

that he has lately received from Rome that his father left, which are numerous and costly; besides these, he has received a large quantity of plate, and his share of his mother's jewels, except the great ruby, and one lesser, which were pawned by the republic of Poland for a very large sum to his grandfather Sobieski, with a power, it is said, of redeeming them in the space of a hundred years, which are nearly elapsed. These, therefore, the Cardinal would not trust to his brother, being persuaded that, if he could find a purchaser, he would sell them, or even part with them for a large *rente viagère*, to an Empress of Russia or some other Court; but it is not probable that he will ever have the disposal of them, and that, when they fall to the Cardinal, he will rather give them to the Madonna di Loretto than to his niece, with whose adoption he is not pleased, nor was consulted about it. Nobody can foresee what the Cardinal will do with his crown after his brother's death. The Pope cannot permit him to wear it, as he never acknowledged or permitted the elder brother to assume it. You may remember the struggle which I then had with the Marquis D'Aubterre, the French Ambassador at Rome, which he never forgave, and some years after expressed himself to the Marquis de-Barbantane, who questioned him about it, in these words: 'Ha! Monsieur le Marquis, je croyais faire le plus beau coup possible, mais je ne fis qu'un pas de clerc. Ce diable de M. Mann m'avait prévenu, et gâta mon projet;' which was to take the Pope by surprise. But in my letters to old Cardinal Albani, which were read in the Consistory held on that subject, I asserted that the French Ambassador could not have received orders from his Court, whose engagements with that of England had made it inconsistent with its honour to insist upon it; that the Ambassador had laid a snare for the Pope, which he might avoid by only waiting for an answer from Paris, which I was very sure would bring a disavowal of the Ambassador's conduct. That encouraged the Pope to tell him, that, if his master would be the first, he would be the second, to acknowledge him under the titles he contended for. The answer from France was such as I foretold; and General Conway, who was then Secretary of State, conveyed to me the King's approbation of what I had done. From all this I conclude that no future Pope will permit the Cardinal York to instal himself King of England."—(*From an unpublished Letter of Sir Horace Mann.*—Ed.

no more than the Cardinal of York will do. If the Count himself has any feeling left, he must rejoice to hear that the descendants of many of his martyrs are to be restored to their forfeited estates in Scotland, by an Act just passed.*

As this was meant but for a cover to the inclosed, I will not pique myself on making it longer, when I have no more materials. In good truth, I may allow myself a brief epistle now and then. I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England in 1741 : they amount—astonishing!—to above eight hundred ; and we have not met in three and forty years! A correspondence of near half a century is, I suppose, not to be paralleled in the annals of the post-office!

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1784.

I DO not recollect having ever been so totally at a stand for want of matter since our correspondence began. The Duchess of Gloucester, in her last to me, told me that my letters contain nothing but excuses for having nothing to say ; so, you see, my silence is not particular to you. I can only appeal to my usual vouchers, the newspapers, who let no event escape

* The bill for restoring the estates forfeited in 1745 was introduced to Parliament by Mr. Dundas, and passed with little difficulty ; it omitted from its provisions those forfeited under similar circumstances in 1715. —ED.

them; and I defy you to produce one they have told you that was worth knowing. I cannot fill my paper, as they do, with air-balloons; which, though ranked with the invention of navigation, appear to me as childish as the flying kites of schoolboys. I have not stirred a step to see one; consequently, have not paid a guinea for gazing at one, which I might have seen by only looking up into the air. An Italian, one Lunardi, is the first *airgonaut* that has mounted into the clouds in this country.* So far from respecting him as a Jason, I was very angry with him: he had full right to venture his own neck, but none to risk the poor cat, who, not having proved a martyr, is at least better entitled to be a confessor than her master Dædalus. I was even disappointed *after* his expedition had been prosperous: you must know, I have no ideas of space: when I heard how wonderfully he had soared, I concluded he had arrived within a stone's throw of the moon—alas! he had not ascended above a mile and a-half—so pitiful an ascension degraded him totally in my conceit. As there are mountains twice as high, what signifies flying, if you do not rise above the top of the earth? any one on foot may walk higher than this man-eagle! Well! now you know all that I know —and was it worth telling?

There does seem to be a storm still brewing in Ireland, though a favourable turn has happened. The

* This aerial voyage was performed in London, September 15th, 1784, by Vincent Lunardi, who ascended from the Artillery-Ground, taking with him a dog, a cat, and a pigeon; he descended in a meadow near Ware, in Hertfordshire.—Ed.

people of property have found out there is no joke in putting votes into the hands of the Catholics.* They were Irish heads that did not make that discovery a little sooner. Can there be a greater absurdity than Papists voting for Members of Parliament? It will be well for those who invited them to that participation, if they can satisfy them without granting it! How often I reflect on my father's *Quieta non movere!* It seems to me, from all I have seen of late years, to be the soundest maxim in politics ever pronounced. Think of a reformation of Parliament by admitting Roman Catholics to vote at elections! and that that preposterous idea should have been adopted by Presbyterians! That it was sanctified by a Protestant Bishop† is not strange; *he* would call Mussulmen to poll, were there any within the diocese of Derry.

Your Lord Paramount seems to be taking large strides towards Holland;‡ but of that you probably know more than I do,—at least, you cannot know less. The old gentlewomen in my neighbourhood, the only company I have, study no map but that of *Tendre* in Clelia; but they relate the adventures of that country in a different style from Mademoiselle Scudery;§ they

* The admission of Romanists to the elective franchise in Ireland gave great dissatisfaction to the Protestants of the middle and lower class, who had previously the preference as tenants on account of their exclusive right of voting.—Ed.

† Dr. Frederic Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry.

‡ The Emperor Joseph II. quarrelled with the Dutch for the navigation of the Scheldt.

§ A writer of French romances in the 17th century, remarkable chiefly for the extravagant length and exaggerated style of her productions.—Ed.

put as many couple together, but not quite with such honourable intentions as she did. In short, you may perceive that I can send you no intelligence but folly and lies from newspapers, or scandal from beldams; I do not listen to the latter, nor mind the former. I pay you my monthly quit-rent, though in truth it is not worth a pepper-corn.

Sir William Hamilton, just before he set out, gave me a small printed account of the *Reale Galleria di Firenze accresciuta*, &c. By it I perceive, that, though the Great-Duke has dispersed the group of the Niobe like our riot-act, and left them staring in strange attitudes like the mob on such an occasion, he has assembled all the outlying parts of the Medicean collection,* and made great purchases himself and new-arranged the whole. This is praiseworthy, but seems a little contradicted by selling so much of the *Guarda-roba;* not that *I* blame him I am sure, who, thanks to you, have profited by it. The little book promises an ampler account. Should such appear, I should be glad to have it, on strict condition of paying for it; otherwise, you know you exclude me from troubling you with any commission: my house is full of your spoils already, and by your munificence is a *Galleria Reale* itself.

I shall now be expecting your nephew soon, and, I trust, with a perfectly good account of you. The next time he visits you, I may be able to send you a description of my *Galleria*,—I have long been preparing it,

* Particularly from the Villa Medici at Rome.

and it is almost finished,—with some prints, which, however, I doubt, will convey no very adequate idea of it. In the first place, they are but moderately executed: I could not afford to pay our principal engravers, whose prices are equal to, nay, far above, those of former capital painters. In the next, as there is a solemnity in the house, of which the cuts will give you an idea, they cannot add the gay variety of the scene without, which is very different from every side, and almost from every chamber, and makes a most agreeable contrast; the house being placed almost in an elbow of the Thames, which surrounds half, and consequently beautifies three of the aspects. Then my little hill, and diminutive enough it is, gazes up to royal Richmond; and Twickenham on the left, and Kingston-wick on the right, are seen across bends of the river, which on each hand appears like a Lilliputian seaport. Swans, cows, sheep, coaches, post-chaises, carts, horsemen, and foot-passengers are continually in view. The fourth scene is a large common-field, a constant prospect of harvest and its stages, traversed under my windows by the great road to Hampton Court; in short, an animated view of the country. These moving pictures compensate the conventual gloom of the inside; which, however, when the sun shines, is gorgeous, as he appears all crimson and gold and azure through the painted glass. Now, to be quite fair, you must turn the perspective, and look at this vision through the diminishing end of the telescope; for nothing is so small as the whole, and even Mount Richmond would

not reach up to Fiesole's shoe-buckle. If your nephew is still with you, he will confirm the truth of all the pomp, and all the humility, of my description. I grieve that you would never come and cast an eye on it!—But are even our visions pure from alloy? Does not some drawback always hang over them? and, being visions, how rapidly must not they fleet away! Yes, yes; our smiles and our tears are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons—we know not how to *direct* them; and the very inflammable matter that transports them, often makes the bubble burst. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1784.

You are one of the last men in the world to be comforted by a legacy for the loss of a friend; nor can one see it in any agreeable light, but as a testimony of real affection. An old friend is a double loss when one's self is not young. However, it is the frequent untying of such strings that accustoms one to one's own departure. The patriarchs might preserve a relish for life, even when five hundred years old; because their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren were all upon as lasting an establishment; and, I suppose, the affections of the ancestry were as vivacious as

themselves. But, in the post-diluvian system, long-lived parents are often more unfortunate than we old bachelors, and survive their children. For my part, who have outlived some friends and most of my contemporaries, I am attached to being but by few threads. I see little difference between living in Otaheite, and with new generations. Small advantage has one in the latter intercourse, but in not having an unknown language to learn; nay, one has part of a new tongue to practise when there is a distance of fifty years between the two vocabularies. My dear old friend, Madame du Deffand, often said, she did not understand modern French. Swift was out of humour with many words coined in his own time;—a common foible with elderly men, who seem to think that everything was in perfection when they entered the world, and could not be altered but for the worse.

Thank you for the account of the arrival of the Duchess of Albany. It is one of the last chapters of the House of Stuart; whose history—tarry but a little—may be written, like that of the Medici. The episode of the Princess of Stolberg* is more proper for an Atalantis.† Such anecdotes, however, come within my

* The Pretender's wife, daughter of the Prince of Stolberg, and great-grand-daughter of the outlawed Earl of Ailesbury, who died at Brussels. The Countess of Albany was separated from her husband on account of his ill-usage, and was supposed to like Count Alfieri (the poet), a Piedmontese gentleman, who had been in England, where he fought a duel with the second Lord Ligonier, on having an intrigue with his wife, who was daughter of Lord Rivers, and who was soon after divorced.

† In a letter to Walpole, dated Florence, October 8th, Sir Horace Mann had told him that "The arrival of Lady Charlotte Stuart,

compass, who live too much out of the world to know what bigger monarchs are doing. Newspapers tell me your Lord Paramount is going to annihilate that ficti-

Duchess of Albany, has occasioned some little bustle in the town. A French lady, who for thirty years had been totally neglected, but on a sudden transformed into a Duchess, was an object that excited the curiosity of both sexes—the men, to see her figure; the ladies, scrupulously to examine that, and the new modes she has brought from Paris: the result of all which is, that she is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well-made, but that the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome. She is gay, lively, and very affable, and has the behaviour of a well-bred Frenchwoman, without assuming the least distinction among our ladies on account of her new dignity. They flock to her door to leave their cards, which she is to return; though the Countess, her step-mother, did not, and therefore, or perhaps for another reason, lived alone with Count Alfieri, who, as a writer of tragedies, formed the plot of her elopement, on which the acknowledgment of this natural daughter, all the honours she has received, and the future advantage she will have by being heiress to all her father can leave her, depend. Perhaps neither the Countess nor her lover foresaw all this, and it is very probable that she will repent of it, and consequently detest her adviser. The Countess renounced everything to obtain her liberty, gave up her pin-money, which was 3000 crowns a-year, and could not obtain anything for a separate maintenance; so that she does not receive a shilling from the Stuart family, and is only to enjoy a jointure of 6000 crowns after her husband's death—a poor equivalent for what she has lost. However, she obtained a pension from the Court of France soon after her separation, where her complaints were listened to with compassion, and 20,000 *petits écus*, which she now lives upon. The new Duchess has appeared at the theatres, which were crowded on her account, with all her father's jewels, which are very fine. He asked leave of the Duke to put a *baldachino* or dais over her boxes in each theatre, and a velvet carpet to hang before it, which was refused; but had permission to line the boxes as he pleased. That in the great theatre is hung with crimson damask: the cushion is velvet, with gold lace. In the other theatre, it is yellow damask. The Count is much pleased with this distinction. The Duchess brought with her, as a *dame de compagnie*, a Frenchwoman, who married an Irish officer named O'Donnel; and an *écuyer* named Nairn, a Scotchman, whom they call my Lord. We have heard that the King of France has legitimated her so far as to inherit what her father possesses in France." —*From an unpublished Letter.*—Ed.

tious state, Holland. I shall not be surprised if he, France, and Prussia divide it, like Poland, in order to settle the Republic! perhaps, may create a kingdom for the Prince of Orange out of the Hague and five miles round.

Your nephew, though arrived, I have not yet seen; he is in Kent with his daughters. The new Signora Mozzi I should think not enchanted with her husband's *passing eldest* on the wedding-night. She will take care not to choose a philosopher for her second.

This scrap, which in reality is but a reply to some paragraphs in yours, gives itself the denomination of a letter, to keep up the decorum of regularity, which idle veterans have no excuse for neglecting, and often practise mechanically. I began it last night, "because I had nothing else to do, and quitted it because I had nothing more to say;" which was the whole of a letter from a French lady to her husband, and in which there was humour, as she was more indifferent to him than I am to you. Now I do resume it, I find it not so convenient; for my hand shakes, being very nervous in a morning. It might shake for another reason, which I should not disguise if the true one; for nothing is so foolish as concealing one's age, since one cannot deceive the only person who can care whether one is a year or two older or younger—one's self. That secrecy convinces me, amongst other reasons, that nothing is falser than the common maxim, that no one knows himself. Whom the deuce should one know, if not the person one sees the oftenest and

observes the most, and who has not a thought but one knows? Elderly women, who repair their faces, prove they discover the decay; and yet flatter themselves that others will not discover the alteration which even repairs make. I should think that a daily looking-glass and conscience would leave neither women nor men ignorant of themselves. We are silly animals! even our wisdom but consists in remarks on the follies of others, if not on our own; and, as we are of the same species, we are sure of not being exempt: for myself, I am clear that I was born, and shall die, with no exclusive patent!

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 8, 1784.

As I wrote to you but a week ago, don't imagine from another so soon that I have anything fresh to tell you. On the contrary, I only write to answer a letter of very antique date from you, which I received from your nephew yesterday, with the parcel of mine. I questioned him strictly, as usual; and his account of you is very good. He says, you are sometimes languid in a morning; but was not you so in the century when we were together? If he described *me* as justly to you, you must think me the Old Man of the Mountain. But what signify languors or wrinkles, if one does not suffer pain, nor has a mind that wishes to be younger than its body? that is, if one is neither

miserable nor ridiculous, it is no matter what the register says. Your nephew seems much benefited by his journey; and I encourage him to renew them frequently, for both your sakes.

You tell me—but it was on the 11th of September when you told me so—that Cavalier Mozzi had not received the general acquittance from Mr. Hoare. If still not received, he should write to Mr. Hoare or Sharpe. I have taken my leave, and cannot recommence.

You surprise me with the notice that old Ramsay had a hand in that trumpery.* I do not mean that I wonder at his being a bad poet—I did not know he was one at all, though a very great scribbler; but an old dotard! to be sporting and playing at leap-frog with brats.

I came to town yesterday to bespeak some winter clothes, and hear that the Emperor has marched threescore thousand men towards Holland. We shall now feel a fresh consequence of the blessed American war! It begot the late war with Holland; the remaining animosity of which, and our present impotence, will prevent us from defending the Dutch: and thence, when Austria, as well as France, are grown great maritime powers, we shall be a single one, and probably the weakest of the three! But as I never meddle with the book of futurity, and its commentators—guesses, I leave that matter to younger readers.

Ireland, as far as my spare intelligence extends, is a

* The Arno Miscellany.

little come to its senses.* Landed property, though no genius, has discovered that Popery, if admitted to a community of votes, would be apt to inquire into the old titles of estates; and to remember, that prescription never holds against any Church-militant, especially not against the Church of Rome. You know I have ever been averse to toleration of an intolerant religion. I have frequently talked myself hoarse, with many of my best friends, on the impossibility of satisfying *Irish* Catholics without restoring their estates. It was particularly silly to revive the subject in this age, when Popery was so rapidly declining. The world had the felicity to see that fashion passing away—for modes of religion are but graver fashions; nor will anything but contradiction keep fashion up. Its inconvenience is discovered, if let alone; or, as women say of their gowns, *it is cut and turned,* or variety is sought; and some mantua-maker or priest, that wants business, invents a new mode, which takes the faster, the more it inverts its predecessor. I shall not wonder if Cæsar, after ravaging, or dividing, or seizing half Europe, should grow devout, and give it some novel religion of his own manufacture.

I have had as many disputes on the Reformation of Parliament. I do not love removing land-marks. Whether it is the leaven of which my pap was made, or whether my father's *Quieta non movere* is irradicable, experiments are not to my taste; but I find

* The concessions to the Romanists were rejected, but were soon after given with large additions.—Ed.

I am talking "about it and about it," because I really have nothing to tell you, and know nothing. I do worse than live out of the world, for I live with the old women of my neighbourhood. I read little, not bestowing my eyes without an object. In short, I am perfectly idle; and such a glutton of my tranquillity, that I had rather do nothing than discompose it. I would *go out* quietly; and, as one is sure of being forgotten the moment one is gone, it is as well to anticipate oblivion.

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 2, 1784.

You must not be surprised at a little inertness in my correspondence, though not yet trespassing on my regularity, when you consider the season of the year, the tranquillity of the times, and my age, which confines itself to a few elderly folk, as retired from the world as myself. Though the depth of winter, I am not yet settled in town; though I now and then lie here for a night or two, to diversify the scene, and not to live totally in the country, the air of which does not agree with me so well as that of London, purified by a million of fires.

I can tell you nothing but what the Gazette has anticipated—two or three promotions, and the creation of two Marquises;* meagre articles after three wars, and

* Earl Temple, made Marquis of Rockingham; and the Earl of Shelburne, Marquis of Lansdowne.

as many revolutions of Administrations! This enormous capital, that must have some occupation, is most innocently amused with those philosophic play-things, air-balloons. But, as half a million of people that impassion themselves for any object are always more childish than children, the good souls of London are much fonder of the *airgonauts* than of the toys themselves. Lunardi, the Neapolitan Secretary, is said to have bought three or four thousand pounds in the stocks, by exhibiting his person, his balloon, and his dog and cat, at the Pantheon, for a shilling each visitor. Blanchard, a Frenchman, is his rival; and I expect that they will soon have an air-fight in the clouds, like a stork and a kite.

I do not know half so much of the war between the Austrian Eagle and the Frogs, though they say it grows very serious. The latter began the attack by a deluge:* but that war is like a theatric tragedy, the principal actors seldom appear in the first scenes; the second act may be opened by France and Prussia.

There has been another Fitzroyal match† in my family. Lord Euston‡ has married my niece, Lady Maria Waldegrave, the Duchess of Gloucester's daughter. The bride has every possible merit—merit put to the test by that wretch Lord Egremont;§ and on

* By opening the dykes.

† Between Mr. Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Southampton, and Miss Laura Keppel.

‡ Eldest son of Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton.

§ Who had been engaged to her.

him she is thus nobly revenged. Lord Euston has behaved with as much honour as the other wanted.

Dec. 5th.

As your Court is so linked with Vienna, I suppose it looks steadfastly towards the Scheld; though perhaps as much in the dark as the village of Twickenham, whither I am returned. Your Holy neighbour, no doubt, rejoices that Huguenot commerce is thought a preferable morsel to the temporalities of the Church, which I suspect to have been a weighty ingredient in Cæsar's late reformations,* as they were in Luther's. Nor will he squander them, as Henry the Eighth did, on his courtiers. Modern conquests, too, as well as reformations, are grown to have more substantial views than anciently, when fame and glory were the chief incentives. I do not recollect reading that, when Alexander vanquished Porus, he loaded elephants with diamonds and lacks of rupees. Since the world grew wiser, Thamas Kouli Kan carried off all the brilliants and rubies of the Mogul's golden throne; ay, and I dare to swear, the gold too. Why is so much of America, yet unpeopled, unknown? but because no hero expects to find mines in cold and desolate regions. If air-balloons could reach the moon, I believe the first inquiry of philosophers would be after *the Specie* in the planet. Otaheite and all the Owyhees, and New-Holland and New Zealand, will be left to return to their primitive obscurity, because they have nothing more intrinsic than hogs

* Destruction of convents.

and red feathers. Yet science pretended to make the expedition! Science is perfectly content with the very little it has learnt. The sublime legislatress of Russia, who has millions and millions of acres more than she knows what to do with, has more appetite for the plunder of Constantinople, than for peopling and civilizing the tracts of globe she possesses as far as China. Dr. Young was not a little mistaken when he imagined that "the universal passion" of mankind was fame.

9th, Berkeley Square again.

I saw a gentleman this morning who had just received a letter from his brother at Paris, which says, that France is determined to defend the Dutch, and is preparing to march two armies, under Broglio and Maillebois, one of which is destined to Alsace. I don't pretend to guess whether that interposition will prevent or extend war. *The time when* is of consequence only to those in being; and, therefore, there is more meaning than appears at first in our form of prayer, "Give peace in *our* time, O Lord!" The world will never be long free from that scourge, war; and whether the passions put on the mask, or throw it off, mankind will be equally sacrificed. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXX.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 4, 1785.

I HAD the great satisfaction last week of receiving your letter, my dear sir, written with your own hand

to confirm the progress of your recovery; but I was not able to answer it myself, being confined to my bed by a severe fit of the gout too. I could only dictate a few lines to your nephew, to beg he would express my joy and thanks to you, and tell you why I did not write myself. Indeed, he had the kindness to send me word that he had received one too from you by the same post, and with the same good news. Poor young man! while you thought him fox-hunting, he was prisoner also to the same illness, but less slight than ours. I told him we formed a triangle of gouty correspondence. I have since received another from you, of December 18th: but indeed I have not wanted consolations, for Monsieur de Soyres sent me word from Florence of your amendment, and Lord and Lady Mount-Edgcumbe have been so friendly as to furnish me constantly with the accounts they received of you from their son—a clear proof that he was satisfied with the marks of attention you were capable of giving him. I have not seen them yet; for, like you, I have not been allowed to see company and talk, nor indeed could I to be heard. Though I have never had the gout in my stomach, yet my breast is so weak that it is always the part principally affected, and, consequently, whence I conclude my dissolution will come. You, I fear, have suffered dreadfully, though you do not say so: your patience, and calmness, and good-humour are just what they were five and forty years ago. I am happy that your stamina are as strong too as they were: they must be, to have weathered such

an attack! Indeed, I have great comfort in your tranquillity and resignation about the event. I, who have gone through so many more of these assaults, who wonder how I have stood them, and who always expect the next to be the conclusive one, have often called it dying *à plusieurs reprises*. I am not impatient for what *must* happen; but, when one has *tried on* death so often, it must be more familiar to one. Could I choose, it should come at once at the beginning of a fit: I dread the ceremonial, and to know one's house is full of relations and inquirers. My exit I hope will be in the country: there I always keep my illness as secret as I can.

You perceive I am writing to you with a lame hand, and with the only one I have at liberty; the other, muffled up, just holds my paper. I am now weary, and shall go to bed; but, knowing I could not write much at once, I had the precaution to begin my letter three days before the post, and shall add to it at leisure.

5th.

I resume my letter, rather to finish than to add to it. A correspondence between two sick bedchambers at the distance of a thousand miles must be very lifeless. What news can we tell one another but how we rested last night? and that last night will have been a fortnight ago when the post arrives. Kings and Empresses, of whom we were forced to talk from want of reciprocal acquaintance in our several residences, must be out of our thoughts: can we care what interludes

they are playing when we are quitting the theatre? We see them in their true light, and know that they too in a little time must leave their crowns and sceptres to be worn by other performers.

The pantomime carrying on at Florence and Rome is entertaining. So, the Pope, who would not grant the title of King to the Pretender, allows his no-Majesty to have created a Duchess; and the Cardinal of York, who is but a rag of the Papacy, and who must think his brother a King, will not allow her title! Well! it is well they have not power to do worse, nor can spill the blood of others in their foolish squabbles.

Lord Mount-Edgcumbe has been here this evening. I assure you, it is impossible to be more satisfied than he is with your attentions to his son; who has written, that, to the last moment of his stay at Florence, there was no mark of friendship you omitted, nor any services you did not render him. I know better than they can how much he was obliged to you.—Heavens! attentions for travelling boys when one is on the rack! Oh! my dear sir, I will recommend no more to you, lest they should find you in a fit of the gout. You never did too little, but often too much, and more than your health and constitution could bear. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 2, 1785.

I WOULD not write to you again, my dear sir, till I could tell you that I was quite recovered; and that I could not say with any truth till within these few days, for I had a relapse, of which I was much worse than from the first attack. The gout passed out of my limbs into my bowels, was sent back, changed itself into a cough, and fell on my lungs; but all are gone, and I am so well, that I should have taken the air to-day in my coach if it had not been too hard a frost. In short, we are both met again on this side of the world; for one may call it *meeting*, as an Englishman and a Frenchman would seem countrymen if they met in the deserts of Tartary: formerly one should have said, in India; but *there* the two nations have proved that they are not such familiar friends.

Your last would have made me uneasy by your still remaining in bed, had it not all been written by your own hand; and had not you kindly foreseen my apprehension, and told me kindly, I hope truly, that you remained there only in complaisance to your physician. We are both deceptions: who that saw *you* in your youth, or *me* from my infancy till now, would have believed that we should live, after men grown, to correspond for four and forty years? For my part, I suppose that Hercules, if he had not gone mad, would have died of a consumption. We have both renewed

our leases, and I hope our correspondence will still become much more venerable for its longevity. We are certainly epistolary patriarchs.

To say the truth, I cannot resume the thread with much interest. Nothing has happened here during the seven weeks of my confinement worth repeating. The Parliament is met, but as quietly as a quarter session. The Opposition seems quelled, or to despair; nor has the town contributed more than the two Houses to the fund of news.

The great scene that Europe expected is said to be laid aside, and that France has signified to the Dutch that they must submit to the Emperor, and that they will—happy news for one or two hundred thousand of the living! Whether the mass of murder will be diminished in future by that arrangement is another question. The revival of the kingdom of Austrian Lombardy* looks as if the Eagle's eastern wing would expand itself as well as the western; and so I recollect I hinted to you two years ago that I expected it would.

If the town does not do something odd and worth repeating within these two days, I must send away my letter, squab as it is. I cannot coin news, though so easy a practice, as our newspapers prove by the daily lies they publish—I will not say *invent;* for thousands, who get nothing by the manufacture, help the printers to numberless falsehoods. Our news-

* Which is what the Emperor meditated.

papers are deservedly forbidden in France for impudent scandal on the French Queen. I am always ashamed that such cargoes of abuse should be dispersed all over Europe; and frequently our handsomest women are the themes. What Iroquois must we seem to the rest of the world!

Jan. 4th.

London is very perverse, and will not furnish me with another paragraph; one would think it had taken spite to our immortal correspondence. Formerly, after a long vacation, people used to be impatient to signalize themselves by some extravagance or absurdity. They are as tame now as if the Millennium was commenced.*

I went out yesterday to take the air, but it fatigued

* Mrs. Hannah More writing to her sister about this time tells her, "I believe I mentioned that a foreign ambassador, Count Adhemar, had a stroke of palsy, and that he was to have had a great assembly on the night of the day on which it happened; it is shocking to relate the sequel. It was on a Sunday. The company went—some hundreds. The man lay deprived of sense and motion; his bedchamber joins the great drawing-room, where was a faro bank held close to his bed's head. Somebody said they thought they made too much noise. 'Oh no,' another answered, 'it will do him good; the worst thing he can do is to sleep.' A third said, 'I did not think Adhemar had been a fellow of such rare spirit; palsy and faro together is spirited indeed, this is keeping it up!' I was telling this to Mr. Walpole the other day, and lamenting it as a national stigma, and one of the usual signs of the times I had met with. In return, he told me of a French gentleman at Paris, who, being in the article of death, had just signed his will, when the lawyer who drew it up was invited by his wife to stay supper. The table was laid in the dying man's apartment; the lawyer took a glass of wine, and, addressing himself to the lady, drank *à la santé de notre aimable agonisant!* I told Mr. Walpole he invented the story to out-do me, but he protested it was literally true." —Memoirs of Hannah More, vol. i. p. 396. Perhaps the lady was right. —Ed.

me. Last night it snowed again, and I have staid at home: but I shall recover; my appetite is perfect, and my sleep is marvellous. I don't know why I am not as sleek as a dormouse. Pray give me as good an account of yourself. Have you driven yet in your coach to the Cascines or the foot of Fiesoli? or about the streets to the Duomo and Annunziata, as I used to do in the heat of the day, for the mere pleasure of looking at the buildings, when everybody else was gone into bed? What a thousand years ago that was! yet I recollect it as if but yesterday! I sometimes think I have lived two or three lives. My thirteen months at Florence was a pleasant youth to one of them. Seven months and a-half at Paris, with four or five journeys thither since, was a middle age, quite different from five and twenty years in Parliament which had preceded—and an age since! Besides, as I was an infant when my father became Minister, I came into the world at five years old; knew half the remaining Courts of King William and Queen Anne, or heard them talked of as fresh; being the youngest and favourite child, was carried to almost the first operas, kissed the hand of George the First, and am now hearing the frolics of his great-great-grandson;*—no, all this cannot have happened in one life! I have seen a mistress of James the Second,† the Duke of Marlborough's burial, three or four wars, the whole career,

* George, Prince of Wales.

† Mrs. Godfrey, mother of the Duke of Berwick and Lady Waldegrave.

victories, and death of Lord Chatham, the loss of America, the second conflagration of London by Lord George Gordon—and yet I am not so old as Methusalem by four or five centuries! In short, I can sit and amuse myself with my own memory, and yet find new stores at every audience that I give to it. Then, for private episodes, varieties of characters, political intrigues, literary anecdotes, &c., the profusion that I remember is endless; in short, when I reflect on all I have seen, heard, read, written, the many idle hours I have passed, the nights I have wasted playing at faro, the weeks, nay months, I have spent in pain, you will not wonder that I almost think I have, like Pythagoras, been Panthoides Euphorbus, and have retained one memory in at least two bodies. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

Berkeley Square, March 5, 1785.

YOUR letter of the 8th of last month, telling me that your great illness had *not* been the gout, surprised me much, as we had had no other account of it. I had indeed wondered at your being blooded for it, which is not the treatment of the gout in the stomach here. Whatever your disorder was, thank God it is gone!

For my part, I am still a prisoner, and have been so above three entire months; the longest fit I ever had

but one. Indeed, the third relapse is but now going off. Relapses! no wonder! from the beginning of December we have had such a succession of vicissitudes of all kinds of bad weather as I never remember; repeated snows, severe frosts, fogs, sudden rains, and assassinating winds have made everybody ill, or kept them so. All my hope is from the almanack, which tells me that spring is at hand; yet the month of March, like the fast on the vigil of a saint's festival, is very apt to prepare one by rigour for rejoicing.

I have heard nothing lately about your nephew. I fear his holidays too are not arrived yet. His friends and mine, the poor Duke and Duchess of Montrose, are exceedingly happy: Lord Graham is just married to Lord Ashburnham's daughter, a pretty amiable young woman. They have long been anxious to see him settled. He is a pattern of sons, and their sole remaining comfort under such a complication of miseries as they have been, and are, afflicted with.*

Though we are nearer to the promised field of battle than you are, we know no more of the Dutch war, nor whether it is to be accommodated. The politicians of our coffee-houses are easily diverted from Continental objects when they have the least food at home, as is natural; and we have a few topics that are not quite indifferent. The most recent, and conse-

* The Duke of Montrose had been totally blind for above thirty years, was very deaf, and had lost the use of his legs. His Duchess, Lady Lucy Manners, was paralytic; and they had lost their only daughter, Lady Lucy, wife of Mr. Archibald Douglas.

quently the theme of the day, is the demolition of the scrutiny for Westminster: the Opposition renewed the motion for ordering the High Bailiff to make the return, and carried the question by a majority of *thirty-eight;* and yesterday he did return Lord Hood and Mr. Fox.* At night there were great illuminations. I expected to have catched a great cold; for, the mob at eleven at night knocking at my door with their commands, I rung my bell in great haste for candles, for fear of having my windows broken, as they were two years ago, when I had the gout too; and the servants running in to draw up the curtains, and leaving all the doors open, turned my room from a hot-house to an ice-house: however, I got no damage.

Sunday, 6th.

We are threatened with illuminations again tomorrow night, as they talk of Mr. Fox being carried in procession to the House of Commons in the morning. I wish some mischief do not happen; our new generation are rather bacchanalian, and not averse to being riotous under the *Princeps Juventutis.*† However, what is foreseen, seldom happens. I believe that, of Argus's hundred eyes, those saw best that looked backward—and wise prophets took the hint. We know pretty well now that dreams, which used to pass for predictions, are imperfect recollections.

Being no soothsayer, I will anticipate nothing about

* The Court had instituted the scrutiny in favour of Sir Cecil Wray, the third candidate, to exclude Mr. Charles Fox, whom the King detested for being attached to the Prince of Wales.

† The Prince.

Ireland, which is to be the next great question. However it has happened, we have for some years resembled gamesters of fortune, who play to know whether *their own* shall remain their's.

Tuesday, 8th.

There were illuminations again last night, but I hear of no riot or mischief, except of some fractures of glass in my square: a few panes were broken at my next door, in the windows of her Dowager Grace of Beaufort,* who would not put out lights; and many in those of Lady Mary Coke, who never misses an opportunity of being an amazon, or a martyr, or a tragedy-queen. She puts me in mind of the Duchess of Albemarle,† who was mad with pride. The first Duke of Montagu married her as Emperor of China; and to her death she was served on the knee, taking her maids for ladies of the bedchamber.

We have still such parching easterly winds that I dare not venture abroad, but I shall take the air the moment the sun lands.

* Miss Berkeley, sister of the late Lord Bottetort, and widow of Lord Noel Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

† Widow of Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle. As she was a coheiress of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, she enjoyed an immense fortune; and, being mad, was confined at Montagu House, but served with royal state. Her relations pretended she was dead, and the Duke was forced to produce her in Westminster Hall. After his death, she lived at Clerkenwell, and 3000*l.* a-year was allowed for her imaginary court. The rest was laid up, and went to her own relations. The story of her second marriage was introduced into the last act of Cibber's comedy of Sir Courtly Nice. Lady Mary Coke endeavoured to persuade people that she had been married to Edward Duke of York, the King's brother; and after his death signed her letters and notes *Marye*, with an almost invisible *e* in the tail of the *y*.

9th.

This letter was written, and was going to the Secretary's office, when your nephew came in, just arrived in town; and, as he sets out on Saturday on his visit to you, I detained my dispatch, as I can write more freely by him than I would by French, German, or Tuscan post-offices.

We are certainly in a very embarrassing situation with Ireland. Our raw boy of a Minister* has most rashly and unadvisedly plunged himself into a great difficulty, and promised to that country much more than was necessary.† The dissatisfaction, however, is not near so great here as might have been expected; yet, as it will certainly meet with many other discontents, which Mr. Pitt's ignorance and inexperience, not at all cooled by his vanity and insolence, have sown, his situation grows but tottering The rapidly-chosen Parliament seems by no means firm; and the outrageous injustice of the scrutiny at Westminster, which was solely set on and maintained by royal vengeance, has fallen on the Ministers, who wished to be rid of it, but not to be beaten by 38.‡ However, I fancy the author§ is still more mortified than they are: Fox has triumphed over him, as Wilkes did. Monday last did not pass so quietly as I had heard at first: the new Marquis of Buckingham, who had been profuse of lights last Friday,

* Mr. Pitt.

† The famous propositions for equal trade with Ireland.

‡ The number of the majority for closing the scrutiny.

§ The King.

thought he had done enough, and would not exhibit one on Monday. The mob demolished his windows. Two young rioters of rank, who *said* they were only innocent spectators, were beaten and taken prisoners by the Marquis's domestics, and carried before him. He assuming great dignity, the two young gentlemen let loose a torrent of very coarse appellations. Next morning he recollected himself, and made submissions in proportion to the abuse he had *received*, not *given*. This is the story on one side. On the other, it is affirmed, that only one young gentleman was carried into the house, and, being taken for one of the mob, was threatened with a constable by the Marquis, who, on discovering his error, made proper excuses. In short, in such a season of party violence, one cannot learn the truth of what happens in next street: future historians, however, will know it exactly, and, what is more, people will believe them!

We have a mass of matters besides on the carpet; as, India in several branches, the reform of Parliament, the late taxes, and more to be laid. Pitt has certainly amazing Parliamentary abilities; he has not yet given any indication of others; and, if he gains experience, it is likely to be at his own cost. His measures hitherto have been precipitate and indigested.

The latest colour of affairs on the Continent is crimson. Maestricht is said to be invested by the Emperor. As this letter will not pass under your Great-Duke's eye,* to whom it would not be well-bred to say

* The Great-Duke opened all letters before they were delivered.

so, I may tell you that I abhor his brother, whose rapine and reformations are conducted with equal injustice and cruelty; and, when they are so, I suspect the former to be the motive of the latter. I am only comforted by hoping he vexes the King of Prussia. If those two men and the Czarina could plague one another without consequences to thousands, one should delight in their broils.

I hope, for yours, his, and my sake, that your nephew will find you quite recovered: his impatience to see you is most amiable; but you deserve it. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

Berkeley Square, April 8, 1785.

YOUR letter of March 15th, written by your own hand, came most welcome to me yesterday; for your nephew, who, I trust, is now with you, received one written by your servant just before he set out for Florence. As it mentioned a return of your bleeding, it alarmed me, for *that* is no gouty symptom; but, as you again write, I flatter myself the discharge will be a remedy instead of a disorder. *My* gout is gone, but has left a vicegerent more persecuting than itself; I mean, the rheumatism. In short, you must not talk of age to me, who am as much broken as if I was an hundred. General Oglethorpe, who sometimes visits me, and who is ninety-five, has the activity of youth when compared with me. His eyes, ears, articulation,

limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom: two years and a half ago, he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor. *I* could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol. There is indeed a circumstance that makes me think myself an antediluvian: I have literally seen *seven* descents in one family. I do not believe Oglethorpe can boast of recollecting a longer genealogy. In short, I was schoolfellow of the two last Earls of Waldegrave, and used to go to play with them in the holidays when I was about twelve years old. They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James the Second. One evening while I was there, came in her mother, Mrs. Godfrey,* that King's mistress—ancient, in truth, and so superannuated that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek. Begin with her; then count her daughter, Lady Waldegrave; then the latter's son, the Ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot Beard;† her daughter, the pre-

* Mrs. Godfrey was sister of John Duke of Marlborough, and by King James was mother of the Duke of Berwick and the first Lady Waldegrave; she afterwards married Colonel Godfrey, by whom she had Lady Falmouth and Mrs. Dunch. See an account of Mrs. Godfrey in the Memoires de Grammont.

† Henrietta, only daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, was married to Lord Edward Herbert, brother of the last Marquis of Powis, by whom she had an only daughter, Barbara, first Countess of Powis.

sent Dowager Countess of Powis; and her daughter, Lady Clive—there are six: and the last now lies in of a son, and might have done so six or seven years ago, had she married at fourteen. When one has beheld such a pedigree, one *may* say, "And yet I am *but* sixty-seven!" I don't know whether it is not another patriarchal characteristic to tell you, that my great-niece, Mrs. Fitzroy,* is brought to bed of the fifty-sixth of my nephews and nieces, and the present Lady Waldegrave is in a fair way of adding another to the catalogue.

I am not surprised that Mozzi finds there is some difference between being the gallant, when young, of an old woman,—and the husband, when elderly, of a girl: methinks, he might have concluded so without making the experiment. Mr. Duane has, I believe, left his collection to his nephew, and money enough to preserve it;† and the man is a lawyer too, *so* not likely to be ruined: therefore, Mozzi's present, which is handsome, will be welcome.

Your Lord Cowper and his Knighthood of St. Hubert is peddling lunacy. I find that our madmen, though they do not come to their senses abroad, degenerate by transplantation. Garters and orders are simple things in themselves, but succedaneums to them are quite contemptible. An English Earl stooping to be a Knight of St. Hubert is as if a tiger should be

* Laura Keppel.

† Most of it, however, consisting of pictures, drawings by Hussey, and antiques, were sold by auction. His gold antique medals Mr. Duane had sold himself to Dr. Hunter.

proud of being admitted into some order among cats! I think he had better have bought one of the Pope's hats; and then, at least, he would have been *papable.* I literally remember a mad foreigner at Paris (I forget of what country), who had a rage of universal knighthood, and used to appear at the theatres with a different coloured riband every night. The Government forbad his being a Knight of the St. Esprit, but left all the other stripes in Europe's rainbow to his option. I have seen him Companion of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle by turns.

I have no news to send to you or your nephew. The House of Commons could not adjourn for Easter, as for ten days they could not get a House to choose a committee on the Buckinghamshire Petition; so, the Speaker and two clerks were forced to go and sit every day in empty walls: your nephew must explain this paragraph to you, as it would be too long for a letter. A committee is chosen at last, but nothing is advanced. The motion of Reform of Parliament is deferred till next week. The Irish business hangs off too; and the House sits now till midnight hearing counsel from Manchester against some of the late taxes. The east wind lasts too, so that in every respect it looks like the beginning of winter; and one so long neither Oglethorpe nor I remember. The sight of your nephew, I hope, has revived you; it is more than I can say that my fifty-six have effected for me.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

May 7, 1785.

As I have received a letter from yourself since your nephew set out, and none from him, I flatter myself that he found you well. I have had nothing to tell you worth writing; and, though I begin a letter from my usual regularity, I know not how it will get on, nor whether I shall be able to dispatch it without more ballast. I know nothing but what all Europe knows, that there is a general drought and no grass. Of conversation, the chief topic is air-balloons. A French girl, daughter of a dancer, has made a voyage into the clouds, and nobody has yet broken a neck; so, neither good nor harm has hitherto been produced by these aerial enterprises. Neither politics nor fashion have furnished any novelties; so that, if I continue my monthly tribute, you must be content with its being of no more value than a peppercorn.

I am inclined to wish that Mrs. Damer would make you another visit. She is very delicate, and often out of order; and certainly was better for her Italian journey. She is engaged on an extraordinary work. There is just built a new bridge of stone over the Thames, at Henley, which is close to Park Place.* Mrs. Damer offered to make two gigantic masks of the Thame and Isis, for the key-stones, and actually modelled them; *and a statuary was to execute them.*

* The seat of General Conway, Mrs. Damer's father.

I said, "Oh! it will be imagined that you had little hand in them: you must perform them yourself." She consented. The Thame is an old marine god, is finished, and put up; and, they say, has a prodigious effect. She is now at work on the Isis; a most beautiful nymph's face, simple as the antique, but quite a new beauty. The idea was taken from Mrs. Freeman, of Fawley Court, a neighbour of General Conway. The key-stones of a county bridge carved by a young lady is an unparalleled curiosity! The originals in terra cotta are now exhibiting at the Royal Academy; with a model of the same material of two kittens, by her too. She has a singular talent for catching the characters of animals. I have two dogs sleeping, by her, (which she has since executed in marble for her brother,* the Duke of Richmond,) that are perfection. We have besides a young statuary, one Proctor, who is marvellous. He has gained the prizes in drawing, painting, and sculpture; and now exhibits a model in terra cotta of Ixion, less than life, which is a prodigy of anatomy, with all the freedom of nature. Miss Boyle,† a grand-daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and a Miss Ogle, scholar of Mrs. Damer, model admirably too, and the first paints in oil. My brother, Sir Edward, said, that we have so many miracles in painting and music, that they cease to be any miracles at all. I confess, in the former I see few that

* Charles, third Duke of Richmond, married Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of Lady Ailesbury, and half-sister to Mrs. Damer.

† Charlotte, second daughter of Sir Ch. H. Williams, married Captain Walsingham Boyle, brother of the Earl of Shannon.

attain the degree of doctor; of the others I am no judge.

There has been an enormous fire in Southwark, which has destroyed some acres of buildings and some vessels. It happened amongst magazines of turpentine, pitch, tar, and hemp; and has besides consumed to the value of an hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling of tea, which the East India Company had just purchased at Ostend to anticipate the smugglers. One must be mighty prone to compassion before one can feel for the Company, and must quite forget their atrocious deeds in India. My bowels shall be sent thither, (as those of our ancestors used to be to the Holy Land,) sooner than to Leadenhall Street.

Friday, 13th.

As I heard that the great question of Ireland was to be decided yesterday, and it being of no consequence when my letter set out, I detained it till it could have more dignity. I can barely now tell you the sum total, none of the particulars; for I have seen no Member of the House of Commons. The business is not finished, for the House was only in a committee: yet you may look upon it as determined; for Mr. Pitt had so great a majority to favour his propositions, that there is no doubt but they will pass triumphantly. The Committee sat *till past eight this morning;* the numbers were, 281 for the Court, 155 for the Opposition. The completion of that affair, and of the taxes, which were proposed last Monday, will probably conclude the session; and, earthly business

being adjusted, all the world will be at leisure to travel the air—not that terrestrial matters have interrupted balloons. Mr. Windham,* the Member for Norwich, who was with you not long ago, has made a voyage into the clouds, and was in danger of falling to *earth*, and being *shipwrecked*. Yesterday sevennight, as I was coming down stairs at Strawberry, to my chaise, my housekeeper told me, that if I would go into the garden I might see a balloon; so I did, and so high, that though the sun shone, I could scarce discern it, and not bigger than my snuff-box. It had set out privately from Moulsey, in my neighbourhood, and went higher than any airgonaut had yet reached. But Mr. Windham, and Sadler his pilot, were near meeting the fate of Icarus; and though they did land safely, their bladder-vessel flew away again, and may be drowned in the moon for what we know! Three more balloons sail to-day; in short, we shall have a prodigious navy in the air, and then what signifies having lost the empire of the ocean?

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

May 29, 1785.

PLEASED as I was by hearing from your nephew, I am much more delighted, my dear sir, to see *your* hand again. Yet I must chide you for writing so much, though at intervals, when you are weak and in

* Of Felbrigge.

bed. Your nephew told me your cough was troublesome; but I hope the warm weather will quite remove it. Never was so trying a winter: everybody has suffered but the physicians and apothecaries. We are still wanting rain, and are treated like Egyptians by insects.

You have acted like yourself, and the younger Sir Horace has acted like the elder, about Miss Lucy's* marriage. I do not know the *sposo*, but am contented with your account of him, and approve of his *name*. It is quite right not to oppose the inclinations of the young when there are no very striking or disgraceful objections. As to great estates and titles, what securities are they? Half our nobility are undone, and every day going into exile, from their own extravagance.

I saw with concern in the newspapers, two days ago, that their Neapolitan Majesties were visiting your Florentine Arch-Graces, and I dreaded their harassing you and putting you to expense: but your indisposition must give you a dispensation, and is even lightened to me by its saving you fatigue. I have no objection to their playing at Naumachias. It were well if sovereigns would be content with mock fights, and not sport with the lives of their subjects. The battle of the Bridge at Pisa is more glorious than invading the Scheldt. Two days ago there was a report of the *Dauphin's*

* James Mann, only son of Edward Louisa Mann, elder brother of Sir Horace Mann senr., was going to be married to Lucy, eldest daughter of Sir Horace jun.

death, and was said to come from Lord Sydney, Secretary of State. He was asked, if true? He replied, "I said, Lord *Godolphin.*" So he is, and has given four thousand pounds a-year to Lord Francis Osborne, second son of the other Secretary of State, Lord Carmarthen,* who himself inherits three thousand a-year more.

I am barren of other news. The House of Commons sits, on taxes and the Irish propositions, but is thinly attended. I shall settle at Strawberry in about a week; but cannot have less to tell you than I have at present. Your nephew, I hope, will stay with you till you are quite recovered. What a nephew! I cannot boast of such an one in my extensive nepotism; and yet I have a few very good. An adopted one, Lord Waldegrave,† is excellent. Most of my nieces are unexceptionable. That is a great deal to say in an age not rigorous, and of ample licence. I wonder our women are not much worse; for our newspapers are so indiscriminately scurrilous, to the great joy of devout old women, that pretty young women might be hardened, and trust to not being worse treated than many who are blameless. I have no patience with hags who have no temptations, and think that frequent church-going authorizes them to spread scandal from Sunday noon to next Sunday morning. There is not so noxious an animal as an ugly old harridan, who

* Francis, only son of the Duke of Leeds, by Lady Mary Godolphin.

† George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave, married to his cousin, Lady Laura Waldegrave, daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester.

thinks herself religious the moment she becomes a disagreeable object; though she chooses to forget that Charity is preferable to Faith and Hope, or interprets Charity to mean nothing but giving alms. They have more occasion to carry a pocket-glass than a handsome woman—to put them in mind of their own Death's heads.

I said, at the beginning of my letter, that I rejoiced to see your handwriting; yet I beg you not to give me that treat often. A line from your nephew, if it tells me you mend, will content me. I have frequently written to you by proxy; and, in truth, my letters require nor deserve answers. I have so much abandoned a world that is too juvenile for me, and have so few connections with it left, that my correspondence can have neither novelty nor spirit in it; and therefore, except to you, I scarce write a letter of ten lines in a month, and seldom but on business, of which too I have very little. A few antiquaries and virtuosos now and then consult me, because my oracle, from its ancientry, is become respected; but my devotees ask me simple questions, and in my responses I generally plead ignorance, and often with truth. My reading or writing has seldom had any object but my own amusement; and, having given over the trade, I had rather my customers went to another shop. The profession of author is trifling; but, when any *charlatanerie* is superadded, it is a contemptible one. To puff one's self is to be a mountebank, and swallowing wind as well as vending it.

I do not answer your nephew's letter in form; for formal it would be when you see I have so little to say, except to thank him for it, and for his most amiable tenderness and care of you. Nay, writing to one is writing to both: one loves two Sir Horaces as one: your hearts are as much the same as your names, and to write to you separately would be making a distinction in your unity. I am glad the cousins are to be one too. Adieu! I long to hear that you do not lie in bed but at night.

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

Berkeley Square, June 24, 1785.

THOUGH I beg not to urge you to repeat those proofs too often, I must feel great satisfaction from every letter I receive from you under your own hand, when I know your health is not yet quite re-established. I should be content, rationally content, that is, enjoining myself to be content, with hearing of you from your nephew; but your own characters must be more comfortable. However, the more you mend, write the less: I am no longer in fear about you, and consequently my patience will allow of longer intervals now I know you are recovering, which *we* cannot do with the impetuosity of youth. But then Italian summers are a good succedaneum, and, I hope, will be more efficacious than our north-easterly winds. Even with these, *I* am arrived at being as well as I was before my last fit, and I beg you will pledge me.

Thank you for your Gazette, and accounts of *spectacles.** Florence is a charming theatre for such festivals: those Italy is giving to the Neapolitan Majesties put one in mind of the times when the Medici, the Farneses, Gonzagas, &c., banquetted each other's Highness reciprocally. I am glad the *holy* Roman Emperor is at leisure to visit *principini, palazzi,* and *giardini,* instead of besieging *fortezze,* like a *wicked* overgrown *principone.* I am glad, too, that the *wicked holy* Roman Father† is disappointed of his iniquitous plunder. Rome is come to its dregs again when the Pontifex Maximus is sunk into an *heredipeta*—one of the vile vocations that marked the *fæces Romuli.*

Our *Senate* is still sitting, and likely to sit, on the Irish propositions, which gravel both countries. Mr. Grattan, the phænomenon of the other side of the Channel, has set his face against Mr. Pitt's altered plan. This is all I know of the matter. I am very little in town now, and Twickenham is one of the most unpolitical villages in the island.

You will find by our and the French Gazettes, that *air-navigation* has received a great blow; the first airgonaut, poor Pilatrier, and his companion, having broken their necks. He had the Croix de St. Louis in his pocket, and was to have put it on the moment he should have crossed the Channel and landed in England. I have

* Relations of the entertainments made for the King and Queen of Naples.

† Pope Pius VI. had wheedled a rich old abbé to make him heir; but the family contested the will and set it aside.

long thought that France has conceived hopes of annihilating our Pyrenees by these flying squadrons. Here they have been turned into a mere job for getting money from gaping fools. One of our adventurers, named Sadler, has been missing, and is supposed lost in the German Ocean.

Prince William, the King's third son, has been in England, and is sailed for the Mediterranean, I think; so, I suppose, will visit Leghorn. It is pity he will arrive too late for your shows, which would be proper for his age.

On reading over your Florentine Gazette, I observed that the Great-Duke has a manufacture of porcelain. If any of it is sold, I should be glad if your nephew would bring me a single bit—a cup, or other trifle, as a sample. I remember that, ages ago, there was a manufacture at Florence belonging to Marquis Ginori, of which I wished for a piece, but could not procure one: the Grand-Ducal may be more attainable. I have a closet furnished with specimens of porcelain of various countries, besides a good deal of Fayence or Raphael ware, and some pieces with the arms of Medici —but am not I an old simpleton to be wanting play-things still?—and how like is one's last cradle to one's first! Adieu!

P. S. 28th.

Notwithstanding Pilatrier's miscarriage, Balloonation holds up its head. Colonel Fitzpatrick, Lord Ossory's brother, has ascended in one from Oxford, and was alone. Sadler, whom I thought lost, is come to light

again, and was to have been of the voyage; but, the vessel not being potent enough for two, the Colonel went alone, had a brush with a high hill in his descent, but landed safe about fifteen miles from the University. How Posterity will laugh at us, one way or other! If half a dozen break their necks, and Balloonism is exploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use: if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted.

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

Berkeley Square, July 25, 1785.

BEFORE I reply to the other parts of your letter of the 5th, which I have just received, I must tell you how rejoiced I am to hear of your having the gout in your knees and feet. Let me entreat you to encourage and keep it there: indulge them in yards of flannel, and lie much in bed; never rise when they have any perspiration; they will cure your cough, and you cannot be too grateful to them. This effort shows the strength and excellence of your constitution, and will preserve you long: for my part, I had rather lie in bed than attend regal puppet-shows; and I always make the most of my gout, when it is to excuse my doing anything I don't like.

I love your nephew better than ever for his attention to you. Mr. Croft has given me a most excellent

character of Mr. James,* who, I hope, will repay to your nephew his affection and care of you.

I have not the honour of being acquainted with Lady Hampden;† Mrs. Trevor‡ I do know, who is gentle and pleasing. Lady Hampden's mother, whom I see often at the Duchess of Montrose's, is very amiable, and a favourite of mine.

Though three millions sterling§ from the plunder of convents is a plump bellyfull, I don't believe the Austrian Eagle will stop there, nor be satisfied with private property. No: I told you, I believe, when I read the new History of the Medici, that Cæsar had set that work on foot as a preparative to his urging his claim to what the Church of Rome had formerly usurped from his predecessors. He has shown that he thinks nothing *holy* but the holy Roman empire. It is the nature of the Church and the Sceptre to league against the rest of mankind, and abet each other till they have engrossed everything: then they quarrel; and the mightier strips the weaker, as our Henry the Eighth did. One can care little about the upshot of such squabbles. Were I to form a wish, it would be in favour of the Pontiff rather than of the Emperor; *as Churchmen make conquests by sense and art, not by force and bloodshed, like Princes.*

* Mr. James Mann, mentioned in a preceding letter.

† Daughter of General Græme, and wife of the second Viscount Hampden.

‡ Wife of the second son of the first Viscount: Mr. Trevor was Envoy to Turin.

§ Sir H. Mann had told Mr. Walpole that the Emperor had acquired three millions by the suppression of convents.

As I have not been in London for this month till last night, I am utterly unqualified to send you news, if there are any. The Parliament is still sitting on the Irish propositions, which, I believe, are almost settled on this side of the Channel. Then they are to be sent to Dublin; and, if accepted there, the English Parliament is to meet again in October to ratify them. In the mean time politicians will do nothing but kill partridges.

The Balloonomania is, I think, a little chilled, not extinguished, by Rozier's catastrophe. That it should still blaze in my nephew* is not surprising; not that he has mounted himself,—he did threaten it: but real madmen are not heroes, though heroes are real madmen. He did encourage another man, who, seeing a storm coming on, would have desisted: but my Lord cried, "Oh! you had better ascend before the storm arrives," and instantly cut the strings; and away went the airgonaut, and did *not* break his neck!

The Duchess Dowager of Portland† is dead; by which the Duke, her son, gets twelve thousand pounds a-year. The greatest part of her great collection will be sold.

This is all I have to tell you or your nephew;

* George, Earl of Orford.

† Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, widow of the second, and mother of the third Duke of Portland. She was only child of Robert, second Earl of Oxford, by the sole daughter and heiress of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, from whom she inherited that great estate. She had made a vast collection of natural history and various other curiosities, the greater part of which was sold by auction in the year following.

and, little as it is, I send it away to express my satisfaction on your having the gout in your limbs, rather than wait for more matter, which probably I should not have soon. I repeat my earnest desire to you to keep your limbs warm. You will tell me perhaps that the season of the year makes that counsel unnecessary. I mean, that you should be very careful not to check perspiration. I am perfectly recovered from my last fit; and am persuaded you will be so too, if you let the gout take its full career. It comes exactly to offer you health; and, as your feet swell, I presume, upon easy terms. I have so good an opinion of the gout, that, when I am told of an infallible cure, I laugh the proposal to scorn, and declare I do not desire to be cured. I am serious; and, though I do not believe there is any cure for that distemper, I should say the same if there were one, and for this reason: I believe the gout a remedy, not a disease; and, being so, no wonder there is no medicine for it—nor do I desire to be cured of a remedy. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXXXVIII.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 26, 1785.

THOUGH I am delighted to see your handwriting, I beg you will indulge me no more with it. It fatigues you, and that gives me more pain than your letters can give me satisfaction. Dictate a few words on your health to your secretary; it will suffice. I

don't care a straw about the King and Queen of Naples, nor whether they visit your little Great Duke and Duchess. I am glad when Monarchs are playing with one another, instead of scratching: it is better they should be idle than mischievous. As I desire you *not* to write, I cannot be alarmed at a strange hand.

Your philosophic account of yourself is worthy of you. Still, I am convinced you are better than you seem to think. A cough is vexatious, but in old persons is a great preservative. It is one of the forms in which the gout appears, and exercises and clears the lungs. I know actually two persons, no chickens, who are always very ill if they have no annual cough. You may imagine that I have made observations in plenty on the gout: yes, yes, I know its ways and its jesuitic evasions. I beg its pardon, it is a better soul than it appears to be; it is we that misuse it: if it does not appear with all its credentials, we take it for something else, and attempt to cure it. Being a remedy, and not a disease, it will not be cured; and it is better to let it have its way. If it is content to act the personage of a cough, pray humour it: it will prolong your life, if you do not contradict it and fling it somewhere else.

The Administration has received a total defeat in Ireland, which has probably saved us another civil war. Don't wonder that I am continually recollecting my father's *Quieta non movere.* I have never seen that maxim violated with impunity. They say, that

in town a change in the Ministry is expected. I am not of that opinion ; but, indeed, nobody can be more ignorant than I. I see nobody here but people attached to the Court, and who, however, know no more than I do ; and, if I did see any of the other side, they would not be able to give me better information ; nor am I curious.

A stranger event than a revolution in politics has happened at Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan is committed to the Bastile for forging the Queen's hand to obtain a collar of diamonds ; I know no more of the story : but, as he is very gallant, it is guessed (*here*, I mean) that it was for a present to some woman. These circumstances are little Apostolic, and will not prop the falling Church of Rome. They used to forge donations and decretals. This is a new manœuvre. Nor were Cardinals wont to be treated so cavalierly for peccadilloes. The House of Rohan is under a cloud : his Eminence's cousin, the Prince of Guemenè, was forced to fly, two or three years ago, for being the Prince of Swindlers. *Our* Nabobs are not treated so roughly ; yet I doubt they collect diamonds still more criminally.

Your nephew will be sorry to hear that the Duke of Montrose's third grandson, Master William Douglas, died yesterday of a fever. These poor Montroses are most unfortunate persons! They had the comfort this spring of seeing Lord Graham* marry : the Duchess

* The Marquis of Graham married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham. His only sister, Lady Lucy, had been married to Archi-

said, "I thought I should die of grief, and now I am ready to die of joy." Lady Graham soon proved with child, but soon miscarried; and the Duke and Duchess may not live to have the consolation of seeing an heir—for we must hope and make visions to the last! *I* am asking for samples of Ginori's porcelain at sixty-eight! Well! are not heirs to great names and families as frail foundations of happiness? and what signifies what baubles we pursue? Philosophers make systems, and we simpletons collections: and we are as wise as they—wiser perhaps, for we know that in a few years our rarities will be dispersed at an auction; and they flatter themselves that their reveries will be immortal, which has happened to no system yet. A curiosity may rise in value; a system is exploded. Such reflections are applicable to politics, and make me look on them as equally nugatory. Last year Mr. Fox was burnt in effigy; now, Mr. Pitt is. —Oh! my dear sir, it is all a farce! On *this day*, about an hundred years ago (look at my date), was born the wisest man* I have seen. He kept this country in peace for twenty years, and it flourished accordingly. He injured no man; was benevolent, good-humoured, and did nothing but the common necessary business of the State. Yet was he burned in effigy too; and so traduced, that his name is not purified

bald Douglas, the contested heir of the Duke of Douglas, and had died young, leaving three sons and a daughter. The Duke had been blind for thirty years, and the Duchess was paralytic.

* Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, Prime Minister to George I. and II.

yet!—Ask why his memory is not in veneration? You will be told, from libels and trash, that he was *the Grand Corrupter.*—What! did he corrupt the nation to make it happy, rich, and peaceable? Who was oppressed during his administration?—Those saints, Bolinbroke and Pulteney, were kept out of the Paradise of the Court; ay, and the Pretender was kept out and was kept quiet. Sir Robert fell: a rebellion ensued in four years, and the crown shook on the King's head. The nation, too, which had been tolerably corrupted before his time, and which, with all its experience and with its eyes opened, has not cured itself of being corrupt, is not quite so prosperous as in the day of that man, who, it seems, poisoned its morals. Formerly it was the most virtuous nation on earth! Under Henry the Eighth and his children there was no persecution, no fluctuation of religion: their ministers shifted their faith four times, and were sincere honest men! There was no servility, no flattery, no contempt of the nation abroad, under James the First. No tyranny under Charles the First and Laud; no factions, no civil war! Charles the Second, however, brought back all the virtues and morality, which, somehow or other, were missing! His brother's was a still more blessed reign, though in a different way! King William was disturbed and distressed by no contending factions, and did not endeavour to bribe them to let him pursue his great object of humbling France! The Duke of Marlborough was not overborne in a similar and more glorious career by a detestable

Cabal!—and if Oxford and Bolinbroke did remove him, from the most patriot motives, they, good men! used no corruption! Twelve Peerages showered at once, to convert the House of Lords, were no bribes; nor was a shilling issued for secret services; nor would a member of either House have received it! Sir R. Walpole came, and, strange to tell, found the whole Parliament, and every Parliament, at least a great majority of every Parliament, ready to take his money. For what?—to undo their country!—which, however, wickedly as he meant, and ready as they were to concur, he left in every respect in the condition he found it, except in being improved in trade, wealth, and tranquillity; till *its friends* who expelled him, had dipped their poor country in a war; which was far from mending its condition. Sir Robert died, foretelling a rebellion, which happened in less than six months, and for predicting which he had been ridiculed: and in detestation of a maxim ascribed to him by his enemies, that *every man has his price*, the tariff of every Parliament since has been as well known as the price of beef and mutton; and the universal electors, who cry out against that traffic, are not a jot less vendible than their electors.—Was not Sir Robert Walpole an abominable Minister?

P.S. 29th.

The man who certainly provoked Ireland *to think*, is dead—Lord Sackville.*

* Lord George Sackville Germaine, third son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, who, when secretary to his father, when Lord-lieutenant of

30th.

I see, by the Gazette, that Lord Cowper's pinchbeck principality is allowed. I wonder his Highness does not desire the Pope to make one of his sons a bishop *in partibus infidelium.*

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 4, 1785.

I DON'T love to transgress my monthly regularity; yet, as you must prefer facts to words, why should I write when I have nothing to tell you? The newspapers themselves in a peaceable autumn coin wonders from Ireland, or live on the accidents of the Equinox. They, the newspapers, have been in high spirits on the prospect of a campaign in Holland; but the Dutch, without pity for the gazetteers of Europe, are said to have submitted to the Emperor's terms:* however, the

Ireland, gave rise, by his haughty behaviour, to the factions that have ever since disturbed that country, and at last shaken off its submission to this country.

* This expected rupture between Austria and the United States of Holland did not take place. The Emperor, perceiving from the decisive language held by the Court of Versailles, and the actual assembling of troops near Luxembourg, that if he prosecuted his claims by force of arms, the French would support the Dutch with all their power, thought it more prudent to settle the points in dispute by means of negociation. He required, indeed, as a previous step, that a formal apology should be made for the insult offered to his flag by the seizure of the brigs upon the Scheldt; and the States, not hesitating to gratify his pride in this instance, sent two of their nobles to Vienna for that purpose in the month of July. This matter being adjusted, conferences were immediately opened between the Austrian and Dutch ambassadors at Paris; and so really desirous were both parties of an amicable arrangement, that the

intelligence-merchants may trust that *he* will not starve them long!

Your neighbour, the Queen of Sardinia, it seems, is dead: but, if there was anything to say about her, you must tell it to me, not I to you; for, till she died, I scarce knew she had been alive.

Our Parliament is put off till after Christmas; so, I have no more resource from domestic politics than from foreign wars. For my own particular, I desire neither. I live here in tranquillity and idleness, can content myself with trifles, and think the world is much the happier when it has nothing to talk of. Most people ask, "Is there any news?"—How can one want to know one does not know what? when anything has happened, one hears it.

There is one subject on which I wish I had occasion to write; I think it long since I heard how you go on: I flatter myself, as I have no letter from you or your nephew, prosperously. I should prefer a letter from him, that you may not have the trouble; and I shall make this the shorter, as a precedent for his not thinking more than a line necessary. The post does not insist on a certain quantity; it is content with being paid for whatever it carries—nay, is a little unreasonable, as it doubles its price for a cover that contains nothing but a direction: and now it is the fashion to curtail the direction as much as possible. Formerly,

preliminaries were signed on the 12th Sept., and the definitive treaty on the 8th Nov., through the mediation and under the guarantee of the King of France."—Tomline's Memoirs of Pitt.—Ed.

a direction was an academy of compliments: "To the most noble and my singularly respected friend," &c., &c.—and then, "Haste! haste, for your life, haste!" —Now, we have banished even the monosyllable *To!* Henry Conway*, Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humour, introduced that abridgement. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus: "T. Ti. Temple"—and it was delivered! Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed "To Dr. Bentley in England." Times are altered; postmen are now satisfied with a hint. One modern retrenchment is a blessing; one is not obliged to study for an ingenious conclusion, as if writing an epigram—oh! no; nor to send compliments that never were delivered. I had a relation who always finished his letters with "his love to all that was near and dear to us," though he did not care a straw for me or any of his family. It was said of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she never put dots over her *i's*, to save ink: how she would have enjoyed modern economy in that article! She would have died worth a thousand farthings more than she did—nay, she would have known exactly how many; as Sir Robert Brown† did, who calculated

* Second son of Francis Seymour Conway, first Earl of Hertford.

† A noted miser, who raised a great fortune as a merchant at Venice, though his whole wealth when he went thither consisted in one of those vast wigs (a second-hand one, given to him) which were worn in the reign of Queen Anne, and which he sold for five guineas. He returned to England, very rich, in the reign of George II., with his wife and three daughters, who would have been great fortunes. The eldest, about

what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard. I am surprised that no economist has retrenched second courses, which always consist of the dearest articles, though seldom touched, as the hungry at least dine on the first. Mrs. Leneve,* one summer at Houghton, counted thirty-six turkey-pouts† that had been served up without being meddled with.

5th.

I had written thus far yesterday. This minute I receive your nephew's of Sept. 20th; it is not such an one by any means as I had wished for. He tells me, you have had a return of your disorder—indeed, he consoles me with your recovery; but I cannot in a moment shake off the impression of a sudden alarm, though the cause was ceased, nor can a second agitation calm a first on such shattered nerves as mine. My fright is over, but I am not composed. I cannot begin a new letter, and therefore send what I had

eighteen, fell into a consumption, and, being ordered to ride, her father drew a map of the by-lanes about London, which he made the footman carry in his pocket and observe, that she might ride without paying a turnpike. When the poor girl was past recovery, Sir Robert sent for an undertaker, to cheapen her funeral, as she was not dead, and there was a possibility of her living. He went farther; he called his other daughters, and bad them courtesy to the undertaker, and promise to be his friends: and so they proved, for both died consumptive in two years!

* A lady who lived with Sir Robert Walpole, to take care of his youngest daughter, Lady Maria, after her mother's death. After Sir Robert's death, and Lady Mary's marriage with Mr. Churchill, she lived with Mr. H. Walpole to her death.

† As the sons of Rajahs in India are called Rajah Pouts, and as turkeys came from the East, quære if they were not called Turkey-pouts, as an Eastern diminutive?

written. I will only add, what you may be sure I feel, ardent wishes for your perfect health, and grateful thanks to your nephew for his attention—he is rather your son; but indeed he is Gal.'s son, and that is the same thing. How I love him for his attendance on you! and how very kind he is in giving me accounts of you! I hope he will continue; and I ask it still more for your sake than for my own, that you may not think of writing yourself. If he says but these words, "My uncle has had no return of his complaint," I shall be satisfied—satisfied!—I shall be quite happy! Indeed, indeed, I ask no more.

LETTER CCCCXL.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 30, 1785.

I AM a contradiction; yet very naturally so; I wish you not to write yourself, and yet am delighted when I receive a letter in your own hand: however, I don't desire it should be of four pages, like this last of the 11th. When I have had the gout, I have always written by proxy. You will make me ashamed, if you don't use the precedent. Your account of yourself is quite to my satisfaction. I approve, too, of your not dining with your company. Since I must be old and have the gout, I have long turned those disadvantages to my own account, and plead them to the utmost when they will save me from doing anything I dislike. I am so lame, or have such a sudden pain, when I do

not care to do what is proposed to me! Nobody can tell how rapidly the gout may be come, or be gone again; and then it is so pleasant to have had the benefit, and none of the anguish!

I did send you a line last week in the cover of a letter to Lady Craven, which I knew would sufficiently tell your quickness how much I shall be obliged to you for any attentions to her. I thought her at Paris, and was surprised to hear of her at Florence. She has, I fear, been *infinitamente* indiscreet; but what is that to you or me? She is very pretty, has parts, and is good-natured to the greatest degree; has not a grain of malice or mischief (almost always the associates, in women, of tender hearts), and never has been an enemy but to herself. For that ridiculous woman Madame Piozzi,* and t'other more impertinent one,† of whom I never heard before, they are like the absurd English dames with whom we used to divert ourselves when I was at Florence. As to your little knot of poets, I do not hold the cocks higher than the hens; nor would I advise them to repatriate. We have at present here a most incomparable set, not exactly known by their names, but who, till the dead of summer, kept the town in a roar, and, I suppose, will revive by the meeting of Parliament. They have poured forth a torrent of odes, epigrams, and part of an imaginary epic poem, called the Rolliad, with a comment-

* Widow of Mr. Thrale, on whose death she married an Italian fiddler, and was then at Florence with him.

† Another English gentlewoman also there.

ary and notes, that is as good as the Dispensary and Dunciad, with more ease. These poems are all anti-ministerial, and the authors* very young men, and little known or heard of before. I would send them, but you would want too many keys: and indeed I want some myself; for, as there are continually allusions to Parliamentary speeches and events, they are often obscure to me till I get them explained; and besides, I do not know several of the satirized heroes even by sight: however, the poetry and wit make amends, for they are superlative.

News I have none, wet or dry, to send you: politics are stagnated, and pleasure is not come to town. You may be sure I am glad that Cæsar is baffled; I neither honour nor esteem him. If he is preferring his nephew† to his brother, it is using the latter as ill as the rest of the world.

Mrs. Damer is again set out for the Continent to-day, to avoid the winter, which is already begun severely; we have had snow twice. Till last year, I never knew snow in October since I can remember; which is no short time. Mrs. Damer has taken with her her cousin Miss Campbell, daughter of poor Lady William, whom you knew, and who died last year. Miss Campbell has always lived with Lady Ailesbury, and is a very great favourite and a very sensible girl. I be-

* The principal were Mr. Ellis, Mr. Laurence, a lawyer, Col. R. Fitzpatrick, and John Townshend, second son of George Viscount Townshend.

† The Emperor was supposed to be endeavouring to get the eldest son of his brother the Great-Duke elected King of the Romans.

lieve they will proceed to Italy, but it is not certain. If they come to Florence, the Great-Duke should beg Mrs. Damer to give him something of her statuary; and it would be a greater curiosity than anything in his Chamber of Painters. She has executed several marvels since you saw her; and has lately carved two colossal heads for the bridge at Henley, which is the most beautiful one in the world, next to the Ponte di Trinità,* and was principally designed by her father, General Conway. Lady Spencer † draws—incorrectly indeed, but has great expression. Italy probably will stimulate her, and improve her attention. You see we blossom in ruin! Poetry, painting, statuary, architecture, music, linger here,

on this sea-encircled coast, (*Gray*,)

as if they knew not whither to retreat farther for shelter, and would not trust to the despotic patronage of the Attilas,‡ Alarics, Amalasuntas of the North! They leave such heroic scourges to be decorated by the Voltaires and D'Alemberts of the Gauls, or wait till by the improvement of balloons they may be transported to some of those millions of worlds that Herschell is discovering every day; for this new Columbus has thrown open the great gates of astronomy, and neither Spanish

* At Florence.

† Lavinia Bingham, daughter of Charles Lord Lucan, and wife of John second Earl Spencer, with whom she was then in Italy.

‡ Frederic II., King of Prussia, Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, Catherine II., Empress of Russia, who had usurped and divided great part of Poland.

inquisitors nor English Nabobs will be able to torture and ransack the new regions and their inhabitants. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLI.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 4, 1785.

You and I, my dear sir, have long out-friendshipped Orestes and Pylades. Now I think we are like Castor and Pollux; when one rises, t'other sets; when you can write, I cannot. I have got a very sharp attack of the gout in my right hand, which escaped last year, but is paying its arrears now: however, I hope the assessment will not be general on all my limbs. Your being so well is a great collateral comfort to me. The behaviour of your nephew is charming and unparalleled: by the way, so is Mr. Croft's;* and, in a money-getting man, very extraordinary. I don't mean, that I expect economy *for* another from a prodigal.

For the Signora,† who has been so absurd as to quarrel with your nephew, all I will say in a letter is, that it is a kind of indiscretion I should not have expected from her. I will take no notice of knowing it; but I shall drop her correspondence, as I had done at Paris. You know I tried to serve her; but, alas! how often are you punished by my most harmless intentions! I wonder how our Ministers abroad have patience with

* A banker.

† An English lady mentioned in the preceding letter.

the extravagances of their compatriots: I have not, I am sure. Well! I will plant her there with a slight alteration of the two last lines of Paradise Lost:

> The world is all before her, where to choose
> Her place of rest—*Im*-providence her guide.

On your political rumours * I shall not descant, though they announce, on one side, an intention of opening a vast scene; and, on the other, a determination to embarrass it: but, as I recede from life, I look at distant objects through the diminishing end of a telescope, which reduces them to a point. On this side of our asterism I know nothing. My own chamber, and the next, contain my whole map; and two sides of a sheet of paper are volume enough for its history. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLII.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 13, 1785.

I HAVE this minute received yours of the 25th of last month; and, though I cannot write with my own hand, (which, however, is vastly better, and getting well,) I must say a few words. You surely know me too well to suppose for a minute that anything could hurt you or your nephew in my affection or esteem; much less the ravings of such an *aventurière*. I have

* A report that the Empress of Russia was going to send a fleet against Constantinople, and that the Kings of Spain and France had enjoined the King of Naples to shut his ports against it.

received two letters from her on the subject, and I can want no other evidence to condemn her. Her behaviour is little more than absurd, and her Knight's interference *y met le comble.*

You may depend upon it, I shall totally drop the correspondence, but shall never own that I know a word of the matter; and I beg that you and your nephew will say that I never mentioned the affair to you, particularly not to the person* whom the dame acquainted that she had complained to me. I have reasons for what I say, which I cannot explain in a letter.

I am overjoyed to see your writing so firm, and to hear you again dine at table; but I beseech you not to abate any attention to your health. My surgeon (for I have been obliged to have one for my hand) has wanted me for these two days to go out and take the air; but I have positively refused, for I got two relapses last winter by venturing out too soon. I had rather be confined ten days more than are necessary, than recommence. I have great patience whenever the fit comes; but a relapse puts me into despair. I must finish, for your letter did not arrive till past seven; mine must go to the office by nine; and, about eight, people drop in to me: but I would not lose a minute before I answered yours.

* An English Lord, who happened to be then at Florence, and of whom Mr. Walpole had no favourable opinion.

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 8, 1786.

I THINK, my dear sir, that you will be glad to hear that I am getting free from my parenthesis of gout, which, though I treat it as an interlude, has confined me above six weeks, and for a few days was very near being quite serious. It began by my middle finger of this hand, with which I am now writing, discharging a volley of chalk, which brought on gout and an inflammation, and both together swelled my arm almost to my shoulder. In short, I was forced to have a surgeon. But last week my finger was delivered of a chalk-stone as big as a large pea, and now I trust the wound will soon heal; and in every other respect I am quite well, and propose taking the air in two or three days, if the weather grows dry: but for two days we have a deluge of rain, and solid fogs after ten days of snow, and a severer frost than any of last winter. I hope you are as well as I am, without having had so grave an *intermezzo*. However, I do not like your inundation of English peerages;* and I cannot enough applaud your two nephews for staying, and relieving you of so much of the load. I doubt you will have more fatigue, for I hear the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are going to Rome; and the other princely pair† are at Naples: but I hope you will not prefer etiquette

* The Duchess Dowager of Ancaster, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Bulkeley, were then just arrived, or were expected at Florence.

† The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

to your regimen. I make it a rule, since I must be old and infirm, to plead age and ill-health against anything that is inconvenient. You will see two other English with pleasure, as they will give you no trouble,—Mrs. Damer, and her cousin Miss Campbell, daughter of poor Lady William, whom you knew. The latter has always lived with Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who are as fond of her as of their own daughter; and indeed she is a very amiable, sensible young woman. In truth, the exports from this country are incredible: France, Nice, Switzerland, swarm with us—and not all, as *you* have lately experienced, raise our credit. Gaming has *transported* half.

I ought to have thanked you sooner for your last, as it announced some kind china from you; but, besides the hindrance of my lame hand, I wished to say I had received it, for indeed I had nothing else to tell you. My confinement, and the depopulation of London, which is still a desert, could produce but a very barren letter. I know nothing of the Continent but from our newspapers, the last intelligence in the world to be trusted. They are common-sewers of lies, scandal, abuse, and blunders. What must Europe think of us from our travellers, and from our own accounts of ourselves?—Oh! not much worse than we deserve! The mail from France was robbed last night in Pall-Mall, at half an hour after eight—yes, in the great thoroughfare of London, and within call of the guard at the Palace. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut, and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise it-

self. A courier is gone to Paris for a copy of the dispatch. What think you of banditti in the heart of such a capital? yet at Dublin, I believe, the outrages are ten times more enormous. Methinks we are not much more civilized than the ages when the Marches of Wales and Scotland were theatres of rapine.

Miss Molesworth, whom you saw a few years ago with her aunt Lady Lucan, and her cousin Lady Spencer, is just married to Mr. Pratt, Lord Camden's son.

I think this is pretty well written for a hand that has still more chalk-stones on it than joints, and its middle finger wrapped up.* In truth, I have suffered very little pain, nor lost an hour's sleep but for three nights. Confinement and debility in my limbs are grievances, no doubt, or I should not think the gout so violent an evil as it is reckoned; at least, in the quantity I have undergone in thirty years the total of pain has not been very considerable. It has very seldom lowered my spirits; and, the moment the fever is gone, I can sleep without end, day and night. I am complimented on my patience—but what merit is there in patience, when one is not awake, or not in much pain, and not apt to be out of humour? *You* I have seen patient, and never out of humour, though in torture.

* Walpole, however, endured his sufferings with extraordinary patience. In a letter to her sister, dated Feb. 17, 1786, Mrs. Hannah More thus writes: "I made poor Vesey go with me on Saturday to see Mr. Walpole, who has had a long illness. Notwithstanding his sufferings, I never found him so pleasant, so witty, and so entertaining. He said a thousand diverting things about Florio, but accused me of having imposed on the world by a dedication full of falsehood, meaning the compliment to himself. I never knew a man suffer pain with such entire patience."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 11.—Ed.

In fact, if people of easy fortunes cannot bear illness with temper, what are the poor to do, who have none of our comforts and alleviations? The affluent, I fear, do not consider what a benefit-ticket has fallen to their lot out of millions not so fortunate; yet less do they reflect that chance, not merit, drew the prize out of the wheel.

9th.

I have seen a person from the Custom-house, who tells me *the Lively* is not expected before February: when it arrives, I will thank you again for the china.

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 13, 1786.

If I was to talk of what has occupied most of my thoughts for these last three months, it would be of myself; but that is not a subject with which I ought to harass others, and therefore I shall be brief on it. A finger of each hand has been pouring out a hail of chalk-stones and liquid chalk; and the first finger, which I hoped exhausted, last week opened again and threw out a cascade of the latter, exactly with the effort of a pipe that bursts in the street: the gout followed, and has swelled both hand and arm; and this codicil will cost me at least three weeks. I must persuade myself, if I can, that these explosions will give me some repose; but there are too many chalk-eggs in the other fingers not to be hatched in succession.

I have had no occasion at least, my dear sir, to double my lamentation on your account. Mrs. Damer and Miss Campbell have sent Lady Ailesbury the most pleasing accounts of your health, and the warmest encomiums on your and your nephew's kindness to them. I must thrust myself into a share of the gratitude; for, with all their merit and your benevolence, I do not believe you forgot the pleasure you was giving me.

There are reports that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are going to Rome, but we do not know it certainly. Our newspapers have been pleased twice lately to kill his Royal Highness; but, though they murder characters and reputations, they cannot take away lives; and indeed they themselves are so lost to all credit, that even the first notification made no impression.

Though the Parliament has been some time opened, it does not furnish a paragraph. There have been three or four times some angry speeches, but no long debate or division. The Opposition seems very inactive, but promises some vivacity on Indian affairs. Mr. Eden's desertion has been the chief topic of politics, and on his subject the newspapers have been so profuse that I can make no additions to them.

Since I began this, I have received yours of the 28th past; and, though your account of yourself is exceedingly welcome and pleasing, I am much grieved that your excellent nephews are leaving you: I am sure they cannot help it, for they have shown how much they prefer attending and saving you trouble. For trouble, I

hope you will totally dispense with it: your age, indisposition, and fifty years of exertion of duties, benevolence, and attentions to all the world, demand and claim a *quietus*; and, if I have any weight with you, I enjoin your taking it out. If their RR. HH. of Gloucester pass through Florence, I do hope and beg that with all your public and private zeal you will not exert a strength you have not in doing honours; they, I am sure, will not expect it from you: and, when one's own health is at stake, dignities are a joke. When I am ill, I look on Royalties as I do when I see them on the stage, as pageants void of reality: what signifies whether they are composed of velvet and ermine, or of buckram and tinsel? If death opens one's eyes to the emptiness of glories here, sickness surely ought at least to open one eye. Your sweet nature does not think so roughly as mine, and therefore I prescribe stronger doses to you, which I hope self-preservation will persuade you to follow. Mr. Dutens* was here yesterday, and talked to me for an hour on all your good qualities; and charmed me by describing how the people of Florence, as you pass along the streets, show you to one another with fondness and respect.

I am obliged to you for your accounts of the House of *Albany*;† but that extinguishing family can make no sensation here when we have other guess-matter‡ to

* A French Protestant clergyman, who had been employed in the embassy at Turin under Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Mountstuart, and author of several works.

† The Pretender's family.

‡ The connection of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

talk of in a higher and more flourishing race : and yet were rumour—ay, much more than rumour, every voice in England—to be credited, the matter, somehow or other, reaches even from London to Rome. I know nothing but the buzz of the day, nor can say more upon it : if I send you a riddle, fame, or echo from so many voices, will soon reach you and explain the enigma ; though I hope it is essentially void of truth, and that appearances rise from a much more common cause.

The swelling of my hand is much abated since I began to dictate this yesterday. The day has been so vernal, that my surgeon would have persuaded me to take the air ; but I am such a coward about relapses, that I would not venture. Adieu !

LETTER CCCCXLV.

Berkeley Square, March 16, 1786.

YOUR short letter on losing your two amiable nephews gave me great pain for you, my dear sir. As Sir Horace generally hires *post-winds*, I expected him the next day : but, as the snow had engaged the whole stable of east-winds for this last month, he is not arrived yet, nor Ginori's china neither, which ought to have been here in February ; and which disappointment contributed to delay my thanks, though I can say already that

> ———*Tuis* nunc Omnia plena
> *Muneribus.*

Two additional causes have concurred in my silence: I had nothing new to tell you; and, till within these ten days, my poor lame and cold hands could not move a pen. Our second winter has been bitter; and, though my chalk-mines were exhausted for the present, I did not dare to stir out, nor have yet been abroad in a morning but three times;—and yesterday we had a new codicil of snow. Our great roads, spacious and level as they are, are almost impassable.

London has been very calm, both politically and fashionably. Mr. Pitt lost a question, by the Speaker's vote only, on a large plan of fortifications which the Minister had adopted to please the Duke of Richmond. Most other debates roll on the affair of Mr. Hastings, who is black-washed by the Opposition, and is to be white-washed by the House of Commons. I do not know who is guilty or innocent; but I have no doubt but India has been blood-washed by our countrymen!

The present subject of the day comes from a country where there reigns as little equity, and more avowed barbarism, than in India. The hero is a Mr. Fitzgerald, grandson of Lord Hervey, and consequently nephew of his Eminence *the Episcopal Earl of Bristol*—nor is the nepotism unworthy of the uncle. England, as well as Ireland, has long rung with Fitzgerald's exploits, who has just committed murders that would be almost unparalleled, if a few years ago he had not attempted the life of his own father, who was defended by another son — and yet neither father nor brother were

much better than the assassin. The particulars of the present tragedy are too long for a letter, and unnecessary, as they are all in the newspapers. By this time Fitzgerald is hanged, or *rescued*, or dead of his wounds; for the friends of the murdered broke into the prison, and gave Fitzgerald many wounds, but did not dispatch him, as he has long worn a waistcoat lined with elastic gum, which had *very honourably* saved his life formerly, when shot in a duel. This savage story is a little relieved by Cagliostro's Memorial, and by the exhibition of Mademoiselle la Chevalière D'Eon, who is come over. I trouble myself little to inquire into either of their histories—one shall never know the real truth of either; and what avails it to scrutinize what is unfathomable? What signifies exploring, when at last one's curiosity may rest on error?

I have a pleasanter theme for my own satisfaction: Captain Hugh Conway, a younger son of Lord Hertford, is going to marry Lady Horatia Waldegrave.* He is one of the first marine characters, and has every quality that would adorn any profession; but the striking resemblance between the lovers are good-nature and beauty. Lord Hertford is as much charmed with the match as I am; and we flatter ourselves the Duchess, to whom a courier is gone, and for whose consent they wait, will approve of it too, though it will not be an opulent alliance. Their RR. HH. are at Milan.

* Third daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester by her first husband, James, Earl of Waldegrave. Lady Horatia and Captain Conway were second cousins, once removed.

Lord and Lady Spencer are arrived,—and now I suppose the adventures of a certain Lady* and *her Cousin Vernon*, which I have kept profoundly secret, will be public. I have lately received a letter from *the Lady* from *Petersburgh:* luckily, she gave me no direction to her, no more than from *Venice;* so, if necessary, I shall plead that I did not know whether I must direct next to Grand Cairo, or Constantinople. Petersburgh I think a very congenial asylum; the Sovereign has already fostered the *Ducal Countess of Bristol*—for in the family of Hervey double dignities couple with facility. Formerly our outlaws used to concentre at Boulogne; they are now spread over the face of the earth. *Mr. Vernon's Cousin* tells me she has been also at Warsaw; that she showed the King a letter of mine, who put it into his pocket, translated it into French (though returning the original,) and would send it to his sister the Princess Czartoriski at Vienna:—so, I may see it in an Utrecht Gazette! I know not what it contained; however, I comfort myself that I have never dealt with my heroine but in compliments or good advice: but this comes of corresponding with strolling Roxanas.

I have very lately been lent a volume of poems, composed and printed at Florence, in which another of our ex-heroines, Mrs. Piozzi,† has a considerable share:

* Elizabeth Berkeley, Lady Craven, sister of the Earl of Berkeley.

† Widow of Mr. Thrale, a great brewer, remarried to Piozzi, an

her associates, three of the English bards who assisted in the little garland which Ramsay the painter sent me. The present is a plump octavo; and, if you have not sent me a copy by your nephew, I should be glad if you could get one for me: not for the merit of the verses, which are moderate enough, and faint imitations of our good poets; but for a short and sensible and genteel preface by La Piozzi, from whom I have just seen a very clever letter to Mrs. Montagu, to disavow a jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. In a day or two we expect another collection by the same Signora.

Though I ask for that volume, it made me very indignant. Though that constellation of *ignes fatui* have flattered one another as if they were real stars, I turned over the whole set of verses, (though I did not read a quarter,) and could not find the only name I expected to see—yours. What stocks and stones!—more insensible than their predecessors, who danced to Orpheus!—who lived under the shade of your virtues, and could drink of the stream of your humanity, benevolence, and attentions, and not attempt to pay one line to gratitude. If you send me the book, I think I will burn all but the preface.

I hope the spring will recruit your spirits, though it cannot replace your nephews! I am very impatient for their arrival. My own gout is gone, the chalk

Italian fiddler. She had broken with Sir Horace, because he could not invite her husband with the Italian nobility.

suspended for the present, and, except being six months older than Methusalem in point of strength, I am as well as I ever am.*

17th.

Your nephews are arrived; I have seen Sir Horace, he will write to you to-night himself. Adieu!

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

Berkeley Square, March 28, 1786.

THIS is but a codicil to my letter of last week, and only to tell you that *the Lively* is arrived, and that I have received the vases and books; and, by the courier, your letter of the 10th. The form of the vases is handsome; the porcelain and the gilding inferior to ours, and both to those of France; as the *paste* of ours at Bristol, Worcester, and Derby is superior to all but that of Saxony. The French excel us all in ornaments of taste — I mean, in such ornaments as do not rise to serious magnificence; but they must keep within doors: they may deck dress, furniture, china, and snuff-boxes; but buildings, cities, gardens, will not allow of spangles.

You have not told me whether the vases are of

* Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, however, it would appear that his good spirits remained; for Mrs. Hannah More thus speaks of him about this time, April 1786:—"Neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant Horace, which rather improve than decay; though he himself says he is only fit to be a milk-woman, as the chalk-stones at his fingers' ends qualify him for nothing but *scoring*, but he declares he will not be a *Bristol milkwoman*."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 15.—ED.

Ginori's or the Great-Duke's manufacture ; I imagine, of the former : but I shall ask your nephew when he returns to London. I thank you, too, for the volume of poems by the *Quadruple Alliance*, which, in my last, I have begged you to send me ; a wish you had anticipated. In the case there were also four copies of the Panegyric on Captain Cook, — did you mean any of the copies for any particular persons ?—and the poem on Lord Robert Manners. Once more, thanks for all !

Two days ago appeared Madame Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson. I am lamentably disappointed—in her, I mean; not in him. I had conceived a favourable opinion of her capacity. But this new book is wretched ; a high-varnished preface to a heap of rubbish, in a very vulgar style, and too void of method even for such a farrago. Her panegyric is loud in praise of her hero ; and almost every fact she relates disgraces him. She allows and proves he was arrogant, yet affirms he was not proud ; as if arrogance were not the flower of pride. A man may be proud, and may conceal it; if he is arrogant, he declares he is proud. She, and all Johnson's disciples, seem to have taken his brutal contradictions for *bons-mots*. Some of his own works show that he had, at times, strong, excellent sense ; and that he had the virtue of charity to a high degree, is indubitable : but his friends (of whom he made woful choice) have taken care to let the world know, that in behaviour he was an ill-natured bear, and in opinions as senseless a bigot

as an old washerwoman—a brave composition for a philosopher! Let me turn from such a Hottentot to his reverse—to *you;* to you, the mild, benevolent, beneficent friend of mankind, and the true contented philosopher in every stage. Your last resigned letter is an antidote to all Johnson's coarse, meditated, offensive apophthegms.

As spring must be arrived in Italy, though postponed again here by snow, frosts, and east-winds, I trust your cough will be softened, if not removed. I scarce can bring myself to hope it quite cured. My long observation has persuaded me, that a cough, though a vexatious remedy, is a preservative of elderly persons, from exercising and clearing the breast and lungs. I know two or three, who for years have had a constant cough in winter, and who have dangerous illnesses if it does not return in its season.

Thank you for the Leyden Gazette; the theme* is still very rife, but with no new event, though contradictory reports are coined every day: I do not repeat them, for I know not which are true, nor whether any are.

I interest myself much more in the slight shown to your nephew: it surprised me, for I thought that *he* at least was acceptable. Your nephew's delicacy was silent to me; and so must I be by the post.

I have at last been paid my fortune by *my* nephew —just forty years after my father's death! The only surviving son of that *Grand Corrupter*, who plundered

* Connection of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

England, has, after forty years, received four thousand pounds; which, with three thousand more, is all I have *ever* had from my father's family!—yet calumny will not blush, but repeat the lie! My nephew, or Lucas, have acted like themselves, and have jockied me out of six hundred pounds by a *finesse* in the bond, by dating it three years later than it should have been, and which my negligence had overlooked; and, therefore, I may blame myself. Lucas, who extorted from Mozzi interest upon interest against my opinion, took care not to offer it to me, though the case is similar, except that mine would have been much less; and you may be sure I would not ask for what I would not have accepted, as I disapprove such extortion, and should be sorry to resemble them. The purport too of the bond was curious. Lucas did not know that my eldest brother had paid me one thousand pounds of my fortune, and drew the bond for five thousand. I would not accept it, but made him draw it for four thousand. I will do him the justice to acknowledge that he said, "Oh, my Lord would pay me the whole." I replied, "I would *not* be paid twice; I knew, if *they* did not, that I had received one thousand:" and so, because I would not accept of what was not due to me, they curtailed the interest that ought to be my due! Well! I have done with them, and so shall you of hearing of them.

29th.

I have effaced two lines that I had written, because upon recollection I can account better for what happen-

ed. There is a gentlewoman* in the world who, a very few years ago, tried to captivate your nephew. She has had better success, I believe, lately in another place, though less to her honour. I ascribe to her the coldness; and dare to say, that a third person† did not know anything of the matter. I imagine you will have this mystery explained, like another.

Signora Piozzi's book is not likely to gratify her expectation of renown. There is a Dr. Woolcot,‡ a burlesque bard, who had ridiculed highly, and most deservedly, another of Johnson's biographic zanies, one Boswell; he has already advertized an eclogue between Bozzi and Piozzi, to be published next week; and, indeed, there is ample matter. The Signora talks of her Doctor's *expanded* mind, and has contributed her mite to show that never mind was narrower. In fact, the poor man is to be pitied: he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humour. Judge!—The Piozzi relates, that a young man asking him where Palmyra was, he replied, "In Ireland; it was a bog planted with palm-trees!" I am now rejoiced, and do not wonder that you was not thought worthy to

* Lady Almeria Carpenter, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Gloucester, and mistress of the Duke.

† The Duchess, who did not know of Sir H. Mann jun. being at Genoa, where the Duke would not see him.

‡ The well-known satirist, who wrote under the name of *Peter Pindar*.—Ed.

be mentioned by such a panegyrist! But what will posterity think of us when it reads what an idol we adored!

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

Berkeley Square, April 30, 1786.

THE almanack tells me that I ought to write to you; but then it ought to tell me what to say. I know nothing: people have been out of town for Easter, or rather for Newmarket; for our diversions mark the seasons, instead of their proclaiming themselves. We have no more spring than we had last year. I believe the milk-maids to-morrow will be forced to dress their garlands with Christmas nosegays of holly and ivy, for want of flowers.

The tragedy, or rather, I suppose, the farce, of Mr. Hastings's trial is also to commence to-morrow, when he is to make his defence before the House of Commons; where the majority of his judges are *ready* to be astonished at his eloquence, and the transparency of his innocence, and the lustre of his merit. In the mean time, the charges are enormous, and make numbers, who are not to be his jury, marvel how he will clear himself of half; and, if he does, what he will do with the remainder. I have not yet looked into the charge, which fills a thick octavo. My opinion is formed more summarily: Innocence does not pave its way with diamonds, nor has a quarry of them on its estate. All conversation turns on a trio of culprits—

Hastings, Fitzgerald, and the Cardinal of Rohan. I have heard so much of all lately that I confound them, and am not sure whether it was not the first who pretended to buy a brilliant necklace for the *Queen*, or who committed murders in Ireland, not in India; or whether it was not Fitzgerald who did not deal with Cagliostro for the secret of raising the dead, as he may have occasion for it soon. So much for tragedy!—Our comic performers are Boswell and Dame Piozzi.* The cock biographer has fixed a direct lie on the hen, by an advertisement in which he affirms that he communicated his manuscript to Madame Thrale, and that she made no objection to what he says of her low opinion of Mrs. Montagu's book. It is very possible that it might not be her real opinion, but was uttered in compliment to Johnson, or for fear he should spit in her face if she disagreed with him; but how will she get over her not objecting to the passage remaining? She must have known, by knowing Boswell, and by having a similar intention herself, that his anecdotes would certainly be published;—in short, the ridiculous woman will be strangely disappointed. As she must have heard that the whole first impression of her book was sold the first day, no

* On this subject, Mrs. Hannah More thus writes to her sister, April 1786:—"The Bozzi, &c., subjects are not exhausted, though everybody seems heartily sick of them. Everybody, however, conspires not to let them drop. That the 'Cagliostro,' and the 'Cardinal's necklace,' spoil all conversation, and destroyed a very good evening at Mr. Pepys's last night. The party was snug, and of my own bespeaking; consisting only of Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, the Burneys and Cambridge."—Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, vol. ii. p. 16.—Ed.

doubt she expects, on her landing, to be received like the Governor of Gibraltar, and to find the road strewed with branches of palm. She, and Boswell, and their Hero, are the joke of the public. A Dr. Woolcot, *soi-disant* Peter Pindar, has published a burlesque eclogue, in which Boswell and the Signora are the interlocutors, and all the absurdest passages in the works of both are ridiculed. The print-shops teem with satiric prints on them: one, in which Boswell, as a monkey, is riding on Johnson, the bear, has this witty inscription, "My Friend *delineavit.*"—But enough of these mountebanks!

The Duchess of Gloucester tells me that Lord Cowper is at Milan, on his way to England; yet, I shall not wonder if he still turns back. I remember Lady Orford came even to Calais, and returned *sur ses pas.*

May 4th.

I must send my letter to the office to-night, for I go to Strawberry to-morrow for two or three days—not that we have spring or summer yet! I believe both Seasons have perceived that nobody goes out of town till July, and that therefore it is not worth while to come over so early as they used to do. The Sun might save himself the same trouble, and has no occasion to rise before ten at night; for all Nature ought, no doubt, to take the *ton* from people of fashion, unless Nature is willing to indulge them in the opportunity of contradicting her! Indeed, at present, our fine ladies seem to copy her, at least the ancient symbols of her; for, though they do not ex-

hibit a profusion of naked bubbies down to their shoe-buckles, yet they protrude a prominence of gauze that would cover all the dugs of Alma Mater. Don't, however, imagine that I am disposed to be a censor of modes, as most old folks are, who seem to think that they came into the world at the critical moment when everything was in perfection, and ought to suffer no farther innovation. On the contrary, I always maintain that the ordinances of the young are right. Who ought to invent fashions? Surely not the ancient. I tell my veteran contemporaries that, if they will have patience for three months, the reigning evil, whatever it is, will be cured; whereas, if they fret till things are just as they should be, they may vex themselves to the day of doom. I carry this way of thinking still farther, and extend it to almost all reformations. Could one cure the world of being foolish, it were something: but to cure it of any one folly is only making room for some other, which, one is sure, will succeed to the vacant place.

Mr. Hastings used two days in his defence; which was not thought a very modest one, and rested rather on Machiavel's code than on that of rigid moralists. The House is now hearing evidence; and as his counsel, Mr. Machiavel, will not challenge many of the jury, I suppose Mr. Hastings will be honourably acquitted. In fact, who but Machiavel can pretend that we have a shadow of title to a foot of land in India; unless, as our law deems that what is done extra-parochially is deemed to have happened in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, India must in course be-

long to the crown of Great Britain. Alexander distrained the goods and chattels of Popes upon a similar plea; and the Popes thought all the world belonged to them, as heirs-at-law to one who had not an acre upon earth. We condemned and attainted the Popes without trial, which was not in fashion in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and, by the law of forfeiture, confiscated all their injustice to our own use; and thus, till we shall be ejected, have we a right to exercise all the tyranny and rapine that ever was practised by any of our predecessors anywhere,—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

Berkeley Square, May 29, 1786.

I HAVE been very unhappy at your debility, that expressed itself in your last letter—I do not say, that you complained of; for a murmur cannot possibly escape from one who never feels impatience, and whose temper infuses that philosophy which even your good sense could not alone confer. I was made easier last night by Lord Cowper, who had just received a very comfortable letter from you; and, now that my alarm is dissipated, my reason can recover its tone, and tells me that weakness is not danger—and might not my own experience have told me so? A puff of wind could blow me away; and yet here I am still, and have stood many a rough blast. I depend on the sun of

Florence, and on the cool pure air of its nights, for rehabilitating your nerves; and I am impatient for Mrs. Damer's return from Rome, because I flatter myself that she will send a good account of your convalescence.

Well! you find I have seen your principied Earl.* Curiosity carried me to a great concert at Mrs. Cosway's t'other night—not to hear Rubinelli, who sung *one* song at the extravagant price of ten guineas, and whom for as many shillings I have heard sing half a dozen at the Opera House: no, but I was curious to see an English Earl who had passed thirty years at Florence, and is more proud of a pinchbeck Principality and a paltry Order from Wirtemberg, than he was of being a Peer of Great Britain, when Great Britain *was* something. Had I staid till it is *not*, I would have remained where I was. I merely meant to amuse my eyes; but Mr. Dutens brought the personage to me, and presented us to each other. He answered very well to my idea, for I should have taken his Highness for a Doge of Genoa: he has the awkward dignity of a temporary representative of nominal power. Peace be with him and his leaf-gold!

I believe that, after having often told you that I plead my age and relics of gout to dispense with doing what I don't like, you will conclude I am grown in my dotage as fond of Highnesses as Earl Cowper or Lady Mary Coke. Most certainly it was not the plan of

* Earl Cowper.

any part of my life to end my career with Princes and Princesses, though I began with them, and was carried to Leicester House in my childhood to play with the late Duke of Cumberland and Princess Mary. Fate has again in my latter days thrown me amongst royalties; and (what is not common), though I have quitted the world, I seem to have *retired into drawing-rooms.* Ever since the late King's death, I have made Princess Amelie's parties once or twice a week: then, *bien malgré moi,* I was plunged into Gloucester House: and now by Princess Amelie I have been presented to the Prince of Wales at her house; and by my niece Lady Horatia's marriage with Captain Conway, who is a principal favourite of his Royal Highness, I have dined with the Prince at Lord Hertford's, and since at his own palace, where he was pleased to give a dinner to the two families, who in fact were one family* before.

This parenthesis being passed, I am going to my quiet little hill, after having been in public to-day more than I purposed ever to be again. I attended Princess Amelie to the rehearsal of Handel's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey, which I had been far from meditating; but, as she had the Bishop of Rochester's gallery, it was quite easy, and I had no crowd to limp through. The sight was really very fine, and the performance magnificent; but the chorus and kettle-drums for four hours were so thunderful, that they gave me

* Captain Conway's grandmother and Lady Horatia's grandmother were sisters.

the headache, to which I am not at all subject. Rubinelli's voice sounded divinely sweet, and more distinctly than at the Opera. The Mara's not so well, nor is she so much the fashion. I have been but once at the Opera, and twice at the play, this year. When the gout confines me to my room, it is a grievance: I do not complain of it for curtailing my diversions, for which I have no more taste than for courts; nor shall death surprise me in a theatre or in a drawing-room.

There has been no event of any consequence. I expect every day to hear of the marriage of your nephew and niece; and then I conclude the father will make you another visit, as he told me he should as soon as he has settled his daughter. I love to have him with you; not only for your comfort, but to save you the trouble of doing honours, which I dread for you since our Peeresses have taken to travelling as much as their eldest sons.

I was pleased to-day by reflecting, that though there were sixteen hundred persons present, who went in and out as they pleased, the extremest order and decency were observed, and not a guard was to be seen! Duchesses were mixed with the crowd, and not a bayonet was necessary—what a satire on Governments, that sow them thick where fifty persons are assembled! How dares a short-lived mortal tell his own fellow-creatures that he is afraid to leave them at liberty at their own diversions?

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

June 22, 1786.

I HAVE not yet received your letter by Mrs. Damer, my dear sir; but I have that of June 3rd, which announces it. I lament the trouble your cough gives you, though I am quite persuaded that it is medicinal, and diverts the gout from critical parts. I have felt so much, and consequently have observed so much, of chronical disorders, that I don't think I deceive myself. Should you tell me your complaint is not gouty, I should reply, that all chronical distempers are or ought to be gout; and, when they do not appear in their proper form, are only deviations. Coughs in old persons clear the lungs; and, as I have told you, I know two elderly persons who are never so well as when they have a cough.

I love Mrs. Damer for her attention to you; but I shall scold her, instead of you, for letting you send me the cameo. To you I will not say a cross word, when you are weak; but why will you not let me love you without being obliged to it by gratitude? You make me appear in my own eyes interested; a dirty quality, of which I flattered myself I was totally free. Gratitude may be a virtue; but what is a man who consents to have fifty obligations to be so virtuous? I have always professed hating presents: must not I appear a hypocrite, when I have accepted so many from you? Well! as I have registered them all in the printed

catalogue of my collection, I hope I shall be called a mercenary wretch. I deserve it.

Nothing you tell me of the Episcopal Count surprises me—he is horrible! His nephew Fitzgerald, whom his Holiness, though knowing his infernal character, had destined to put into orders and present with a rich living, had it fallen vacant, is hanged for a most atrocious murder, which has brought out others still blacker; but the story is too shocking for your good-natured feeble nerves. The great culprit Hastings's fate is not decided; but, to his and mankind's surprise, the House of Commons last week voted him on one of the articles deserving to be impeached, and Mr. Pitt declared on that article against him: so, Burke has proved to have been in the right in his prosecution.

The French prisoners have come off better than I expected. I said early, I was sure I should never understand the story: I am very sure now that I do not. Never did I like capital punishments; but, when they are committed, how comes so prodigious a robbery to escape? The Cardinal, supposing him merely a dupe, is not sufficiently punished. A Prince may be duped by a low wretch; a low man may be bubbled by a Prince: but it is not excusable in a man who has kept both the best and the worst company to be made such a tool. I would at least have sequestered his revenues, till the jewellers were paid; for I do not see why the Cardinal's family should suffer for his roguery or folly: and then I would have deprived him of his employ-

ments, as incapable. For that rascal Cagliostro, he should be punished for joining in the mummery, and shut up for his other impositions. For his legend, it is more preposterous, absurd, and incredible than anything in the Arabian Nights. He is come hither—and why should one think but he may be popular here too! But enough of criminals and adventurers: though perhaps it is not much changing the theme to tell you that I have received a letter from Constantinople, as I had one from Petersburgh, before that from Venice, after the heroine had left Florence. She is now gone to the Greek Isles, and bids me next direct to Vienna. I have answered none; I had a mind to direct to the Fiancée du Roi de Garbe. I shall at least stay till I hear that she is not a prize to some Corsair.

Your nephew and niece, I hear, are married. The father, I hope, will now soon make you another visit; I love to have him with you.

I talked of gratitude, but recollect that I have not even thanked you for your cameo. I hope this looks like not being delighted with it:—how can I say such a brutal thing? I am charmed with your kindness, though I wished for no more proofs of it. In short, I don't know how to steer between my inclination for expressing my full sense of your friendship, and my pride, that is not fond of being obliged—and so very often obliged—by those I love most. Oh! but I have a much worse vice than pride (which, begging the clergy's pardon, I don't think a very heinous one, as it is a counter-poison to meanness)—I am monstrously un-

grateful; I have received a thousand valuable presents from you, and yet never made you one! I shall begin to think I am avaricious too. In short, my dear sir, your cameo is a mirror in which I discover a thousand faults, of which I did not suspect myself, besides all those which I did know: no, no, I will not lecture Mrs. Damer, but myself. I absolve you, and am determined to think myself a prodigy of rapacity! I see there is no merit in not loving money, if one loves playthings. I have often declaimed against collectors, who will do anything mean to obtain a rarity they want: pray, is that so bad as accepting curiosities, and never making a return? Oh! I am the most ungrateful of all virtuosos, as you are the most generous of all friends! Well! the worse I think of myself, the better I think of you, and that is some compensation for the contempt I have for myself; and I will be content to serve as a foil to you. Adieu!

This is the last letter which Horace Walpole addressed to Sir Horace Mann. The illness of the latter now became serious, but he lingered on in great suffering until the 16th of November. His last moments were cheered by the kind attentions of his nephew, who immediately repaired to Florence, on learning of his uncle's illness. According to his wishes the remains of Sir Horace Mann were brought to England, and deposited in the family vault at Linton in Kent.—Ed.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Paris, December 2nd, 1765.

DEAR GEORGE,

In return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk I send you a whole letter, but I was in your debt before, for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent.* I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see every body and every thing is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fogs and damps, which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. However, it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step towards being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there are, but where they exist I don't guess: not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good-natured, and make me keep my armed-chair,

* Madame du Deffand had been the mistress of the famous Regent-Duke of Orleans.—Ed.

and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at first: but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!

Your old flame, the Queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. She has been ever since at Fontainbleau, watching her son, whose death is expected every day, though it is as much the fashion not to own it, as if he was of the immortal House of Brunswick.* Madame Geoffrin† is extremely what I had figured her, only with less wit and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delight-

* The Dauphin Louis died at Fontainbleau, after a long illness, on the 20th of this month, at the age of thirty-six.

† Walpole writes to Gray the poet on the 25th January, 1766, "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, in spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship, and by a freedom and severity which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents." Gibbon also writes to his father on the 24th of February, 1763, "Lady Hervey's recommendation to Madame Geoffrin was a most excellent one: her house is a very good one; regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in Paris, in men of letters and people of fashion." Lady Hervey (the celebrated Mary Lepel) was the means of introducing both Gibbon and Walpole to Madame Geoffrin.—Ed.

ful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I live much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochfort, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason, I believe, to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace.* At the Marquis de Brancas' I dined with the Duc de Brissac, in his red stockings: in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garrick and Mr. Pitt act or not.

Pray tell Lord Holland, that I have sent him the few new things that I thought would entertain him for a moment, though none of them have much merit. I would have written to him, had I had anything to tell him; which, you perceive by what I have said, I had not. The affair of the Parliament of Brétagne, and the intended trial of the famous Mons. de Charolais by *commission*, against which the Parliament of Paris strongly inveighs, is the great subject in agitation; but I know little of the matter, and was too sick of our own Parliaments to interest myself about these. The Hôtel de Carnavalet† sends its blessings to you. I never pass it without saying an Ave Maria de Rabutin Chantal,

* Maurepas had been Minister of Marine, and is now known to have been disgraced by means of Madame de Pompadour. On the death of Louis the Fifteenth he was summoned to assist in forming the new Administration.—Ed.

† The residence of Madame de Sevigné in Paris.

gratiâ plena! The Abbé de Malherbe has given orders that I should see Livry whenever I please. Pray tell me which convent was that of *nos Sœurs de Sainte Marie*, where our friend* used to go on the evening that Madame de Grignan set out for Provence?

My best compliments to Mr. Williams: has Lord Rockingham done anything for him yet? or has the Duke of Newcastle his old power of dispensing with promises? I sent my Lady Townshend, as long ago as by Lady Hertford, two silver knives which she desired, but cannot hear by any way that she received them. I could ask twenty other questions; but some I had better not ask, and the rest I should not care whether they were answered or not. We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph does not desire to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England. I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew.

I beg your pardon, my dear sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour awake,† and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons-mots* here to send you, and I cannot

* Madame de Sevigné. It is almost needless to say that Madame de Grignan was the daughter to whom her charming letters are addressed. Livry, situated in the Fôret de Bondi, about three leagues from Paris, was frequently the residence of Madame de Sevigné, and the place from whence several of her letters were addressed.—Ed.

† Selwyn was in the habit of dozing in company.—Ed.

hope that you will send me your own. Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire Betty's.*

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and savants, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. Were ever two men so like in their persons, or so unlike in their dispositions, as Dr. Gem and Brand? Almost the first time I ever saw Gem, he said to me, "Sir, I am serious, I am of a very serious turn!" Yes, truly! Say a great deal for me to Lord March, and to the Rena's dogs *touffe ébourifée.* The old President† would send his compliments to you, if he remembered you or anything else.

* The mistress of a fruit-shop in St. James's Street, a lounging-place of the men of fashion of the day.—Ed.

† Charles John Francis, better known as the President Henault, was the author of several dramatic works, but was principally famous for his excellent dinners, and his work, the "Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France." Voltaire addresses him,—

> Henault, fameux par vos soupers,
> Et votre Chronologie, &c.

Henault was the intimate friend of Madame du Deffand, and his table was the resort of all the men of wit and talent of the French capital. He died in 1770.—Ed.

When we three meet again at Strawberry, I think I shall be able at least to divert Mr. Williams; but till then you must keep my counsel. Madame du Deffand says I have *le fou mocqueur*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at *whisk* and Richardson,* though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume ;† the only Trinity now in fashion here. *A propos*, I see by the papers that the Bishop of London is suppressing mass-houses. When he was Bishop of Peterborough and Parson of Twickenham, he suffered one under his nose. Did the Duchess of Norfolk get him translated to London? I should conclude so; and that this was the first opportunity he had of being ungrateful. Adieu! my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

* "High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's History, just as travellers visit the rocks of Meillerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compares him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: 'On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni même approchant.'" Sir Walter Scott, Prosé Works, vol. iii. p. 48.—ED.

† Hume, as Secretary of the Embassy under the Earl of Hertford, and afterwards as Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, had rendered himself *personally* no less popular in France than Richardson had done by his sentimentalities.—ED.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Arlington Street, October 16, 1767.

THANK you; I am as well as any body can be that has been drowned from above and below, that was sick to death for eight hours,* with the additional mortification of finding myself not invulnerable. In short, I had every affliction from my passage, except in not catching cold; so that on that side I am still first-cousin to Hercules.

I find London as empty as possible, and politics quite asleep,—I mean, in town. In the counties they are all mad about elections. The Duke of Portland, they say, carried thirty thousand pounds to Carlisle, and it is all gone already. Lord Clive is going before his money, and not likely to live three months.

Lady Bolingbroke has declared she will come into waiting on Sunday se'nnight; but, as the Queen is likely to be brought to bed before that time,† this may be only a bravado. The report is, that she intends to acknowledge all my Lord can desire.

I found Lord Holland most remarkably mended in his health. Lady Holland has set out to-day, and he follows her to-morrow. I beg you will tell the Marquise de Broglie, (whom you will see at the President's,) that Lord Holland carries her a box of pimpernel seed, and will leave it at Mons. Panchaud's,

* In his passage from France. Walpole quitted Paris for England on the 6th of this month.—ED.

† The Queen was brought to bed of the late Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, on the 2d of November.—ED.

whither she must send for it. I hope you will be so good as not forget this; nor another little commission, which is, to ask Madame Geoffrin where Mons. Guibert, the King's carver, lives, and then to send him a guinea, for a drawing he made for me, which I will deduct from the lottery tickets which I have bought for you, at twelve pounds seventeen and sixpence a-piece. The numbers are, 17574, on which I have written your name and Mad. de Bentheim's, and 26442, on which I have written Wiart's.

I have twice called on my Lady Townshend, but missed her; I am now going to her by appointment.

Pray tell Lord Carlisle that I delivered his letters and parcels. Say a great deal for me to Madame du Deffand and Lord March, who I need not say are what I left best at Paris. Do not stay for more hurricanes and bad weather, but come away the first fine day. Adieu! Yours ever, H. W.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn,
à l'Hôtel de Duc de York,
Rue Jacob, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1771.

Who would ever have thought that Raton and Rosette* would be talked of for one another? But neither innocence nor age are secure! People say that there never is a smoke without some fire: here is a striking

* The names of two dogs belonging to George Selwyn and Horace Walpole.—Ed.

proof to the contrary. Only think of the poor dear souls having a comic opera made upon their loves.* Rosette is so shocked that she insists upon Raton's posting to Paris and breaking the poet's bones, *sauf à les ronger après.* If he is a *preux chevalier*, he will vindicate her character *d'une manière éclatante.* Do not tell me that you are lying-in and cannot spare him; I am sure you are so fond of your little girl, that you will not miss him.

Have you heard the last adventure of the *fiancée du Roi de Garbe?* She was seven years and a half at sea; the captain of the packet-boat is tall, comely enough, and a very shark on such an occasion. He snapped her up at once as voraciously as she did John Harding. They passed a week together at Calais, and he then consigned her over to a marching regiment at Ardres. Alfieri† told this story himself to Monsieur

* *Le Journal des Spectacles*, 28 August, 1771, contains the following bill under the head of "La Comédie Italienne."

RATON ET ROSETTE,
Parodie rémise au Théâtre,
Avec ses Agrémens;
Précédée DU MARECHAL.
On prendra 6 *liv. et*
Demain la troisième Réprésentation
Des DEUX MILICIENS,
Comédie nouvelle en un Acte.
Suivi d'un Divertissement,
Précédée
Des INTRIGUES D'ARLEQUIN,
Pièce Italienne.
On commencera à cinq heures et un quart.—ED.

† Alfieri had recently visited England, where he had distinguished himself by his numerous gallantries.

Francès, from whom I had it fresh. Alfieri's sentiments, that had resisted so many trials, could not digest this last chapter; he has given her up. I wish, when she has run the gauntlet through all the troops on the road to Paris, she may replace Madame du Barry, and prove *la fiancée du Roi de France.*

Yours ever, H. WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

York, Aug. 12th, 1772.

DEAR GEORGE,

I LOVE to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commending Castle Howard? for though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack's grandfather built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious views, and Lord Strafford alone had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody, no, not *votre partialité,* as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a

metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, Vanbrugh has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully omitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and, except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonized with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall, I must beg, when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phaeton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half way back hither:

> Carlisle, expunge the form of Phaeton;
> Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
> For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son.

Oh! George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almack's; be admitted, *ad eundem*, among the muses; and save every doit to lay out in making a Helicon, and finishing my palace.

I found *my* Lord Northampton:* his name is on

* Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, so celebrated for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, died June 15th, 1614.—Ed.

his picture, though they showed me his nephew Suffolk's portrait, who was much fatter, for his. There is a delicious whole-length of Queen Mary, with all her folly in her face and her hand, and a thousand other things, which I long to talk over with you. When you write to Spa, pray thank Lord Carlisle for the great civilities I received here. The housekeeper showed me and told me everything, and even was so kind as to fetch Rosette a bason of water, which completed the conquest of my heart. Wine I was offered, and fruit was heaped on me, and even dinner was tendered; in short, I never passed a day more to my content. I only wanted you, and I should have been as happy as I was at Iceaux; you know my ecstasies when I am really pleased. By the end of next week I shall be in town, and hope to find you there, that we may satisfy both ourselves with larger details.

When I mentioned the attentions paid to me, I am ungrateful to forget the sun, who was complaisance itself, shone all day, gilt an hundred haycocks that were spread over the great lawn, and illuminated the mausoleum during my dinner. And now, will you tell me that Lord Carlisle is not nearer related to him than some folks thought? Let me tell you, this is much better authenticated than his lordship's priority to Howard of Corbie, in which you are mistaken, and so good night,

Yours most cordially, HOR. WALPOLE.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, Aug. 10th, at night. [1774.]

I THINK I shall be with you on Saturday; at least I know that I intend to set out to-morrow and lie at Park Place; but it is so formidable to me to begin a journey, and I have changed my mind so often about this, though I like it so much, that I beg you will not be disappointed if you do not see me. If I were juvenile enough to set off at midnight, and travel all night, you would be sure of me; but folks who do anything eagerly neither know nor care what they do. Sedate me, who deliberate, at least do not determine but on preference; therefore, if I surmount difficulties, I shall at least have some merit with you; and, if I do not, you must allow that the difficulties were prodigious, when they surmounted so much inclination.

In this wavering situation I wish you good-night, and hope I shall wake to-morrow as resolute as Hercules or Mr. Bruce;* but pray do not give me live beef for supper. Yours ever, H. W.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.,
at Matson, near Gloucester.

* The celebrated Abyssinian traveller. After surviving perils, such as it has been the fate of few men to encounter, he died by an accidental fall down stairs, while taking farewell of some guests, in April, 1794. Notwithstanding the difficulties spoken of by Mr. Walpole, he visited his friend as we find by the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Cole, dated the 15th March:—"Matson, near Gloucester. You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion where King Charles and his two eldest

TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

MADAM,

THE most proper mark of respect that I can show to the Duke or to your Royal Highness on a subject of such momentous importance, is to use as few words as possible. I am not wise enough to advise, much less to decide upon it; nor do I know a man in England who I think could advise the Duke upon it with good effect. All I can do is to suggest what comes into my mind on the most intense thought and coolest reflection, submitting my sentiments, with the utmost deference, to his Royal Highness's judgment.

No man living has a higher opinion of the Duke of Richmond's unequalled honour and integrity than I have. I respect his spirit and abilities, and am as sure as I can be of anything that he is incapable of an unworthy action. Still I should not recommend him for the mover, if the question is resolved upon. The D. of K. is particularly unwelcome to his Majesty; and the measure will be thought the more hostile if proposed by his Grace.

The question itself seems to me most unlikely of success. The Ministers will plead that when the King,

sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwyn's grandfather. The present master has done due honour to the royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the martyr, in a little gallery. In a window is a shield in painted glass, with that King's and his Queen's arms, which I gave him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother."

however necessitous, does not ask for an increase of income, from the present distressed situation of the country, it cannot be reasonable to augment the revenue of his brothers. An increase of the King's own revenue might be supposed to include the charge of his own children; but an addition to that of his brothers, would not lessen the burthen of his own issue. And it would infallibly be urged that so numerous a progeny as his Majesty's, makes it imprudent to establish a precedent of such large revenues for each Prince of the Royal Family.

In any case, so great is the power of the Crown, and so infamous the servility of Parliament, that there cannot be the shadow of hope that an increase could be obtained for the two Royal Dukes against the King's inclination.

But a question moved and lost, as undoubtedly this would be, could only make His Royal Highness's case worse, if possible, than it is at present. His Royal Highness's father, though heir-apparent to an old King, could not obtain an increase of income when parties ran high, and were almost equally divided. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, can hold out neither hopes nor rewards, and, in the very low ebb of opposition, would obtain scarce any support. When so few pay common respect by waiting on him, though not discountenanced for it, would they vote for him? no, not all that now pay their duty to him.

The question moved and lost, would change the state of the case to His Royal Highness's disadvantage.

His treatment may now be thought hard. When he should have had recourse to opposition, which a parliamentary application would be called, the courtiers would term it an hostile measure, and thus claim a sanction for their servility, by affecting to support offended majesty.

The King himself would then too plead that he only acted by the opinion of Parliament, who did not think it reasonable to increase the income of the two Princes. And the most moderate Ministers, if any such there are, who may have wished a reconciliation between the King and his brothers, will then oppose it, as concluding that, by voting against them, they have made the two royal dukes their personal enemies.

Thus every door to a reconciliation in the royal family would be shut, and no advantage gained. On the contrary, His Royal Highness would only let the world know how few friends stand by him. When so few even of the opposition wait on him, I doubt whether they would be heartier friends to his interest.

These seem to me insurmountable difficulties. It is still more arduous for me to chalk out an alternative.

I presumed to tell your Royal Highness, madam, when you first mentioned this great point to me, that I thought the first step in wisdom to be taken, was to engage the favour of mankind to the Duke's cause by showing he had done everything rather than act in what might be called a hostile manner. His Royal Highness will, I flatter myself, forgive me if I use even an improper term. Will it be too free-spoken in so

important a moment to say, that previous to an application to Parliament, which should in prudence be the last resort, I would recommend even that application, if the Duke could show he had tried every method of softening his Majesty's displeasure? Nobody knows so well as His Royal Highness how to mix dignity with propriety. Could not His Royal Highness, madam, blend those two in a representation of his youthful error, of his concern for having afflicted an affectionate brother and king, of tenderness for a wife, and a sweet little innocent princess, calling on his Majesty's piety for forgiveness, and by touching his heart on his own conjugal and parental affections; and above all by stating his own anxious cares on the incertitude of the fate of persons so dear to him as your Royal Highness and the infant princess, his daughter? These, madam, are noble motives, and would justify a tender and fraternal application to his Majesty's heart, and would distress it far differently from a question in Parliament. They would engage the compassion of the disinterested world, and in the last resort would corroborate in the strongest manner all arguments in Parliament, where it would certainly be asked if his Royal Highness had used any intercession with the King, his brother. When the Duke had tried all other methods in vain, such application could not be condemned; and the preference of all softer methods first would redound to His Royal Highness's honour.

Having said thus much, madam, I think my conscience and duty oblige me to add, that I think it

indispensably incumbent on those who have the honour to be related to your Royal Highness, to give you no advice but such as may tend to repair the breaches which the Duke's tenderness for you has occasioned in the Royal Family. The good of his Royal Highness calls on you and on us to consult his welfare in the first instance. You have always told me how desirous you are of sacrificing yourself for him. I know the uprightness of your heart, madam, and I know you spoke truth. Advise him to whatever is most for his benefit and credit. Do your duty by him, and trust to a just God for your reward. In the presence of that God I have given you the best advice in my power. I am sure I have not disobliged you by my freedom: I hope I have not offended his Royal Highness, but I declare on my conscience and honour, that I know not what better advice to give, and sign it with my name, as the firm opinion of, madam, your Royal Highness's

Most faithful and devoted humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Jan. 27, 1774.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Paris, Sept. 16, 1775.

MR. BRODERICK brought me your letter yesterday, and I told him, as you may be sure, how glad I shall be to be of any use to him. I shall be of little, I believe, as his object is to see things, not persons. Madame du Deffand would have been more pleased with

your message, which I delivered immediately, if she had had greater faith in it: yet, when Crawford and I come so often, how can she doubt her power of attraction? If possible, she is more worth visiting than ever: so far am I from being ashamed of coming hither at my age, that I look on myself as wiser than one of the Magi, when I travel to adore this star in the East. The star and I went to the Opera last night, and when we came from Madame de la Valière's, at one in the morning, it wanted to drive about the town, because it was too early to *set*. To be sure, you and I have dedicated our decline to very different occupations. You nurse a little girl of four years old, and I rake with an old woman of fourscore?* *N'importe;* we know many sages that take great pains to pass their time with less satisfaction.

We have both one capital mortification; have not you? That a great-grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné pretends, for it is not certain, that she has been debauched by ancient Richelieu,† and half the world thinks that she is more guilty of forgery. The memoirs of the two parties are half as voluminous as those of Monsieur du Guines, and more are to appear.

You shall have some royal prints. New fashions in dress, furniture, baubles, I have seen none. Feathers are waning, and almost confined to *filles* and foreigners.

* At this period Madame du Deffand had entered into her 79th year.—Ed.

† The Marshal Duc de Richelieu, so celebrated for his wit, his gallantries, and military talents, was at this period in his eightieth year. He died in August, 1788, at the age of ninety-two.

I found out an Englishwoman at the Opera last night by her being covered with plumes and no rouge; so well our countrywomen contrive to display their virtue!

I do not tell you about Mons. Turgot's* regulations and reformations, because you care no more about their *patrie* than your own; but you shall hear a *bon-mot* of Madame du Deffand. Mons. Turgot has begun several reforms and retracted them: she said,—*Dans le bon vieux tems on reculoit pour mieux sauter, au lieu que Mons. Turgot saute pour mieux reculer.*

Of the house of Harrington I know as much as you do. Lady Barrymore is here,† and my Lord and Lady Harriot‡ are coming: the first is excessively admired. Lady Mary Coke, Henry Grenville§ and his wife, Crawford, Lord Coleraine,‖ and Lord Duncannon, are here: the latter will carry this letter. There are many other English; but I did not come hither to get acquaintance of that sort. Madame du Deffand has filled up her vacancies, and given me enough new French. With

* The French Minister of Finance.—Ed.

† Emilia, third daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, and wife of Richard, sixth Earl of Barrymore. She died in 1780. Walpole writes to General Conway on the 6th of this month: "Lady Barrymore has taken a house. She will be glutted with conquests: I never saw anybody so much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overset."—Ed.

‡ Lady Henrietta Stanhope, fourth daughter of Lord Harrington, married, in March 1776, Thomas, fourth Lord Foley. She died in 1781.—Ed.

§ Henry Grenville, brother to Richard, first Earl Temple, had recently been ambassador at Constantinople. He married, October 11, 1757, Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.—Ed.

‖ John Hanger, second Lord Coleraine in Ireland. He died 20 November, 1794.

one of them you would be delighted, a Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck, are whiter than a miller's; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her *attentions* exuberant. She talks volumes, writes folios—I mean in *billets;* presides over the *Académie,* inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nut-shell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy tale; her bed stands in the middle of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it from the first antechamber. But you will see her if you come in spring, which you will not do, unless you bring Mie Mie and Raton, and one or two of Lord Carlisle's children; and that you will be afraid of doing, for Madame du Deffand has got a favourite dog,* that will bite all their noses

* The well-known Tonton bequeathed by Madame Du Deffand to Horace Walpole, and so frequently alluded to in his letters. Walpole writes to General Conway, on the 8th of September, 1775: "Tonton grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastile every day after five o'clock. The other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see everything in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog, having bitten a piece

off, and was very near tearing out one of Lady Barrymore's eyes the other night. Adieu! I shall see you by the middle of October the 21st.

Yours, &c.

P.S. Duncannon is not gone, but I can send my letter to-morrow, and shall.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.,
in Stanhope Street, Berkeley Square, London.

TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

January 17, 1775.

SIR,

YOUR Royal Highness's commands are so much a law to me that, though deeply conscious of the inequality of my understanding to so arduous a question, and full of fears lest a word should drop from me that should lead your Royal Highness into any step prejudicial to yourself, or to the Princesses, your daughters, I venture to lay my thoughts at your Royal Highness's feet; only intreating, if they appear to have any weight in them, that your Royal Highness would not adopt them till they have been approved by better judgments than mine.

Before I speak, sir, on the question whether your Royal Highness should take any measure in Parliament for procuring a provision for your family, permit me,

out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out 'Won't it make my dog sick?'" Collective Edition of Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 428.

sir, to state an apprehension that has struck me, from the conversation I had the honour of having with you, the last time I saw you. Your Royal Highness expressed doubts whether there might not be some idea of calling the legitimacy of your children in question. Alas! sir, if it is possible that any human mind should have such an idea, would not a motion in Parliament be the likeliest method of bringing that horrid intention into execution? The Parliament is so infamous, that it could, I firmly believe, be brought to lend its assistance to anything. As your Royal Highness's hint of carrying any part of your cause thither, has not alarmed—may one not suppose that, not alarming, it pleases? What will either House not do? what has either refused to do? Consider, sir, how many would be glad to colour over their mean desertion or neglect of you, by calling into question the validity of your marriage, and, consequently, of the birth of your children. Shame is apt to fly to crimes for a veil. I have no difficulty in speaking on this question: your Royal Highness must authenticate the legitimacy of your children, before you think of a provision for them. I rest it there, sir, not to trouble you with unnecessary words.

In regard to the question your Royal Highness was pleased to put to me, on some motion for a provision, I will consider it in two lights; in the first, whether it would be proper for any lords to take it up. This, sir, I am sorry to say, lies in a small compass, and extends to a very few lords in the opposition; your Royal High-

ness knows already my opinion, that a few opposing lords would only do your cause signal mischief, and would give the pretended sanction, that I fear is wished for, to doing nothing for you—and therefore, if I am not wrong, not to be attempted. The Duke of R—, with whom I have talked, fears nothing, sir, but hurting your cause. He is so personally obnoxious, that he thinks a motion from your Royal Highness and himself would only be considered, certainly represented, as factious—his Grace's tenderness and delicacy would not suffer him to add, that none of his friends would support him, though he knows they would not. But what could be expected, sir, from a measure so generally abandoned? When could it be revived with success, unless, not only times, but men, should be totally altered?

I can then, sir, have but one idea left, the same I suggested on Monday, if your Royal Highness should still think the present season a proper one, though it is probable that nothing will be stirred this year in relation to an increase of the revenue of the crown. I must throw myself on your Royal Highness's great goodness and generosity before I presume to utter what I have farther to say. You have indeed, sir, commanded me, given me leave to speak what I think, and dare not at such a crisis but speak what I think. Be not offended, sir; my heart burns to serve you, but I will not waste your time on my idle apologies. My sincerity must be proved by my actions.

'I have said, sir, how infamous I think Parliaments. I have not so bad an opinion of all mankind in general. Humanity can operate, when interest is silent. It seems essential, in my opinion, to any future service that your Royal Highness may reap from a motion in Parliament, that the cry of mankind should be raised loud in your favour. That can only be excited by stating your sufferings, and by being able to prove that you have done everything in your power to reconcile his Majesty, and to deprecate his anger. The plan I should humbly offer to your Royal Highness for your conduct will best explain my meaning, laying it before you, sir, with the utmost deference and diffidence; far from presuming to dictate, but obeying from perfect submission.

I should begin, sir, by writing an ostensible letter to the King, asking pardon for a natural youthful error, regretting his displeasure, intreating a return of his fraternal affections, stating my own ill health, and how much that must be augmented by his resentment, and at least imploring he would give that relief to a sick body and wounded mind of promising he would make a proper provision for persons so dear to me as my wife and children. As heightening the picture a little would not add to your Royal Highness's disorder, I would beg the comfort of taking leave of him in so critical a situation of my health. If this should have no effect, sir, I would just before leaving England, in my place in the House of Lords,

acquaint their Lordships that I was grieved that his Majesty was so much offended at a youthful error, which, as it was neither repugnant to religion nor law at that time, I had flattered myself had not been irremissible. That I had done but what the heir of the crown, James II., when Duke of York, had done and been forgiven, and what had very frequently been done by other Princes of the Royal blood, and by Kings of England themselves. That I had never refused any match that had been proposed, and had only chosen for myself when no wife had been sought for me. That I had preferred legal matrimony to the dissoluteness of youth; that I had selected a woman of blameless virtue; and that I had done what their Lordships could not disapprove, I had chosen a lady from their own class, into which Princes of the blood used to marry. I would then acquaint them with the steps I had in vain taken for a reconciliation. I would entreat them to be mediators with the King for remission of my fault in marrying without his approbation. I would acquaint them with the precarious state of my health, which obliged me to leave the kingdom and my family unprovided for; and I would beg them, as Christian Peers and his Majesty's great Council, to endeavour to repair the breaches in the Royal Family; and, if anything should happen to me, to intercede with his Majesty's piety and forgiveness, to make a suitable provision for two innocent young Princesses of his own blood, who had never offended him; and I would add, that, to avoid

any suspicion of intending disturbing his Majesty's mind, I declined making any present parliamentary application for my children, but would leave to the wisdom of their Lordships to take the most proper time of being intercessors for me and my family with my Royal Brother. This address, sir, to the Lords I would deliver in writing, and would desire it might be entered on the journals. I would then retire and leave them.

But now, sir, after taking such a latitude of liberty, whom shall I interest to be intercessor for me with your Royal Highness—your own excellent heart, sir? No, you cannot be offended at zeal, even if it has passed its due bounds. On my soul, sir, I think that what I have said, is the best method I can devise for obtaining your Royal Highness's object. No high-flown loyalty nor grovelling self-interest has dictated my words. If Parliament is against you, the majority of mankind must be gained over by acting as they would advise. If I advise you, sir, to stoop beyond what your Royal heart would suggest, it is for the sake of your children, who will plead when I fail. If you are in the right, in the world's eye, whatever it costs your feeling, it will be of use to them. The circumstances may change; your health, I trust in God, will be re-established, and the more sacrifices you have made, the higher you will stand in the esteem of mankind. I still flatter myself you will enjoy all the happiness and dignity due to your virtues and birth. I

am not likely to see that moment, nor should profit by it if I did; but I have done my duty as your true servant, and if I was now at my last hour, I could not give you any other advice than what I now presume to lay at your feet.

P. S. If your Royal Highness should deem this advice timid, I beg it may be tried by this test, whether your Royal Highness thinks, sir, that any one of your enemies would be glad I had given this advice; undoubtedly, sir, the more you take care to be in the right yourself, the more you put those who hurt you with the King in the wrong.

TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

I DO assure you, madam, your Royal Highness is totally mistaken about Lord Ch——, whom I have not seen this month. I received my account from no relation or friend, but from a gentleman of the strictest honour, who came to me as not knowing else how to convey the information to you. I will upon no account name him, as I gave him my word I would not. I am extremely happy there is no truth in the idea, though it came to me in so serious a manner and from a man so incapable of an ill-meaning, that it was my duty to acquaint you with it; and as I desired to be named to your daughters, they will know how kind my intention was, and that I am, as I have professed to them, as affectionate as if I was their father.

I shall be very glad, madam, of your brother's picture, and will try to find a place for it; but it is far from being the only near relation of whom I have no portrait—I have none of Lord Dysart, of the Bishop, of Lady Malpas, of Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Lady Cadogan, &c.—and therefore the remark of the persons' that observed your brother's being wanting, was not very good-natured to him or me. Many of the family pictures I happened to have; others I begged as I wanted them for particular places; and, indeed, furnished my house to please myself, not to please such people as those who have been so obliging as to tell your Royal Highness that my not having your brother's picture was a mark of contempt. I have no desire of pleasing those who were capable of saying such a thing to you. Your affection for his memory is most amiable, and I shall obey you with pleasure; but allow me to say, madam, that I hope you will always judge of me by what you know of me, and not from comments of others. I have been taxed with partiality for *you*, long before there was a question of your present rank; nor do I believe you suspect me of attachment to you from that motive. I am too old, too independent, and too contented, to have hopes or fears from anybody. I have the highest respect for his Royal Highness's character and virtues, and always shall have; and am proud of paying my court to him, when it can only flow from personal reverence. Were he in the situation he ought to be, I should be but the less anxious to show it.

Indeed I little expected to be suspected of wanting attachment to any part of my family. I have been laughed at, perhaps deservedly, for family pride, which certainly is not always a proof of family affection. I trust I have given proofs that they are not disunited in me; and yet, except from my father, I never received either benefits or favours; and from him only my places, and a small fortune not paid. Thus, whatever I have, except my share of Mr. Shorter's fortune that came to me by his leaving no will, and consequently was no obligation, I neither received from my family nor owe to it. It has been saved by my own prudence, is my own to dispose of as I please, and, however I distribute it, or to whom, will be a gift, not a claim.

I should not say thus much, madam, but when any one can think it worth while to make invidious remarks to you on a tender point with you, on what is or is not in my house, you will allow me to justify myself, and even open my heart to you, to whom I desire it should be known, though I certainly owe no account to anybody on so trifling a subject as the furniture of a house which I am master to do what I please with, living or dead. It was from no disregard for your brother that I had not his picture. I love Lady Cadogan very much, as I do, surely, your daughters and nieces, yet have not happened to have their pictures: and though I have probably said a great deal too much, like an old man, it is always a mark of affection when I submit to justify myself on an unjust

accusation; and as tenderness for my family is the duty in which I have in my whole life been the least culpable, though very blameable in a thousand other respects, it is very pardonable to be circumstantial and prolix to her whose reproach was kind and good, and whom I desire to convince that I have neither wanted affection for my family, nor am unjust to it. I have the honour to be, madam, your Royal Highness's

Most faithful, humble servant,

May 10, 1778. HORACE WALPOLE.

TO LORD ORFORD.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR Lordship is very good in thanking me for what I could not claim any thanks, as in complying with your request and assisting you to settle your affairs, according to my father's will, was not only my duty; but to promote your service and benefit, to re-establish the affairs of my family, and to conform myself to the views of the Excellent Man, the glory of human nature, who made us all what we are, has been constantly one of the principal objects of my whole life. If my labours and wishes have been crowned with small success, it has been owing to my own inability in the first place, and next, to tenderness, and to the dirt and roguery of wretches below my notice. For your Lordship, I may presume to say, I have spared no thought, industry, solicitude, application, or even health, when I had the care of your affairs. What I did and could have done, if you had not

thought fit to prefer a most conceited and worthless fellow, I can demonstrate by reams of paper, that may one day or other prove what I say,—and which, if I have not yet done, it proceeds from the same tenderness that I have ever had for your Lordship's tranquillity and repose. To acquiesce afterwards in the arrangement you have proposed to me, is small merit indeed. My honour is much dearer to me than fortune; and to contribute to your Lordship's enjoying your fortune with credit and satisfaction, is a point I would have purchased with far greater compliances; for, my Lord, as I flatter myself that I am not thought an interested man, so all who know me know that to see the lustre of my family restored to the consideration to which it was raised by Sir Robert Walpole, shining in you, and transmitted to his and your descendants, was the only ambition that ever actuated me. No personal advantage entered into those views; and if I say thus much of myself with truth, I owe still greater justice to my brother, who has many more virtues than I can pretend to, and is as incapable of forming any mean and selfish wishes as any man upon earth. We are both old men now, and without sons to inspire us with future visions. We wish to leave your Lordship in as happy and respectable a situation as you were born to; and we have both given you all the proof in our power, by acquiescing in your proposal, immediately.

For me, my Lord, I should with pleasure accept the honour of waiting on you at Houghton, at the time

you mention, if my lameness and threats of the gout did not forbid my taking so long a journey at this time of the year. At sixty-one it would not become me to talk of another year; perhaps I may never go to Houghton again, till I go thither for ever—but without affectation of philosophy, even the path to that journey will be sweetened to me, if I leave Houghton the flourishing monument of one of the best Ministers that ever blest this once flourishing country. I am, my dear Lord, Yours most affectionately,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1778.

TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1779.

I TAKE the liberty, which I know you will forgive, my dear sir, of troubling you with the enclosed, begging that you will add anything that is necessary to the direction,—as *par la Hollande*, or whatever else is requisite,—and to put it into the post as soon as you receive it. Pray tell me, too, what is necessary to the direction, and where my maid in town must put in my future letters to Paris, that I may not trouble you any more with them. I fear they will not go so safely and regularly as in the old way, which will vex our good old friend,* who cannot bear to lose any of her stated occupations.

* Madame du Deffand.

I have just received a present of four beautiful drawings of Grignan, which far exceed my ideas of its magnificence and charming situation. I had concluded that Madame de Sévigné, either from partiality or to please the Seigneur, had exceeded its pomps and command.* I long to show them to you and talk them over, and am glad to have anything new that may tempt you hither. Can you tell me if the Duchess of Leinster still goes to Aubigny; and, if she does, when; and if she is in London? I shall be much obliged to you for a true account of Lord Bolingbroke.† It is not common curiosity that makes me anxious, though not particularly interested about him, nor is he *the husband* I most wish dead.

Yours most sincerely, H. W.

TO LORD HARCOURT.

MY LORD, 1780.

THOUGH I think myself so inconsiderable a man, that it will be impertinent to give an account of my

* Walpole writes to the Hon. George Hardinge, on the 4th,—"I have now received the drawings of Grignan, and know not how to express my satisfaction and gratitude but by a silly witticism, that is like the studied quaintness of the last age. In short they are so much more beautiful than I expected, that I am *not* surprised at *your* having surprised me by exceeding even what I expected from your well-known kindness to me; they are charmingly executed, and with great taste. I own, too, that Grignan is grander, and in a much finer situation, than I had imagined; as I concluded that the witchery of Madame de Sévigné's ideas and style had spread the same leaf-gold over *places* with which she gilded her *friends*."—Collective Edit. vol. vi. p. 56.

† Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke, Selwyn's early friend. He survived till May 5, 1787.

conduct to the public; yet, as I should be most unhappy to lie under any suspicion, in the eyes of my friends, of acting, or being silent, from mercenary views, in the present most serious moment, I declare that my reasons for not appearing in Westminster Hall, and signing a petition to Parliament *for a necessary and effectual reform of the expenditure of public money*, are not from disapprobation of the measure, or from a wish that so salutary a measure should miscarry, or from the least disposition to court favour anywhere, or with any party; the last of which mean and interested views would be inconsistent with the whole tenor of my life, and shall never stain the small remaining part of it.

But the reason of my not signing such petition is, that possessing nothing but sinecure places, I must consider myself rather as a remote object of the Reformation, than as a proper person to demand it. To petition for the abolition of sinecure places, and to hope not to be included in the reduction, would be unworthy of a man. To say I was ready to resign mine, would be hypocritic ostentation (for no man, I believe, is ready to part with his whole income) and would be a hardship on others in the same predicament, who should be unwilling to offer the same sacrifice, and would be honester men as more sincere.

The line of conduct, therefore, that I think the most decent for me to take, is to be totally silent, and submit myself to the determination of the legislature of my country, and to be content with what in its wisdom it shall decide for the benefit of the nation. I hold no-

thing from personal merit or services, and must not complain if my ease and comforts are diminished for the public good. But I cannot in conscience sign a request for the abolition of the places of others, who hold them by law, as I do mine, and who are more worthy of them than I am of mine. Neither can I demand the abolition of places not held for life, but the possessors of which are more useful members of society, have smaller incomes than mine, and execute more business than I do, who execute none—for I must speak the truth, and the whole truth. It would be a great want of feeling and of generosity in me, to desire that any man should be discarded, who is removeable at pleasure, because nothing but a new law can remove me from my place.

Upon the whole, my Lord, it is no selfishness, or change in my principles, that makes me decline signing the petition. I shall die in the principles I have ever invariably professed. My fortune may be decreased, or taken away; but it never shall be augmented by any employment, pension, or favour, beyond what I now enjoy by the gift of my father alone. I have more than I can pretend to deserve; and beg your Lordship, in whose incorruptible integrity I have the firmest confidence, to produce this testimony, under my own hand, if ever I deviate from what I here profess. And I will flatter myself, that if your Lordship should hear me suspected, from not signing any petition, of having swerved from my principles, you will do me the justice to defend me from that imputation. My character cannot be safer than in your Lordship's

hands, and in them I beg leave to deposit it ;—for, as next to the imputation of being mercenary, I dread the charge of vanity, I entreat that this letter may not be made public. I am of too little consequence to give myself airs of clearing my conduct before it is censured ; and am so obscure a man, that I may never be mentioned ; and therefore I will certainly not thrust myself upon the public from self-conceit and with an unnecessary parade, which I despise.

Allow me the honour of choosing your Lordship for my confessor, and with leaving my conscience in your trust. I am ready, with the utmost submission to the laws of my country, to take my fate with others in whatever shall be decided. I ask no favour or partiality, and am entitled to none ; I have no merits to plead ;—but I cannot think it would become me to be at once a petitioner and a party petitioned against.

I have the honour to be, with the highest esteem, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

TO THE REV. W. MASON.

1780.

YOU must blame yourself, not me, if you are displeased with my letters, which you forced from me. I had done all I could, both by silence, and by more than once or twice declaring I did not choose to write on politics, to avoid any political discussions with you. I could not be ignorant of Lord Harcourt's conversion, which for a moment had so much diverted the town, but I did not take the liberty to mention it to him.

On the contrary, when he consulted me on going to Court, which I knew he had determined to do, on being offered the embassy to Spain, I told him I thought civility ought to be returned by respect. Neither was I quite ignorant of your change of sentiments; yet should never have uttered a syllable to you on that occasion, had you not chosen to notify it to me. Then I most certainly had an equal right to declare that my principles were not changed,—especially not by a circumstance, serious indeed in itself, but ludicrous if it had produced such an effect on me as to make me think the power of the Crown was diminished, was diminishing, and ought to be increased, because its (not secret, but open) influence had been used to force Lords of the Bedchamber, and even the holy heads of our Church, to sacrifice his conscience, duty and opinion to his gratitude, an example that tells me how much I have been in the right never to involve myself in such terrible obligations! *Ought* did not become you or me.

I am so far from being hurt at your quarrelling with me, that I thank you extremely for it, and still so cordially wish you whatever you may wish for yourself, that I should delight in seeing you Archbishop of York; for as you are excellent at distinctions, you can certainly discern the difference between an Archbishop and a Bishop, as easily as between a King and his crown. I am, sir, with due regard and esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

H. W.

I HAVE for five and forty years acted upon the principles of the constitution, as it was settled at the Revolution, the best form of government that I know of in the world, and which made us a free people, a rich people, and a victorious people, by diffusing liberty, protecting property, and encouraging commerce; and by the combination of all, empowering us to resist the ambition of the House of Bourbon, and to place ourselves on a level with that formidable neighbour. The narrow plan of Royalty, which had so often preferred the aggrandizement of the Crown to the dignity of presiding over a great and puissant free kingdom, threw away one predominant source of our potency by aspiring to enslave America, and would now compensate for the blunder and its consequences by assuming a despotic power at home. It has found a tool in the light and juvenile son of the great Minister who carried our glory to its highest pitch. But it shall never have the insignificant approbation of an old and worn-out son of another Minister, who, though less brilliantly, maintained this country in the enjoyment of the twenty happiest years that England ever enjoyed. Your pert and ignorant Cabal at York, picking up factious slander from party libels, stigmatized that excellent man as the patron of corruption, though all his views and all his notions tended to nothing but to preserve the present family on the throne, and the nation in peace and affluence. Your own blind ambition of being the head of a party, which had no precise system in view, has made you embrace every par-

tial sound which you took for popularity; and being enraged at every man who would not be dictated to by your crude visions, you have floundered into a thousand absurdities; and, though you set out with pretending to reform Parliament, in order to lower the influence of the Crown, you have plunged into the most preposterous support of prerogative, because Lord North, then the Crown Minister, declared against your innovations, and has since fallen into disgrace with the King. I am not so little rooted in my principles as to imitate or co-operate with you. I am going out of the world, and am determined to die as I have lived—*consistent.* You are not much younger than I am, and ought to have acted a more temperate and rational part;—but that is no business of mine.

TO THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Thursday, March 13th, 1783.

YOUR Royal Highness may be surprised, madam, that after announcing the fall of Lord Shelburne, I should not have told you who was his successor. I had more reasons than one, like the Mayor of Orleans; though that one were sufficient, viz. his having no successor till yesterday. I know Lord Cholmondeley had written to the Duke; and in truth I did not care to tell foreign post-offices, though no secret, the confusion we were in. I had rather any body should publish our disgraces than I. Nay, I should perhaps

have sent false news, for several appointments of Premiers were believed, each for a day, and proved false the next. The post was certainly offered to and declined by young Mr. Pitt, to Lord North, Lord Gower, and, it was said, to Lord Thurlow. At last, after a vacancy of seventeen days, Lord North was summoned yesterday, and ordered to make his proposed arrangement; in consequence of which the Duke of Portland was sent for next, and is First Lord of the Treasury. I have not yet heard the other changes or dispositions, but suppose we shall know the principal before this shall set out to-morrow.

There have been cart-loads of abuse, satiric prints, and some little humour on the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox; nor has Lord Shelburne been spared before or since his exit. It is remarkable that the counties and towns are addressing thanks for the peace, which their representatives have condemned. George Selwyn has been happiest, as usual, in his bons-mots. He calls Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt the Idle and Industrious Apprentices. It is a coarser and much poorer piece of wit, I don't know whose, that the Duke of Portland is a fit *block* to hang *Whigs* on. You have seen in the papers, madam, the new peerages and pensions, and therefore I do not mention them. I very likely repeat what you hear from your daughters and others, but what can I tell but what everybody knows?

My aunt Lady Walpole is dead, and they say has left but little, and that little to her two daughters.

Mr. Skrine has shot himself, it is supposed, from excruciating illnesses. Old Lady Jerningham is recovering from a most violent palsy. General Conway has had as violent a St. Antony's fire, but is well again. I will reserve the rest of my paper for new promotions.

I never deal in scandal, madam, but one may make use of it as an antidote to itself. You must have seen in the papers much gross abuse on a pretty ingenious friend of mine for a low amour with one of her own servants, for which I seriously believe there was not the smallest foundation. The charge is now removed to much higher quarters, which at least are more creditable. The town has for these ten days affirmed that the Lord husband was going to cite into the *Spiritual* Court the head of the *Temporal* one—nay, and the third chief of the Common Law—nay, and the second of the Spiritual one too. Such conquests would be very honourable in the records of love, and the first very diverting, as the hero has so much distinguished himself by severity on bills of divorce. I do not warrant any of these stories, but totally discredit that of the domestic. A prude may begin with a footman, and a gallant woman may end with one, but a pretty woman, who has so many slaves in high life, does not think of a livery, especially where vanity is the principal ingredient in her composition.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Berkeley Square, March 13th, 1783.

I DO not know whether this letter will not be still shorter than my last; but your nephew sets out next week, and will give you full details of the interlude, for it is now finished. Lord North received command yesterday to form a new Administration according to his own proposal, of which he is *not* to be the chief, but the Duke of Portland. I have not yet heard the other arrangements, for the interministerium, which had lasted seventeen days, ceased but yesterday morning, and was not divulged till the evening.

We shall now, I hope, have a settlement for some time — I mean it is necessary to the country. To me revolutions are but a scene that passes like so many others to which I have been witness, and in which I am concerned but as one of the people. I do not forget how soon I am to leave the theatre even as a spectator. I rejoice in the peace as a happy denouement of one tragedy. What is to follow I trust will only be a comedy (like those of other pacific periods), as politics are in my eyes when not bloodied by war.

Friday, 14th.

I believe I shall not be able to send you the new litany to-night: it had not received the imprimatur yesterday, as there must be two responses to adjust, for those who are to be dismissed, *From our enemies defend us, O Lord!* and for the candidates who are to

succeed them, *We beseech thee to hear us.* The town, who never takes so much time to deliberate, disposed the whole arrangement in a moment, though every editor gave different readings. I shall give you neither the one nor the other, as most may be apocryphal, but wait for the genuine edition in usum Delphini.

We have received the dreadful accounts of the devastation of Messina, &c. : I say no more, for I could only detail the common-place reflexions that present themselves on such calamities!

MEMOIR

RELATIVE TO HIS INCOME,

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

In my youth, my father, Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, gave me the two patent little places I still hold, of Clerk of the Estreats and Comptroller of the Pipe, which, together, produce about or near 300*l.* per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen, he gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom-house, which I resigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent-place of Usher of the Exchequer, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a-year. From that time I lived on my own income, and travelled at my own expense, nor did I during my father's life receive from him but 250*l.* at different times; which I say, not in derogation of his extreme tenderness and goodness to me, but to show that I was content with what he had given to me, and that from the age of twenty I was no charge to my family.

Before my father's quitting his post, he, at the instance of my eldest brother, Lord Walpole, had altered the delivery of Exchequer bills from ten pounds to an hundred pounds. My deputy, after that alteration was made, observed, that as Usher of the Exchequer, who furnishes the materials of Exchequer bills,

on which, by the table of rates in the Exchequer, I had a stated profit, I should lose ten per cent., which he represented to my father, who, having altered them to oblige my brother, would not undo what he had done: but, to repair the prejudice I had suffered, Sir Robert, with his wonted equity and tenderness, determined to give me 2000*l.* in lieu of what I lost, and would have added that legacy in a codicil to his will; but this happening only two days before his death, when he was little capable of making that codicil, my brother, Lord Walpole, engaged, at my father's desire, to pay me 400*l.* a-year, which, not long after, my brother redeemed for the intended 2000*l.*

King George the First had graciously bestowed on my father the patent-place of Collector of the Customs, for his own life, and for the lives of his two elder sons Robert and Edward; but my father reserved in himself a right of disposing of the income of that place as he should please, during the existence of the grant. Accordingly, having afterwards obtained for his eldest son Robert the great place of Auditor of the Exchequer, and for his second son Edward that of Clerk of the Pells, he bequeathed, by an instrument under his hand, 1000*l.* a-year to me, out of the patent, for the remainder of the term, and devised the remainder, about 800*l.* a-year, to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

Having provided thus largely for my brother Edward and me, and leaving nothing but an estate in land, of nominally 8000*l.* a-year, and a debt of between forty and fifty thousand pounds, he gave to my brother

Edward and me only 5000*l.* a-piece; of which I have never received but 1000*l.*, and none of the interest. He also gave to my brother Edward a freehold house in Pall Mall, and to me the remainder of a house in Arlington-street; which went away from me in 1781, the term being expired.

Though my portion was much inferior to my brother's, still it was a noble fortune for a third son, and much beyond what I expected or deserved. Yet, undoubtedly, so excellent a parent would not have made so very slender a provision as 5000*l.* for a son he loved, if he had not had the opportunity and the legal right of giving me a much ampler fortune of what he had obtained by his long and faithful and very essential services to the Kings George the First and Second.

I presume boldly to say that my father had a legal right of making the provision for me he did in the places I hold. Patent-places for life have existed from time immemorial, by law, and under all changes of Government. He who holds an ancient patent-place enjoys it as much by law as any gentleman holds his estate, and by more ancient tenure than most gentlemen hold theirs, and from the same fountain, only of ancienter date, than many of the nobility and gentry hold their estates, who possess them only by grants from the Crown, as I possess my places; which were not wrung from the Church, and in violation of the intention of the donors, as a vast number of estates were: nor can I think myself as a patent-placeman a more useless or a less legal engrosser of part of the wealth of the nation than deans and prebendaries, who fatten on

Christianity like any less holy incumbent of a fee. While there are distinctions of ranks, and unequal divisions of property, not acquired by personal merit, but by birth or favours, some will be more fortunate than others. The poor are most intitled to complain; but an archdeacon, or a country gentleman, has very little grace in complaining that any other unprofitable class is indulged by the laws in the enjoyment of more than an equal share of property with the meanest labourer or lowest mechanic.

Having said this with the confidence that does not misbecome a legal possessor, I am far from pretending to any other plea, much less to any merit in myself. A tender parent lavished riches on me greatly beyond my desert, of which I am so little conscious in myself, that, if the distresses of the public require a revocation of gifts bestowed by the Crown in its splendour, I know no man who can plead fewer services to his country, or less merit in himself than I can. In one light only I can wipe off an aspersion, in which patent-placemen have been confounded with other placemen. No man who holds a place for life is dependent on the Crown, farther than his duty or his gratitude binds him. I, perhaps, by the nature of my office, which I shall explain hereafter, am more dependent than almost any patent-holder; and yet I may presume to say that, having suffered* by that dependence, because I would

* My conduct, while I sat in Parliament, is most probably forgotten; but no man can recollect that it looked like servility to Ministers. It is needless to obviate what never was objected to me.

not violate my principles and conscience, I cannot be deemed a servile placeman.

Endowed so bountifully by a fond parent, as I have allowed myself to be, it would be ridiculous to say that I have been content. Yet, not having unfolded some peculiarities in my situation, I may venture to say that I have shown that I could be content with a considerable diminution. I have never made any merit of that moderation; but when I am held out to the public as one whom the public are called upon to reduce to an humbler lot, which I am ready to admit, if it be but allowed that all my guilt consists in holding what somebody else would have held if I did not, it may be permitted to me to prove, that while I assumed no claim of merit, I have declined every offered opportunity of enlarging or securing my fortune, because I would not be bound to serve any Minister contrary to my principles, and because I chose to have no obligations but to one to whom I owed everything, and to whom it was my duty, and whom it would be my pride, to obey, if he were on earth to exact that obedience.

I have said that my father left me much the larger share in the income of the patent-place in the Custom-house. I have also mentioned that the patent was granted to my father during the lives of him and his two elder sons,—on his death there remained the lives of my two brothers—and that my share would consequently cease entirely if I survived them. The health of my eldest brother declining, and my brother Edward being eleven years older than me, two or three of my

best friends urged me to ask to have my life added to the patent. I refused, but own I was at last over-persuaded to make application to Mr. Pelham—how unwillingly will appear by my behaviour on that occasion, which did not last two minutes. I went to him and made my request. He replied civilly, he could not ask the King to add my life to the patent; but, if I could get my brother Edward to let my life stand in lieu of his, he would endeavour to serve me. I answered quickly, "Sir, I will never ask my brother to stand in a precarious light instead of me;" and, hurrying out of his house, returned to two of my friends who waited for me, and said to them, "I have done what you desired me to do, but, thank God, I have been refused." This was in the year 1751, and was the first and last favour I ever asked of any Minister for myself.

Had I been an ambitious or an interested man, I certainly have had eminent opportunities of indulging either passion. At the beginning of the present reign, an overture presented itself to me, which a more selfish man would have thought flattering to his views.

I may be allowed to say that I have waived more substantial and real offers. Twice I have been offered what I was over-persuaded to ask of Mr. Pelham. Twice I have been offered to have my share of the patent, which I now hold only during my brother's life, conferred on me for my own. Both times I positively refused to accept that offer. Having rejected a cer-

tainty of 1400*l.* per annum for my own life, instead of holding it during the life of one eleven years older, I hope I shall not be thought a very interested man.

I will now explain the nature of my office of Usher of the Exchequer, stated by the Commissioners of Accounts to render to me clear 4200*l.* a-year, and which I said was given to me as producing but 900*l.* a-year, and which, on an additional tax being laid on places, I gave in as producing 1800*l.* a-year, and which, had it been adverted to, would make me seem to have given in a very fraudulent estimate; but I am so conscious of my innocence and integrity in that respect, that I chuse—perhaps out of vanity—to recollect that circumstance myself, as it certainly reflects no dishonour on me. When I was called on to give in the value of my place, I took my book of accounts and receipts for the last twelve years, and gave in the medium of those twelve years, which was 1800*l.* a-year. As mine has been an increasing place by three wars and other circumstances, and as for the first years of my holding that place, it was much less, the medium sum would have been less than 1800*l.* a-year, if I had taken my receipts farther back than twelve years; so that I plainly exaggerated, instead of diminishing, what I had received annually from my first nomination to the office. If I have enjoyed too much, as I confess I have, at least I have not sought to increase my income by any indirect or dirty methods.

The duty of my office is to shut the gates of the

Exchequer, and to furnish paper, pens, ink, wax, sand, tape, penknives, scissors, parchment, and a great variety of other articles, to the Exchequer, Treasury, and their offices, and to pay the bills of the workmen and tradesmen who serve those offices. Many of the articles specified are stated in a very ancient table of rates in the Exchequer (I think of the time of Edward the Third, so that my office is, if a grievance, no very novel one); and, on those, large profits are allowed to the Usher, whence my profit arises, and whence, if it is largely augmented of late years, a candid examiner will observe that that increase proceeds from the prodigious additional consumption of paper, pens, ink, wax, which the excessive increase of business at the Treasury must occasion; and therefore, should a much less quantity of those implements be employed, my profits would decrease in proportion. When, therefore, I am charged as receiver of 4200*l.* a-year, it should be remembered, that though I was so in the year 1780, (though I shall show that even that is an arbitrary statement, not calculated on any medium,) yet I cannot equitably be reckoned *communibus annis* to receive so large a sum. I have shown that 1800*l.* a-year was the medium on twelve years, and those not of my last receipts.

It is very difficult to state my case, and not seem to defend it. But I am telling the truth, and not pleading for favour; at least, my object is to obtain a favourable opinion of my character. I am far more indifferent about my fortune. But surely any impartial man will reflect how grievous it must be to a dis-

interested mind to be held up to the public as a blood-sucker, under the invidious name of a placeman; to be one of those pointed at by County Associations as grievances that call for speedy correction and removal; in short, to be confounded with contractors and other leeches, that have grown out of the profusions and abuses of the time; though my office has existed from the oldest times, and has existed under the best Government. Public distress demands economy and correction. Be they exercised; I desire no exception. But being guilty of no servile, of no indirect means in obtaining, augmenting, or retaining my office, I am ready to resign that office; but I will prove (and defy all mankind to detect me in a single falsehood) that I have held my place with honour, and have nothing to palliate or conceal in my execution of it.

The place is held under many disagreeable circumstances. I advance money to the tradesmen and workmen. I contract to pay the principal merchant with whom I deal for paper, though I should never be repaid. There is no specific time appointed for my being paid; it depends on the good pleasure of the First Lord of the Treasury; and yet, though a mere tradesman in that respect, I believe no man will accuse me of having ever paid court, or even attendance, on a First Lord of the Treasury. I was *once*, forty years ago, at the late Duke of Newcastle's levée, the only Minister's levée at which I ever was present except my own father's. Yet with very few have I had cause not to be content in my own particular: if I have been

proud, they have been just.* Yet some of my predecessors have met with harder fates. Mr. Naylor, my immediate predecessor but one, lost 20,000*l.* by the death of Queen Anne.

Risks by prudent men are calculated as drawbacks; but, where advantage preponderates, even the terrors of calculation are surmounted. More prudent men than I am would have combated those risks, by making the most of their advantages. I have ever disdained that pitiful arithmetic. All the goods I furnish have always been purchased by me at the highest prices; and never came a complaint from the Treasury that was not instantly remedied by my order. In more than forty years I have never received an important complaint, nor given occasion to one.

Having said that there is no certain time settled for my being paid, and as I have sometimes had large arrears due, and, consequently, as one year frequently runs into another, and thence I may in one year receive four or five thousand pounds, because in the preceding I did not receive half so much, the Commissioners of Accounts, having examined my deputy but on a single year, were just in their report of what I received *that year.;* but, had they gone farther back, would certainly not have given in 4200*l.* as my receipt

* From Lord North I always received regular justice and civility, though I never paid any court to him, nor disguised my disinclination to his measures. This compliment, which now cannot be misinterpreted, is due to him, and is an unsuspicious evidence of his good-humour and averseness from all malignity. When I am grateful to the living for civilities, I scorn to recollect the rancour of the dead.

communibus annis. This unintended misrepresentation* I bore in silence; it having been my steadfast purpose not to interfere with the public examination of places, nor take the smallest step to mitigate my own fate, which I submit implicitly to the discretion of the Legislature. What I hold, I hold by law; if the law deprives me, I have too much reverence for the laws of my country to complain. No man ever heard me utter a syllable in my own behalf. My nearest friends know that I have required them not to interpose to save me. This dread of seeming to make interest to save my place, preponderated with me to appear ungrateful for a time, lest it should look like a selfish compliment. I have never yet thanked Mr. Burke for the overflowing pleasure he gave my heart, when, on moving his bill, he paid that just compliment to the virtues of my honest, excellent father. This acknowledgment I hope he will accept as a proof that, though silent, I was not insensible to the obligation. Just praise out of his mouth is an epitaph of sterling value, and, standing in his printed speech on that occasion, will enjoy an immortality which happens to few epitaphs.

This apology for my conduct will, I hope, be ac-

* My deputy received my positive orders to give to the Commissioners the most particular detail of my profits, and to offer them in my name my account-books of all my receipts, which they declined accepting, and which would have shown them a very different state of the medium of my place. Had they accepted those books, I intended to send them word that they were welcome to examine my receipts, but that I hoped, as they were gentlemen, they would not look at the foolish manner in which I had flung away most of what I had received.

cepted from a man who has nothing to boast but his disinterestedness, and is grievously wounded by standing in a light of one by whom the public suffers. Were my place worth double 4000*l.*, I could resign it cheerfully, at the demand of my country; but having never flattered the Ministers I disapproved, nor profited to the value of a shilling by my dearest friends when in power,—which they have been twice of late years,—(and having so much reason to be proud of their friendship, why should I not name two such virtuous upright men as the Duke of Richmond and General Conway?) I cannot bear to appear in the predicament of one enriched to the detriment of the country. This stab has been given to my peace; and the loss of my place will find, not cause, the wound, nor will the retention of the place heal it. It is this most scrupulous state of facts that alone can rehabilitate me in the eyes of the public, if anything can; and though nothing would have drawn a vain detail from me, unprovoked, it cannot be thought arrogant to endeavour to wipe off reproach, nor impertinent to aim at negative merit with the public, instead of submitting to undeserved and invidious obloquy.

HORACE WALPOLE.

March 30th, 1782.

SHORT NOTES OF MY LIFE.*

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

I WAS born in Arlington Street, near St. James's, London, September 24th, 1717, O. S. My godfathers were Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, and my uncle Horatio Walpole; my godmother, my aunt Dorothy, Lady Viscountess Townshend.

I was inoculated for the small-pox in 1724.

In 1725 I went to Bexley, in Kent, with my cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, and with a tutor, Edward Weston, one of the sons of Stephen, Bishop of Exeter; and continued there some months. The next summer I had the same education at Twickenham, Middlesex; and the intervening winters I went every day to study under Mr. Weston, at Lord Townshend's. April 26th, 1727, I went to Eton school, where Mr. Henry Bland (since Prebendary of Durham), eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, master of the school, and since Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton, was my tutor.

I was entered at Lincoln's Inn, May 27th, 1721, my father intending me for the law; but I never went thither, not caring for the profession.

* These memoranda were probably not intended for publication; but as they furnish dates and some other interesting particulars, it has been thought desirable to insert them here.—ED.

I left Eton school September 23rd, 1734; and, March 11th, 1735, went to King's College, Cambridge. My public tutor was Mr. John Smith; my private, Mr. Anstey: afterwards Mr. John Whaley was my tutor. I went to lectures in civil law to Dr. Dickins, of Trinity-hall; to mathematical lectures, to blind Professor Saunderson, for a short time; afterwards, Mr. Trevigar read lectures to me in mathematics and philosophy. I heard Dr. Battie's anatomical lectures. I had learned French at Eton. I learned Italian at Cambridge, of Signor Piazza. At home I learned to dance and fence; and to draw, of Bernard Lens, master to the Duke and Princesses.

In 1736 I wrote a copy of Latin verses, published in the *Gratulatio Acad. Cantab.*, on the marriage of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

My mother died August 20th, 1737.

Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom-house, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738—and, as soon as I came of age, I took possession of two other little patent-places in the Exchequer, called Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. They had been held for me by Mr. Fane.

My father's second wife, Mrs. Maria Skerret, died June, 1738.

I had continued at Cambridge, though with long

intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went, with my cousin Henry Conway, to Rheims, in Champagne, staid there three months; and passing by Geneva, where we left Mr. Conway, Mr. Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we staid three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister. Clement the Twelfth dying while we were in Italy, we went to Rome in the end of March, 1740, to see the election of the new Pope; but the Conclave continuing, and the heats coming on, we (after an excursion to Naples) returned in June to Florence, where we continued in the house of Mr. Horace Mann till May of the following year, 1741, when we went to the fair of Reggio. There Mr. Gray left me, going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension. I fell ill at Reggio of a kind of quinzy, and was given over for five hours, escaping with great difficulty.

I went to Venice with Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Mr. Joseph Spence, Professor of Poetry, and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes, and by the way of Toulon, Marseilles, Aix, and through Languedoc to Montpellier, Toulouse, and Orleans, arrived at Paris, where I left the Earl and Mr. Spence, and landed

at Dover, September 12th, 1741, O. S., having been chosen Member of Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall, at the preceding General Election, which Parliament put a period to my father's administration, which had continued above twenty years.

February 9th, 1742, my father resigned, and was created Earl of Orford. He left the house in Downing-street belonging to the Exchequer, and retired to one in Arlington-street, opposite to that in which I was born, and which stood where the additional building to Mr. Pelham's house now stands.

March 23rd, 1742, I spoke in the House of Commons for the first time, against the motion for a Secret Committee on my father. This speech was published in the magazines, but was entirely false, and had not one paragraph of my real speech in it.

July 14th, I wrote *the Lesson for the Day*, in a letter to Mr. Mann; and Mr. Coke, son of Lord Lovel, coming in while I was writing it, took a copy, and dispersed it till it got into print, but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort.

In the summer of 1742 I wrote a *Sermon on Painting*, for the amusement of my father in his retirement. It was preached before him by his chaplain; again, before my eldest brother at Stanno, near Houghton; and was afterwards published in the Ædes Walpolianæ.

June 18th, 1743, was printed, in a weekly paper called Old England, or the Constitutional Journal, my Parody on some Scenes of Macbeth, called The Dear Witches. It was a ridicule of the new Ministry.

The same summer, I wrote Patapan, or the Little White Dog, a tale, imitated from Fontaine; it was never printed.

October 22nd, 1743, was published No. 38 of the Old England Journal, written by me to ridicule Lord Bath. It was reprinted with three other particular numbers.

In the summer of 1744 I wrote a Parody of a Scene in Corneille's Cinna; the interlocutors, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Arundel, and Mr. Selwyn.

My father died March 28th, 1745. He left me the house in Arlington-street in which he died, 5000*l.* in money, and 1000*l.* a-year from the Collector's place in the Custom-house, and the surplus to be divided between my brother Edward and me.

April 12th, 1746, was published, in a magazine called *The Museum, my Scheme for a Tax on Message Cards and Notes;* and soon after, *an Advertisement of a pretended new book,* which I had written in Florence in 1741.

In July of the same year, I wrote *The Beauties,* which was handed about till it got into print, very incorrectly.

In August I took a house within the precincts of the Castle at Windsor.

November 4th and 5th, Mrs. Pritchard spoke my Epilogue to Tamerlane, on the suppression of the Rebellion, at the theatre in Covent Garden; it was printed by Dodsley the next day.

About the same time, I paraphrased some lines of

the first book of Lucan; but they have not been printed.

In 1747 I printed my account of the collection at Houghton, under the title of Ædes Walpolianæ. It had been drawn up in the year 1743. I printed but two hundred copies, to give away. It was very incorrectly printed; another edition, more accurate, enlarged, was published March 10th, 1752.

In May 1747 I took a small house near Twickenham, for seven years. I afterwards bought it, by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.

In this year (1747) and the next, and in 1749, I wrote thirteen numbers in a weekly paper, called *Old England, or the Broad-bottom Journal,* but being sent to the printer without a name, they were published horribly deformed and spoiled. I was re-chosen in the new Parliament for Kellington, in Cornwall. About the same time was published a Letter to the Tories, written, as I then believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton, who with his family had come over to Mr. Pelham. As Mr. Lyttelton had been a great enemy of and writer against my father, and as Mr. Pelham had used my father and his friends extremely ill, and neglected the Whigs to court the Tories, I published an answer to that piece, and called it a Letter to the Whigs. It was a careless performance, and written in five days. At the end of the year I wrote two more letters to the Whigs, but did not publish them till April the next

year, when they went through three editions immediately. I had intended to suppress them, but some attacks being made by the Grenvilles on Lord Chief Justice Willes, an intimate friend of my father, particularly by obtaining an Act of Parliament to transfer the assizes from Ailesbury to Buckingham, I printed them and other pieces.

On the same occasion I had a remarkable quarrel with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Onslow. The Bill was returned from the Lords with amendments. The friends of the Chief Justice resolved to oppose it again. Mr. Potter desired me to second him. He rose, but entering on the merits of the Bill, Mr. T. Townshend, and my uncle, Horace Walpole (to prevent me), insisted that nothing could be spoken to but the amendments. The Speaker supporting this, I said, "I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else." The Speaker was in a great rage, and complained to the House. I said, "I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him." During the course of the same bill, Sir William Stanhope had likewise been interrupted, in a very bitter speech against the Grenvilles. I formed part of the speech I had intended to make, into one for Sir William, and published it in his name. It made great noise. Campbell answered it for a bookseller. I published another, called the speech of Richard White-liver, in answer to Campbell's. All these things were only excusable by

the lengths to which party had been carried against my father; or rather, were not excusable even then.

In 1748 were published, in Dodsley's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, three of mine; an Epistle to Mr. Ashton from Florence, written in 1740, the Beauties, and the Epilogue to Tamerlane.

I next wrote two papers of the Remembrancer, and two more of the same in the year 1749. In the latter year, too, I wrote a copy of verses on the Fireworks for the Peace; they were not printed. About the same time I wrote a pamphlet, called Delenda est Oxonia. It was to assert the liberties of that University, which the Ministry had a plan of attacking, by vesting in the Crown the nomination of the Chancellor. This piece (which I think one of my best) was seized at the printer's and suppressed.

One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head.

January 11th, 1751, I moved the Address to the King, on his Speech at the opening of the Session.

March 20th, 1751, died my eldest brother Robert, Earl of Orford.

About this time I began to write my Memoirs. At first, I only intended to write the history of one year.

About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicholl, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l.* I wrote a particular account of the whole transaction. In this year, too, I imitated a fable of Fontaine, called the Funeral of the Lioness.

In 1752, I was appointed by Sir Hans Sloane's will one of his trustees.

Feb. 8th, 1753, was published a paper I had written in a periodical work, called The World, published by E. Moore. I wrote eight more numbers, besides two that were not printed then; and one containing a character of Mr. Fox, which I had written some years before.

This year I published a fine edition of six poems of Mr. Gray, with prints from designs of Mr. R. Bentley.

In November I wrote a burlesque poem, called *The Judgment of Solomon.*

In December died Erasmus Shorter, Esq., the last and youngest of my mother's brothers. He, dying without a will, his fortune of 30,000*l.* came in equal shares between my brother Sir Edward, me, and my cousins, Francis Earl of Hertford, Col. Henry Seymour Conway, and Miss Anne Seymour Conway.

In 1754, I was chosen for Castlerising, in Norfolk, in the new Parliament. In July of that year I wrote *The Entail,* a fable, in verse.

About the same time I erected a cenotaph for my mother in Westminster Abbey, having some years before prepared a statue of her by Valory at Rome. The pedestal was carved by Rysbrach.

In March, 1755, I was very ill-used by my nephew Lord Orford, upon a contested election in the House of Commons, on which I wrote him a long letter, with an account of my own conduct in politics.

In Feb. 1757, I vacated my seat for Castlerising in order to be chosen for Lynn; and about the same time used my best endeavours, but in vain, to save the unfortunate Admiral Byng.

May 12th of that year, I wrote in less than an hour and a half the Letter from Ho Ho; it was published on the 17th, and immediately passed through five editions.

June 10th, was published a catalogue of the collection of pictures of Charles the First, to which I had written a little introduction. I afterwards wrote short prefaces or advertisements in the same manner to the catalogues of the collections of James the Second and the Duke of Buckingham. June 25th, I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

Aug. 8th, I published two Odes by Mr. Gray, the first production of my press.

In Sept. I erected a tomb in St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho, for Theodore King of Corsica.

In Oct. 1757, was finished at my press an edition of Hentznerus, translated by Mr. Bentley, to which

I wrote an advertisement. I dedicated it to the Society of Antiquaries, of which I am a member, as well as of the Royal Society.

In April, 1758, was finished the first impression of my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, which I had written the preceding year in less than five months. About the same time Mrs. Porter published Lord Hyde's play, to which I had written the advertisement.

In the summer of 1758, I printed some of my own fugitive pieces, and dedicated them to my cousin, General Conway. About autumn I erected at Linton, in Kent, a tomb for my friend Galfridus Mann ; the design was by Mr. Bentley. The beginning of October I published Lord Whitworth's account of Russia, to which I wrote the advertisement.

Nov. 22nd was published a pamphlet, written by Mr. Bentley, called "Reflections on the different Ideas of the French and English with regard to Cruelty." It was designed to promote a bill (that I meditated) of perpetual insolvency. I wrote the dedication. It was *not* printed at Strawberry Hill.

Dec. 5th, was published the second edition of my Catalogue of Authors. Two thousand were printed, but *not* at Strawberry Hill. I was much abused for it in the Critical Review, and more gently in the Monthly Review ; by the former for disliking the Stuarts ; by the latter for liking my father,—opinions I am not likely to change. In the Gentleman's Magazine of February following was another railing criticism, but so

foolish, that some parts of my book were printed in italics, to turn them into puns; and it was called unintelligible for such reasons as my not having specified Francis the First by his title of King of France!

1759. Feb. 2nd, I published Mr. Spence's Parallel of Magliabecchi and Mr. Hill, a tailor of Buckingham; calculated to raise a little sum of money for the latter poor man. Six hundred copies were sold in a fortnight, and it was reprinted in London.

Feb. 10th. Some anonymous author (I could not discover who it was—it was said to be Dr. Hill) published a pamphlet, called Observations on the Account given of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c., in the Critical Review, No. 35, for Dec. 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed. This defence of me was full of gross flattery, and displeased me so much, that I was going to advertise my disapprobation of it, and ignorance of the author, but was dissuaded by my friends.

March 17. I began to distribute some copies of my fugitive pieces, collected and printed together at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

May 5th was published a pamphlet, called "Remarks on Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, &c., in which many of his censures and arguments are examined and disproved; his false principles are confuted, and true ones established; several material facts are set in a true light; and the charac-

ters and conduct of several crowned heads, and others, are vindicated. Part the first." And it advertised that in a few days would be published, "Walpolian Principles exposed and confuted." It was written by one Carter, who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last rebellion. This Carter had lost an estate of eight hundred pounds a-year, which had been intended for him, rather than renounce his principles, and was turned a non-juring preacher, and had lately been sent away from an apothecary's where he lodged, for his treasonable conversation, and for sending fifteen or sixteen letters every post-night, which the people of the house suspected were written for purposes not more innocent. Whatever his designs were, he had too little prudence to do much harm, and too little sense. His book was a rhapsody of Jacobitism, made still more foolish by the style and manner, and of the lowest scurrility. I wish I may never have wiser enemies, or tyranny abler advocates! It is observable that this Carter distributed hand-bills, and left them at doors, promising this answer, and begging assistance towards it. In May, too, was published in the Critical Review a letter to the authors of it, from some anonymous person, denying the fact mentioned in the life of the Duke of Wharton in the same Catalogue, of Sergeant Wynne borrowing and using Bishop Atterbury's speech: yet it was absolutely true. Mr. Morrice, the bishop's grandson, often told it to Mr. Selwyn; Mr. Fox remembered the fact, when

he was at Oxford; and Mr. Baptist Leveson Gower says he perfectly remembers it, and that his (then) party affected to cry him up for it; that he got three thousand pounds the first year on the credit of it; but they were forced to drop him, as he had no parts to support his reputation. In truth, when I wrote the passage in question, I did not know Mr. Wynne was still living, am sorry to have shocked a man who had given me no provocation, and therefore, to avoid adding one mortification to another, which I did not mean, I have chosen to make no reply.

In August, I wrote a copy of verses, called the Parish Register of Twickenham. It is a list of all the remarkable persons who have lived there.

Sept. 1st. I began to look over Mr. Vertue's MSS., which I bought last year for one hundred pounds, in order to compose the Lives of English Painters. September 21st. I gave my Lady Townshend an epitaph and design for a tomb for her youngest son, killed at Ticonderoga; neither were used.

Oct. 28th. I finished the eighth book of my Memoirs. Oct. 29th. I began the account of a new discovery of painting upon wax; it was invented at Paris by the Comte de Caylus, and was improved here by Mr. Müntz.

Nov. 12th. I dismissed Mr. Müntz; and, upon his leaving me, laid aside the intention of publishing the account of the new encaustic.

1760. Jan. 1st. I began the Lives of English Artists, from Vertue's MSS. (that is, Anecdotes of Painting, &c.)

About the same time, there being thoughts of erecting a monument for Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in Westminster Abbey, I wrote an epitaph for it.

March 13th, wrote the Dialogue between Two Great Ladies. It was published April 23rd, being deferred till after the trials of Lord J. Sackville and Lord Ferrers.

April. In this month wrote a poem on the Destruction of the French Navy, as an exercise for Lord Beauchamp at Christchurch, Oxford.

Aug. 14th, finished the first volume of my Anecdotes of Painting in England. Sept. 5th, began the second volume. Oct. 23rd, finished the second volume.

1761. Jan. 4th, began the third volume.

In March, I was appointed trustee for Mrs. Day by Richard Lord Edgcumbe, in his will.

May 30th, wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's birthday, as she had lately been ill.

June 11th, wrote an epigram on the Duchess of Grafton going abroad.

June 29th, resumed the third volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, which I had laid aside after the first day.

July 16th, wrote the Garland, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.

Aug. 22nd, finished the third volume of my Anecdotes of Painting.

Dec. 20th, wrote a few lines to Lady Mary Coke, on her having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek.

Dec. 23rd, wrote a portrait of Lord Granville, in verse, to serve as an epitaph for him.

March 24th. I was chosen a Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

June 12th. I was attacked in a new weekly paper, No. 2, called the North Briton, and accused of having *flattered* the Scotch in my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. I made no answer to it. I could not have been charged with anything of which I am less guilty than flattery. The passage was written and published five years before this period, and in the reign of the late King, when partiality to Scotland was no merit at Court; and so little was it calculated to make a friend of Lord Bute, that, having had occasion to write two or three letters to him, I constantly disclaimed any desire or intention of having a place. I have copies of these letters, and of others to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, equally, and as fully disinterested. Before this accusation was made Lord Bute had had two levees; I was at neither, nor ever was at the levee of any Minister, but my father, and once at the Duke of Newcastle's, while my father was in power. I believe the author of the North Briton will ask for and have a place before I shall.

Aug. 2nd, began the Catalogue of Engravers. October 10th, finished it.

I had been told that Bishop Warburton resented something in the chapter of architecture, in the second volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, and that he intended to abuse me in the new edition of Mr. Pope's

works, which he proposed to have printed at Birmingham. As I had not once thought of him in that work, it was not easy to guess at what he was offended. On looking over the chapter, I concluded he had writ some nonsense about the Phenicians, but having read very few of his works, it was impossible for me to know where to find it. As I would not disoblige even a coxcomb unprovoked, and know how silly a literary controversy is, in which the world only laughs at both sides, I desired Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, to ask him if what I had said of the Phenicians was the rock of offence, and to assure him I had read few of his things, and had had no intention of laughing at him. I name Bishop Lyttelton, because, if it had not come from one of his own order, all-arrogant and absurd as Warburton is, one should scarce believe it possible that he could have pushed vanity and folly to such a height as appeared in his answer. He replied, "The Phenicians! no, no. He alluded to my note in the edition of Pope, in which I have spoken of Gothic architecture; I have exhausted the subject." I will only remark on this excess of impertinent self-conceit, that if he can *exhaust* subjects in so few lines, it was very unnecessary for him to write so many thousands. After this, I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, or with an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, the miss, and the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to the last.

1763. Beginning of September wrote the Dedication and Preface to Lord Herbert's Life.

1764. May 29th. Began an answer to a pamphlet against Mr. Conway, called An Address to the Public on the late Dismission of a General Officer. My answer was finished June 12th, but not published till Aug. 2nd, under the title of a Counter-Address to the Public, &c,

June. I began the Castle of Otranto, a gothic story, and finished it Aug. 6th..

Oct. 15th. Wrote the fable of the Magpie and her Brood for Miss Hotham, then near eleven years old, great niece of Henrietta Hobart, Countess Dowager of Suffolk. It was taken from *Les Nouvelles Recreations de Bonaventure des Penirs,* Valet-de-Chambre to the Queen of Navarre.

Dec. 24th. The Castle of Otranto was published ; 500 copies.

1765. April 11th. The 2nd edition of the Castle of Otranto; 500 copies.

Sept. 9th. Set out for Paris.

End of this year wrote the Letter from King of Prussia to Rousseau.

1766. April 22nd. Arrived in London, from Paris.

June 28th, 29th. Wrote an Account of the Giants lately discovered. It was published Aug. 25th following. Aug. 18th. Began Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third.

1767. Feb. 1. Began the Detection of the *Testament Politique* of my Father, at Strawberry Hill ; and

finished it the next time I went thither, Feb. 17th. Did not print it, as no translation was made into English of that fictitious work.

March. Wrote to the Mayor of Lynn, that I did not intend to come into Parliament again.

A bad translation of the Castle of Otranto into French was published at Paris this month.

May 28th. My Letter to the Mayor of Lynn was first published in the St. James's Chronicle.

Aug. 20th. I went to Paris. Wrote there an account of my whole concern in the affair of Rousseau, not with intention to publish it yet.

In Sept. were published, in the Public Advertiser, two Letters I had written on Political Abuse in Newspapers. They were signed, *Toby*, and *A Constant Correspondent.*

1768. Feb. 1. Published my Historic Doubts on Richard the Third. I had begun it in the winter of 1767; continued it in the summer, and finished it after my return from Paris. Twelve hundred copies were printed, and sold so very fast that a new edition was undertaken the next day of 1000 more, and published the next week.

March 15. I finished a tragedy called the Mysterious Mother, which I had begun Dec. 25, 1766; but I had laid it aside for several months while I went to Paris; and while I was writing my Historic Doubts on Richard the Third. The two last acts were not now as much finished as I intended.

June 20. Received a letter from Voltaire desiring

my Historic Doubts. I sent them, and the Castle of Otranto, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a controversy; especially on a matter of opinion, on which whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on mine.

Nov. 18. At the desire of her son George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, I wrote the elegy for the monument of Mary Lepelle Lady Hervey, to be erected in the Church at Ickworth, in Suffolk.

I should have mentioned that on the Dissolution of the Parliament this year, I refused to serve again, agreeably to a letter I had written to the Mayor of Lynn, and which was published in the newspapers.

1769. April 24. Mrs. Clive spoke an epilogue I had written for her on her quitting the stage. It alluded to Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth, then lately published.

May. Mr. David Hume had introduced to me one Diverdun, a Swiss in the Secretary's office. This man wrote *Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne;* and Mr. Hume desired I would give him a copy of Lord Herbert's Life, that he might insert an extract in his journal. I did. In April this Diverdun went to travel with a young English gentleman, and a few days afterwards a Swiss clergyman delivered to me from him his

Memoirs for the year 1768; he had published but one before, for 1767. In this new journal I found a criticism on my Historic Doubts, with notes by Mr. Hume, to which the critic declared he gave the preference. Mr. Hume had shown me the notes last year in manuscript, but this conduct appeared so paltry, added to Mr. Hume's total silence, that I immediately wrote an answer, not only to these notes, but to other things that had been written against my Doubts. However, as I treated Mr. Hume with the severity he deserved, I resolved not to print this answer, only to show it to him in manuscript, and to leave it behind as an appendix to, and confirmation of, my Historic Doubts.

About the same time Voltaire published in the *Mercure* the letter he had written to me, but I made no answer, because he had treated me more dirtily than Mr. Hume had. Though Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance or correspondence, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchess of Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told her I had officiously sent him my Works, and declared war with him in defence *de ce bouffon* Shakspeare, whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchess sent me Voltaire's letter, which gave me such contempt for his disingenuity that I dropped all correspondence with him.

In July and August finished two more books of my Memoirs for the years 1765, 1766.

1770. In the summer of this year wrote an Answer to Dr. Milles' Remarks on my Richard the Third.

1771. End of September, wrote the Advertisement to the Letters of King Edward the Sixth.

1772. Finished my Memoirs which conclude with the year 1771; intending for the future only to carry on a Journal. This year, the last, and sometime before, wrote some Hieroglyphic Tales. There are only five. I had long left off going to the Antiquarian Society. This summer I heard that they intended printing some more foolish notes against my Richard the Third; and though I had taken no notice of their first publication, I thought they might at last provoke me to expose them. I determined, therefore, to be at liberty by breaking with them first; and Foote having brought them on the stage for sitting in council, as they had done, on Whittington and his Cat, I was not sorry to find them so ridiculous, or to mark their being so, and upon that nonsense, and the laughter that accompanied it, I struck my name out of their book. This was at the end of July.

In July wrote the Life of Sir Thomas Wyat, No. 11. of my edition of Miscellaneous Antiquities.

Sept. 16. The Duke of Gloucester notified to the King his marriage with my niece Lady Waldegrave.

Sept. Wrote some lines to Lady Anne Fitzpatrick with a present of shells.

1773. Wrote Nature will Prevail, a moral entertainment in one act, which I sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, manager of Covent Garden. He was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it enlarged, which I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance.

1774. Wrote an Introduction to, and a Parody of, Lord Chesterfield's three first Letters.

At the beginning of this year wrote my Answer to Mr. Master's Remarks in the Archæologia. In July wrote the verses on the Three Vernons.

1775. In February wrote the Epilogue to Braganza; and three Letters to the Author, Mr. Jephson, on tragedy.

1777. In April my nephew Lord Orford went mad again, and was under my care, but as he had employed a lawyer, of whom I had a bad opinion, in his affairs, I refused to take care of them.

1778. Lord Orford recovering in March, I gave up the care of him.

1778. In June was acted "Nature will prevail," at the little Theatre in the Haymarket, with success. At the end of July wrote my answer to the Editor of Chatterton's works.

1779. In the preceding autumn had written a defence of myself against the unjust aspersions in the Preface to the Miscellanies of Chatterton. Printed 200 copies at Strawberry Hill this Ja-

nuary, and gave them away. It was much enlarged from what I had written in July. At the end of May wrote a Commentary and Notes to Mr. Mason's later poems.

[Here the Manuscript terminates.]

DESCRIPTION

OF

THE VILLA AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

A

DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA*

OF

MR. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT

STRAWBERRY HILL, NEAR TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX,

WITH AN INVENTORY OF

The Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities,

ETC.

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* It has been thought desirable to append here Walpole's own Account of Strawberry-Hill, as it is so frequently mentioned in the course of these Letters, and the treasures it contained are now dispersed. This Collection, it will be recollected, was sold by public auction at Strawberry-Hill, in April, 1842.

PREFACE.

It will look, I fear, a little like arrogance in a private man to give a printed description of his villa and collection, in which almost every thing is diminutive. It is not, however, intended for public sale; and originally was meant only to assist those who should visit the place. A farther view succeeded; that of exhibiting specimens of Gothic architecture, as collected from standards in cathedrals and chapel-tombs, and showing how they may be applied to chimney-pieces, ceilings, windows, balustrades, loggias, &c. The general disuse of Gothic architecture, and the decay and alterations so frequently made in churches, give prints a chance of being the sole preservatives of that style.

Catalogues raisonnés of collections are very frequent in France and Holland; and it is no high degree of vanity to assume for an existing collection an illustration that is allowed to many a temporary auction: an existing collection,—even that phrase is void of vanity. Having lived, unhappily, to see the noblest school of painting, that this kingdom beheld, transported almost out of the sight of Europe, it would be strange fascination, nay, a total insensibility to the pride of family, and to the moral reflections that wounded pride commonly feels, to expect that a paper fabric and an assemblage of curious trifles, made by an insignificant man, should last or be treated with more veneration and respect than the trophies

of a palace deposited in it by one of the best and wisest ministers that this country has enjoyed.

Far from such visions of self-love, the following account of pictures and rarities is given with a view to their future dispersion. The several purchasers will find a history of their purchases; nor do virtuosos dislike to refer to such a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curiosities. The following collection was made out of the spoils of many renowned cabinets; as Dr. Meade's, Lady Elizabeth Germaine's, Lord Oxford's, the Duchess of Portland's, and of about forty more of celebrity. Such well-attested descent is the genealogy of the objects of virtù,—not so noble as those of the peerage, but on a par with those of race-horses. In all three, especially the pedigrees of peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many insignificant names.

The most considerable part of the following catalogue consists of miniatures, enamels, and portraits of remarkable persons. The collection of miniatures and enamels is, I believe, the largest and finest in any country. His Majesty has some very fine, the Duke of Portland more: in no other is to be seen, in any good preservation, any number of the works of Isaac and Peter Oliver. The large pieces by the latter, in the royal collection, faded long ago by being exposed to the sun and air. Mons. Henery, at Paris, and others, have many fine pieces of Petitot. In the following list are some most capital works of that master, and of his only rival Zincke. Raphael's missal is an unique work, in miniature, of that monarch of painting; and the book of Psalms, by Julio Clovio, the finest specimen extant of illumination. The drawings and bas-reliefs, in wax, by Lady Diana Beauclerc, are as invaluable as rare.

To an English antiquary must be dear so many historic pictures of our ancient monarchs and royal family: no fewer than four family-pieces of Henry V., VI., VII., and VIII.; of Queen Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon; of the Duchess of Suffolk and her second husband; and that curious and well-painted picture of Charles II. and his gardener. Nor will so many works of Holbein be less precious to him,

especially Zucchero's drawings from his Triumphs of Riches and Poverty.

To virtuosos of more classic taste, the small busts of Jupiter Serapis in basaltes, and of Caligula in bronze, and the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will display the art of ancient and modern sculpture—how high it was carried by Greek statuaries, appears in the eagle.

To those who have still more taste than consists in mere sight, the catalogue itself will convey satisfaction, by containing a copy of Madame du Deffand's letter in the name of Madame de Sevigné; not written in imitation of that model of letter-writers, but composed of more delicacy of thought, and more elegance of expression, than perhaps Madame de Sevigné herself could have attained. The two ladies ought not to be compared; one was all natural ease and tenderness, the other charms by the graces of the most polished style, which, however, are less beautiful than the graces of the wit they clothe.

Upon the whole, some transient pleasure may even hereafter arise to the peruser of this catalogue. To others it may afford another kind of satisfaction, that of criticism. In a house affecting not only obsolete architecture, but pretending to an observance of the *costume* even in the furniture, the mixture of modern portraits, and French porcelaine, and Greek and Roman sculpture, may seem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience, and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern.* Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental China, if they had possessed them?—But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realize my own visions. I have specified what it

* And the mixture may be denominated, in some words of Pope,

"A Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome."

contains; could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite: at least the prospect would recall the good humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of the *Castle of Otranto.*

A

DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA

OF

MR. HORACE WALPOLE,

AT

STRAWBERRY-HILL, NEAR TWICKENHAM.

WHERE the Gothic castle now stands, was originally a small tenement,* built in 1698, and let as a lodging-house: Cibber once took it, and wrote one of his plays here, *The Refusal, or the Lady's Philosophy.* After him, Talbot bishop of Durham had it for eight years:† then, Henry Bridges marquis of Carnarvon, son of James duke of Chandos, and since duke himself. It was next hired by Mrs. Chenevix,‡ the noted toy-woman, who, on the death of her husband, let it to Lord John Philip Sackville, second son of Lionel duke of Dorset: he kept it about two years, and then Mr. Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease in May 1747, and the next year bought it by act of parliament, it being the property of three minors of the name of Mortimer. Along with this house and some other tenements was another small one,§ then occupied by Richard Francklin, printer of The

*It was built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and was called by the common people, *Chopp'd-Straw-Hall*, they supposing, that by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house; but the piece of ground on which it stands is called in all the old leases, *Strawberry-Hill-Shot*, from whence it takes its name.

†The bishop kept a large table here; which is scarce conceivable, as he had no kitchen but that little place which is now the china-room.

‡Pere Courayer lodged here with her for some time.

§It has since been pulled down, and a cottage built on the same spot. The garden too has been newly laid out by Mr. Walpole since it came into his hands by Francklin's death.

Craftsman, who had been taken up for printing that paper during the administration of Sir Robert Walpole.* When Mr. Walpole bought Strawberry-hill, there were but five acres belonging to the house: the rest have been purchased since. The castle now existing was not entirely built from the ground, but formed at different times, by alterations of and additions to the old small house. The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, round tower, great cloister, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the great north bed-chamber in 1770; and the Beauclerc tower with the hexagon closet in 1776.

The embattled wall to the road is taken from a print of Aston-house in Warwickshire, in Dugdale's history of that county.

Entering by the great north gate, the first object that presents itself is a small oratory enclosed with iron rails; in front, an altar, on which stands a saint in bronze; open niches, and stone basons for holy water; designed by John Chute, Esq. of the Vine in Hampshire. On the right hand is a small garden called the abbot's garden, parted off by an open screen, taken from the tomb of Roger Niger bishop of London in old St. Paul's. Passing on the left, by a small cloister,† is the entrance to the house, the narrow front of which was designed by Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, the learned master of Trinity college, Cambridge. Over the door are three shields of Walpole, Shorter, and Robsart.

You first enter a small gloomy hall paved with hexagon tiles, and lighted by two narrow windows of painted glass, representing St. John and St. Francis. This hall is united

* It is remarkable, that the printer of the "Craftsman" was Mr. Walpole's tenant; and that the writer of "The Craftsman," W. Pulteney earl of Bath, wrote a ballad in praise of Strawberry-hill.

† In this cloister are two blue and white Delft flower-pots; and a bas-relief head in marble, inscribed Dia Helianora: it is the portrait of the Princess Eleanora d'Este, with whom Tasso was in love, and who was the cause of his misfortunes; it was sent to Mr. Walpole from Italy, by Sir William Hamilton, minister at Naples. On a pedestal stands the large blue and white china tub in which Mr. Walpole's cat was drowned; on a label of the pedestal is written the first stanza of Mr. Gray's beautiful ode on that occasion.

'Twas on *this* lofty vase's side.
Where China's gayest art has dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

In the winding cloisters on the right hand are some ancient bas-reliefs; and a brass plate with the effigies of Ralph Walpole bishop of Norwich and Ely, engraven by Muntz (a Swiss painter who lived some time with Mr. Walpole,) and a Chinese lanthorn with scraped oyster-shells.

with the staircase, and both are hung with gothic paper, painted by one Tudor, from the screen of prince Arthur's tomb in the cathedral of Worcester. The balustrade was designed by Mr. Bentley; at every corner is an antelope (one of Lord Orford's supporters) holding a shield. In the well of the staircase, by a cord of black and yellow, hangs a gothic lanthorn of tin japanned, designed by Mr. Bentley, and filled with painted glass; the door of it has an old pane with the arms of Vere earl of Oxford.

Turning to the left, through a small passage, over the entrance of which is an ancient carving in wood of the arms of Queen Elizabeth, 1567, and in it a window of painted glass, you enter

THE REFECTORY, OR GREAT PARLOUR.

It is thirty feet long, twenty wide, and twelve high; hung with paper in imitation of stucco. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it stands a fine Etruscan vase, between two bottles of black and gold porcelain.

Over the chimney, a conversation, by Reynolds, small life: Richard, second lord Edgecumbe, is drawing at a table in the library at Strawberry-hill; George James Williams is looking over him; George Augustus Selwyn stands on the other side with a book in his hand. Lord Edgecumbe, Mr. Selwyn, and Mr. Williams used to be with Mr. Walpole at Christmas and Easter at Strawberry-hill.

On one side of this picture, a head of Sir Horace Mann, resident at Florence; painted there by Astley, and highly coloured: he is drest in red velvet.

Opposite to it, his brother, Galfridus Mann, in brown; by the same.

Over against the chimney, a bureau of black japan; on it a clock, supported by a bronze figure of a woman reading: beneath, an Etruscan vase, between two white old china beakers.

The chairs are black, of a gothic pattern, designed by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Walpole. The table of Sicilian jasper on a black frame designed by Mr. Bentley: upon it, a large punch-bowl and pail of Seve china; two beakers of old grey porcelaine, veined; two ice-pails of Chelsea china. Under it, two Etruscan vases, and a jar of Roman fayence. Over the table hangs a hunting-horn, finely enamelled on one side in colours, on the other in chiaro scuro, with the history of St. Hubert. By the table an old white china bottle, ornamented with or moulu, on a mahogany pedestal, for water, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale, 1775.

On each side of the window, the top of which has some fine painted glass, and one ridiculous * Dutch piece representing the triumph of Fame, who is accompanied by Cato, Cicero, and other great men, in square caps and gowns of masters of arts, are card-tables of rosewood, carved in China; and over each a looking-glass in a gothic frame of black and gold, designed by Mr. Walpole. Inclosed in the tops of the frames, with their arms and coronets, are the portraits of George Walpole third earl of Orford, and of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, eldest son of George earl of Cholmondeley and of Mary second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. The former is copied by Eckardt, from a miniature by Liotard, in the cabinet above stairs: the latter is original by Eckardt. On one side of the window,

An old woman letting a boy light his candle, by Schalken; very fine.

Opposite, Two boys, a dog and a goat, by Bassan; from Mr. Jennings's collection.

At the end of the room, over against the window, Sir Robert Walpole, knight of the garter, afterwards earl of Orford. On one side of him,

Catherine, eldest daughter of John Shorter, of Bybrook in Kent, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole; in white: a copy from Sir Godfrey Kneller, by Jarvis. On the other side,

Maria Skerret (in the dress of a shepherdess), second wife of Sir Robert; by Jarvis.

On one side of the chimney, Robert Walpole second earl of Orford, auditor of the exchequer, master of the fox-hounds, and knight of the bath, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole by his first wife; in red velvet, with a globe by him: by Richardson.

Margaret, only child of Samuel Rolle, of Heynton in Devonshire, first married to Robert second earl of Orford, and mother of George the third earl; and secondly to Sewallis Shirley, a younger son of earl Ferrers; in a white riding-habit with a stick: by Jarvis.

On the other side, Sir Edward Walpole, second son of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, knight of the bath, and clerk of the pells; in the robes of the bath: by Slaughter.

* There is another Dutch emblematic pane, on which is Charles II. riding uppermost on the wheel of Fortune, and Rebellion thrown down. Another pane is painted with a cobbler whistling to a bird in a cage, by Pearson, scholar of Price. This window was altered and enlarged in 1774.

Horace Walpole, third son of Sir Robert and Catherine Shorter; in blue velvet: by Richardson.

Over against the chimney, a large piece of the ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatio Waldegrave, daughters of James second earl of Waldegrave and Maria Walpole, afterwards duchess of Gloucester: by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1781.

Lady Ann Osborn,* daughter of the first duke of Leeds: by Sir Godfrey Kneller. She was first married to Thomas Coke of Holkham, by whom she was grandmother of Thomas Coke Lord Lovel and earl of Leicester; and secondly to Horatio Walpole, second son of Sir Edward Walpole, and uncle of Sir Robert Walpole. On the other side,

Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert, and second wife of Charles lord viscount Townshend, knight of the garter and secretary of state; in a Turkish habit: by Jarvis.

Over one of the doors, Mary lady Malpas, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; married to George lord Malpas, afterwards Earl of Cholmondeley: by Eckardt, after Jarvis. Over the other door,

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole and Maria Skerret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of General Churchill; in a veil, with a music-book before her: by Eckardt.

A fire-screen of admirable needle-work, representing a vase of flowers, by Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John duke of Argyll, countess of Ailesbury; married secondly to General Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis first earl of Hertford of that line, knight of the garter, embassador in France, and lord Chamberlain; it is mounted in mahogany, carved, and inlaid with ivory.

A Turkey carpet, and a fire-screen embroidered with knotting.

A two-leafed screen, containing part of a map of Surry and Middlesex. It is a piece of the first tapestry woven in England, and came from Weston in Warwickshire, the seat of the Sheldons, who introduced the manufacture. The complete suite of hangings were purchased by Mr. Walpole, and presented by him to the earl of Harcourt. This specimen had never been hung up.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM.

A head, in artificial stone, of John Dryden the poet, great uncle of Catherine Shorter lady Walpole: a large altar

* This is a whole length picture, but is turned in.

candlestick of metal, inlaid with gothic inscriptions, very ancient: and a pair of ancient bellows.

Inside of King's college chapel: by Canaletti.

A curious emblematic picture of a man standing, small whole length, with a bust of Charles II., seemingly before his restoration, for a cupid is weighing the broken arms of England (as a commonwealth) against crowns and sceptres, (but the sceptre is a French one, and therefore probably painted abroad) fragments of architecture, and the man holds a plan like St. Paul's; thence it has been supposed a portrait of Sir Christopher Wren, but does not resemble him, nor are the arms his.

A print of Lady Mary Coke.

Bust of Colley Cibber, poet-laureat, in a cap, when old, coloured from the life, and extremely like. He gave it to Mrs. Clive, the celebrated actress; and her brother Mr. Raftor gave it, after her death, to Mr. Walpole.

Tradescant junior, with a skull covered with moss for the powder of sympathy.

A small whole length of Dryden, in oil, by Maubert.

THE CHINA ROOM.

Painted glass in the windows, and crests of Shorter and Gestinthorpe: the ceiling painted with convolvuluses on poles, by Müntz, from a ceiling in the little Borghese villa at Frescati: the sides, white Dutch tiles, with borders of blue and white.

In the floor some very ancient tiles with arms, from the cathedral at Gloucester. The upper part of the chimney-piece is taken from a window of an ancient farm-house, formerly Bradfield-hall, belonging to Lord Grimston in Essex; the lower part from a chimney at Hurst Monceaux in Sussex: it is adorned with the arms of Talbot, Bridges, Sackville, and Walpole, the principal persons who have inhabited Strawberry-hill.

In a niche supported by two columns of oriental alabaster, over the chimney, is a fine ewer of fayence, designed by Julio Romano; and two green glass tumblers, with golden edges; and two round saltcellars of old blue and gold Venetian glass, with flowers.

Over the niche, four chocolate cups of fayence, by Pietro Cortona; and a bronze medallion of Pandulfo Malatesta.

On the sides, George II. and Frederic Prince of Wales, in Battersea enamel.

In the chimney, a large jar of old blue and white china; and two tiles from Bysham-abbey.

On the shelves and floor is a collection of porcelaine, earthenware, glass, and enamel on copper, of various ages and countries, as follow:

Two dozen plates of Venetian glass; each plate has a different view of Venice, drawn in red.

A japanned tray with a vase for cream, and eight chocolate-cups and saucers with landscapes in brown, of the same ware.

Two bowls of Worcester porcelaine, the pattern from old china.

Two mustard-pots and plates, of Seve china; given by Lord Hertford.

Five trays, in shapes of fans, of old Japan china.

An old blue and white plate with a rib in the middle.

A coloured handle cup, saucer and square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white plates, artichoke pattern.

Thirteen ditto, with peacock feathers.

Sixteen coloured old Japan plates.

Four ditto, blue and white, with figures.

Three ditto, with figures.

Twelve ditto, of coloured Japan china.

Four ditto, with birds.

Four water-plates with figures, of new china.

Twelve plates of Chelsea china, with small coloured birds.

Three dishes scolloped and ribbed, with coloured flowers.

Two large coloured dishes of the fine old thick Japan china.

A large deep dish of Roman earth, with stories from Ovid's Metamorphosis.

An earthenware dish, with the heads of Charles II. and Queen Catherine in blue and white; a present from Mr. Ibbot.

An old blue and white dish, with landscapes.

Ditto, larger, with figures.

Two dishes of very old French earthenware, with the arms of France.

Two small dishes of fayence, with grotesques, and the arms of a bishop Contarini.

An octagon coloured plate of Saxon china, old pattern.

An octagon square plate, with a cock and hen.

A dish and twelve plates enamelled on copper.

Two round plates of Japan.

Thirteen old white chocolate cups and tea-cups, with embossed flowers.

A tea-pot, milk-pot, five coffee-cups, five tea-cups, and ten saucers, of white quilted china of St. Cloud.

A tea-pot and milk-pot, six cups and saucers, of modern china, with grey landscapes.

Five white cups and saucers with gold borders.

Two coloured caudle-cups.

An earthenware tea-pot, with the head of Lord Chatham.

A small tea-canister of Seve china, blue and gold, with figures on white.

A pot pourri of Saxon china, with coloured flowers embossed.

An old white china cup, with cupids, painted in Europe.

A cup with a bullfinch, of modern china.

Thirteen small baskets of Saxon china for sugar-plums, different patterns.

An urn and stand of kennel coal, a present from Sir William Meredith.

Six coloured water-cups and plates of Chelsea china.

A blue and white caudle-cup.

Two ditto, coloured.

An old blue and white honeycomb tea-pot.

Two Roman lacrymatories of glass, two of earth, and two water-glasses. M.

An ewer enamelled with bacchanals on copper.

Two coffee-cups and saucers of white and gold Bohemian glass.

A cup of Mr. Place's china. *Vide Walpole's Catalogue of English Engravers.*

A blue and white saucer, with a landscape, of fine Nankin china.

A jar, with red and white landscapes, and blue and gold borders, of Chelsea china.

Two coloured Saxon trays, with squirrels.

A scolloped saucer of Saxon china, the second sort, very rare; in it lies a medal of Louis quinze in Seve china.

A hand-candlestick of coloured Seve china.

A blue and gold sugar-dish of old Venetian glass, cover and plate, with a silver gilt spoon.

An old blue and white saucer in the shape of a star.

Two trays, ditto.

An ivory drinking-horn, with the arms of the earls of Exeter; ancient.

An old earthen mug of Arabian ware.

Two vases with handles, of red Portuguese earth.

Two plates like shaving-basons, of the same.

An earthern bottle; painted on it, *Sack*, 1647; it was thus sold by apothecaries. From the collection of Mrs. Kennon, the virtuosa midwife.

A blue and white eggshell cup.

Michael Angelo's Bacchus, made in the china of the comte de Lauragais; from the collection of the comte de Caylus.

Two Roman glasses, like water-glasses; two lacrymatories, ditto; and two of earth. M.

Bust of Voltaire, in biscuit of Nancy.

Two blue and gold cups for eggs, of Seve China.

Seven old-coloured octagon cups and saucers.

A tea-pot and bason, six handle cups and saucers, with battles in black, of Vienna China; a present to Catherine lady Walpole from Count Dehn, envoy from the Duke of Wolfenbuttle.

A square brown china cup to measure tea.

An old white china tea-pot with birds and flowers, finely painted in Europe.

A bagpiping boy and a dancing girl, of Seve biscuit.

Six fine old cups, white within; without, japanned black and mother of pearl: very rare.

An ewer enamelled on copper, with naked horsemen fighting.

A blue and gold coffee-cup and saucer, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

A cup and saucer, all blue and gold, of ditto.

An old glass tankard, with a battle of Turks and Christians in black, finely drawn.

Ditto of old Venetian glass striped with white, mounted in silver gilt: on the lid, arms of Parr enamelled.

Six handle cups and saucers with green landscapes on white, of Chelsea china.

An urn and cover of red Portuguese earth.

Two large coloured saucers with figures.

Two small ditto basons with flowers.

Two large coloured basons.

Two white saltcellars with crawfish in relief, of Chelsea china.

A fine square plate, à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two old blue and white trays.

Two Saxon-coloured saucers, cinquefoil.

Two green and gold salts, with flowers on white, of Seve china.

Two white Chelsea salts on feet.

Two small blue and white basons.

A boy supporting a shell, finely modelled in red earth; the first sort of Saxon China before it was glazed or painted, and which was only given as presents by the elector: extremely rare.

Three pieces of rocks, made of rice; given by Mr. Raftor, Mrs. Clive's brother.

Two Chinese basons enamelled with coloured flowers on copper.

A red cup and saucer, glazed; the second sort of Saxon china: rare.

Two blue and gold handle cups and saucers, with birds on white cartouches, of Seve china.

One ditto, green.

One ditto, blue and gold in zigzags, and garlands on white; very beautiful.

Two white barrels with vines and grapes, of Chelsea china.

Two small basons with coloured flowers, of the best modern china.

A very fine standing cup and cover, enamelled on copper with the story of Sampson, from the designs of Parmegiano.

A small dejeune of blue and gold Seve china; very pretty.

A handle cup, saucer, and square plate, of blue and gold Seve china, with sea-pieces admirably copied from Vernet's pictures.

Ditto of blue, green, and gold, with flowers on white.

Two porringers of Portuguese earth.

An octagon saltcellar enamelled on copper, droll figures on the sides with old French verses; at top, a head, *Je suis Paris;* at bottom, another, *La Belle Helene.*

A copper tray, scolloped and enamelled with Saint John and flowers; a present from Mr. G. Montagu.

A very large glass urn, damaged, found near London; a present from Dr. Ch. Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle.

Six coloured handle cups and saucers, a tea-pot and sugar-dish, in shapes of leaves, of Chantilli china.

Four small blue and white eggshell cups.

The present Queen of France, a large medallion of Seve biscuit; a present from the Duchess Dowager d'Aiguillon in 1771.

Two handle cups and saucers, different patterns à la Grecque, of Seve china.

Two butter-pots and plates of blue and white Delft ware; presents from Lady Ailesbury.

A red cup and saucer, clouded.

A small square brown tea-pot.

A jug of old clouded glass, and a bottle of the same.

Two Saxon tankards, one with Chinese figures, the other with European. These tankards are extremely remarkable. Sir Robert Walpole drank ale; the Duchess of Kendal, mistress of King George the First, gave him the former. A dozen or more years afterwards, the Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of King George the Second, without having seen the other, gave him the second; and they match exactly in form and size.

Two dessert-dishes of coloured Japan china.

A scolloped sugar-dish of old china, white without, striped with colours within: rare.

A bason and plate of scolloped Saxon china.

A plate with small flowers, ditto.

A monteith of coloured Seve china: beautiful.

Two old white china candlesticks, mounted in silver.

A large scolloped and coloured bowl of Japan china.

A pale green and white flat bason; very old.

Two green jars.

A mug of earthen-ware, with Arabic characters.

A sugar-dish, cover and plate, of Japan china.

A green ewer with a purple handle.

An Etruscan cup with two handles, and an owl on it.

Two very small brown tea-pots.

Medallion of Henry Quatre, in Seve biscuit.

Four blue and white chocolate cups, and four saucers.

A triangular saltcellar of fayence, with fine figures on terms.

An old Venetian glass cup and saucer, with gold flowers.

A cup of Matlock spar, on a foot.

An urn, ditto.

Four dessert-plates of fayence, with figures and boys round the borders; by Pietro Cortona: very fine. A fifth ditto, with goats; a present from Lady Diana Beauclerc.

Two light purple handle cups and saucers with landscapes, of Seve china.

A large cup and saucer, à la Grecque, ditto.

A scolloped japan tray.

A fine glass urn with golden boys; Roman: described in Doctor Middleton's Antiquities.

A tall blue and white tea-pot with flat sides.

A round brown tea-pot, quite flat.

A fine old blue and white box and cover, a present from Lady Ailesbury.

A vase with two handles, of Portuguese earth.

A cup, with two handles, with fantastic forms within it: given by Lady Mary Churchill.

A green and white mug and saucer, with figures on white, of Seve china.

Ditto, with rustic implements; very genteel.

A white old triangular piece of china and cover, for eggs.

An old white beaker.

Two large blue and white tea-pots.

Twelve old blue and white dessert-plates with figures.

A small dish of Chelsea china in a dessert pattern.

A blue and white beaker with a Chinese procession.

Two blue and white soup-dishes with figures.

Ten dishes of old Japan ware.

An ancient tall drinking-glass, with arms and devices; a present from Sir John Hawkins.

Two large blue and white beakers.

Two ditto, of different patterns: a companion to one of them is in the great bedchamber.

A blue and white dish of Chelsea china.

A Turkish earthen bottle, with leaves cast in relief on it.

Two blue and white jars.

Two green, blue, and white beakers.

Two blue and white beakers.

A large fayence dish.

A fine Turkish jar and cover, with cast leaves: curious.

A large blue and white dish.

A blue and white basket of Chantilli china.

A white Seve saucepan that bears the fire: 1771.

Two blue and white beakers.

Two small coloured ditto.

Two square blue and white bottles.

An odd green and white tea-pot.

A tile from the kitchen of William the Conqueror at Caen in Normandy.

Two basons of most ancient Gombroon china; a present from Lord Vere, out of the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A beautiful green bason.

Ten coloured pattypans of different sizes.

An old white dish.

A dish and four dessert-plates, brown, blue, and white.

A large blue and white dish, and a small ditto.

Four green leaves of Staffordshire-ware for a dessert.

A tea-kettle of brown china.

A white jar.

Two white-handled cups and saucers, finely painted with natural flowers, of Seve porcelaine.

A Mercury, ditto.

A group of the graces supporting a basket, of Seve biscuit.

A large old white china tea-pot, that was the Duke of Monmouth's; a present from Simon second Earl of Harcourt.

A sauce-boat of Roman fayence, with Cupid riding on a dolphin.

Twelve plates of Wedgwood's ware, with cameos of blue and white, and blue festoons; from a design of Lady Diana Beauclerc.

A bason and ewer of Roman fayence, painted with landscapes; a present from the Earl of Exeter.

A large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.

Two dishes of the same.

A cup and saucer, white, with green festoons, of Bristol porcelaine.

A round picture of white flowers in alto relievo, of the same manufacture.

A square compotier with blue and gold flowers, of Salopian porcelaine.

A blue, gold, and coloured sugar-dish and plate, of Worcester porcelaine.

Two white glass cups, with gold festoons and rams' heads, of English manufacture.

Two dessert-plates of old china, in form of herons.

A group of two figures and five single cupids, of Hesse and Brunswick porcelaine; presents from Lord Beauchamp.

Sir William Hamilton, envoy at Naples, and Catherine Lady Walpole; medallions of Wedgwood's ware.

Louiz quinze, and Dr. Franklin, medallions in biscuit.

Two tall chocolate cups and saucers, beautifully painted with holyoaks, of Seve china; presents from Lady Ailesbury.

A white and gold mug and saucer, with Chinese pheasants, of ditto.

A cup and saucer of ditto, all over strawberries, a present from Madame du Dessand.

A cup and saucer of ditto, lilac and gold, with the story of Pan and Syrinx, in crimson.

A cup and saucer of Wedgwood's ware, finely painted with English views.

A white and gold handle cup and saucer with Chinese figures, of the porcelaine of Clignancour, a new manufacture

established by the Comte de Provence, called porcelaine de Monsieur.

A cup to hold an egg, imitating lapis lazuli; porcelaine de Seve.

A very small cup and saucer, white and gold, with imitations of rubies; ditto.

A large caudle cup, striped with gold, and flowers; porcelaine of Berlin.

Four ditto, with sprigs of flowers on white ground; ditto.

A tea-pot and plate, bason, sugar-dish, milk-pot, two chocolate-cups, two pomatum-pots, and a cann; of the Staffordshire bamboo ware, 1782.

A Turkish earthenware plate, brown and gold, a present from Mrs. Griffith, the authoress.

A white glass sugar-dish, painted with natural flowers.

A red Portuguese bowl, with a grate at the bottom, for cooling water.

Three black and red earthen vases, with handles, highly polished.

Two more copper enamelled plates, given by Lady Ailesbury.

A tumbler of crackled china within; japanned without; very rare: a present from Mrs. French.

A bason of Turkish earthenware, gilt within; a present from Mr. Fitzwilliam.

A glass saucer, gilt and silvered; given by Lord Ossory.

Portrait of George Simon earl of Harcourt, in Wedgwood's ware; the only one executed in that manner.

A Tuscan vase of Wedgwood's ware.

A white cup and saucer with coloured flowers, made for the Comte d'Artois, and called porcelaine d'Angouleme; a present from the Viscountess Mount-Edgcumbe.

Two custard cups of old crackled china, with flowers of plated silver.

A small jar, white within and japanned without; a present from Mr. Barrett, of Lee.

A Delft beaker, and two blue and white bottles, ditto.

A large flattish drinking glass, one of the first manufacture at Venice, with the initials of an English lady's name for whom it was made, and the date 1580; a present from Lady Georgiana Smythe.

Three pieces of Moorish mosaic; on one a shield, with the name or title of a Moorish king; bought at the auction of Mr. Carter, who published an account of Spain.

Two vases of white porcelaine, striped with blue and gold,

and ornamented with red festoons; from the manufacture of Marquis Ginori, at Florence; sent by Sir Horace Mann.

CHINA IN THE WAITING ROOM.

Two ice-pails with vines, of Saxon china.

A white butter-pot and plate of Chantilli, and two blue and white saltcellars, ditto.

Two monteiths of Tolle, a new French metal japanned.

Four oblong dessert-dishes, four leaves, and twelve plates, with coloured fruits and flowers, of Chelsea china.

Twelve blue and white coffee-cups and saucers of Chantilli.

Twelve black and white tea-cups and saucers of Bow china.

Two red and white handle cups and saucers with boys, of Seve.

A fine coloured ice-pail and cover, ditto.

A blue and white Delft butter-pot and plate.

Two white and gold salts of Seve.

Twenty-four white plates with knurled borders and gold edges, four deep leaves, two square plates, and a cream bowl, of Seve.

A large white plate, and a white glass beaker.

A blue and white basket, two round cheese-pots and plate, and a sceau for liquors, of Chantilli.

Twelve fine plates coloured, with rich blue edges, of Seve.

Two ditto, larger.

Six ditto, blue and white.

Two green Staffordshire flower-pots with masks, and two plates.

THE LITTLE PARLOUR.

Over the door is a shield of Mr. Walpole's arms and quarterings on painted glass, by Price. The room is lighted by a bow window, in which, among other pieces of painted glass, are the arms of Ayliffe, impaling Clifford of Frampton: given by Mr. George Selwyn.

The chimney is taken from the tomb of Thomas Ruthau bishop of Durham, in Westminster Abbey. The room is hung with gothic paper of stone colour in mosaic, on which are wooden prints by Jackson of Venice; and furnished with a table and eight chairs of ebony, bought at the Lady Conyer's at Great Stoughton in Huntingdonshire, as were others in other chambers. On the table is an ice-pail of Wedgwood's ware.

Two sleeping dogs, the original model in terra-cotta, by the

Honourable Mrs. Damer, which she afterwards executed in marble for the Duke of Richmond.

IN THE YELLOW BED-CHAMBER, OR BEAUTY ROOM.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. The room is hung with grey spotted paper, the bed and chairs of yellow silk and stuff damask. On the ebony table, two large old blue and white china candlesticks, and a writing-box of sandal-wood inlaid with ivory. On the commode with a slab of white marble, bought at Mr. Bateman's Sale, a bronze cast of the Hermaphrodite. A fire-screen worked by Lady Ossory, 1781.

Over the chimney, Charles II., James duke of York and Mary princess of Orange, when children, copied from Vandyck, by Charles Beale.

A fine portrait of Sir Peter Lely, after himself, by ditto.

Elizabeth Wriothesly countess of Southampton, and afterwards first wife of Ralph the first duke of Montagu, by ditto, after ditto. These three are in water-colours.

Nineteen small heads, in oil, of the court of Charles II. (except Sacharissa,) copied by Jarvis for himself, and bought with his house at Hampton, by Mr. Lovibonde, at whose sale these and the three foregoing were purchased.

Charles the Second.

Queen Catherine.

King William, when Prince of Orange.

Queen Mary, when princess.

Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II.

Frances Stuart (of Grammont's Memoires) duchess of Richmond.

Louise de Querouaille, duchess of Portsmouth.

Lady Dorothy Sidney, countess of Sutherland, Waller's Sacharissa.

Barbara Villiers, duchess of Cleveland.

Arabella Churchill, wife of Mr. Godfrey, mistress of James II.

Mrs. Philadelphia Saunders.

Mrs. Trevor, maid of honour: having seen the Duke of Monmouth in bed with another lady, and divulging it, the duke engaged Mr. Thynne to debauch her. Mr. Thynne, being killed before he bedded Lady Ogle, this epigram was made on him:—

" Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat-hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married."

Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of William earl of Devonshire, and wife of John earl of Exeter.

Lady Gertrude Pierpoint, daughter of William earl of Kingston, and wife of George Saville marquis of Halifax.

Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Robert earl of Warwick, wife of Henry viscount St. John, and mother of the famous Lord Bolingbroke.

Henry earl of Ogle, only son of Henry Cavendish duke of Newcastle.

Lady Elizabeth Percy, only daughter and heiress of Joceline last earl of Northumberland, married first to Henry lord Ogle, secondly to Thomas Thynne, esq. and lastly to Charles Seymour duke of Somerset.

Two other ladies, unknown.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, by Vertue.

Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of W. duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegie earl of Southesk.

Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James duke of Ormond, and wife of Philip Stanhope earl of Chesterfield. These two heads are copied in chalks, by Mr. Farringdon, from the originals by Sir Peter Lely, at Mr. Fountaine's at Narford. *See an account of the two ladies in the Memoires de Grammont.*

Bust of the Lady Viscountess Melbourne: a cast from the original by Mrs. Damer.

Prince Arthur and Catharine of Arragon, on board, in the original frame; a present from Colonel Myddelton of Denbighshire, in which county it had remained from the death of the prince at Ludlow.

ON THE STAIR-CASE.

View of Richmond-hill, the original drawing by Mr. Henry Bunbury; a present from himself.

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM, ONE PAIR OF STAIRS.

Furnished with blue paper, and blue and white linen. Black and yellow painted glass set in plain blue glass in the bow window. On the writing table, an inlaid writing-box made by Langlois. The chimney-piece and windows are not

truly gothic, but were designed by Mr. W. Robinson, of the Board of Works, before there was any design of farther improvements to the house.

Over the chimney, a glass in an ebony frame, a present from the Reverend Mr. Hemmings of Twickenham; two blue and white flower-pots of Seve china; and two candlesticks with Chinese figures, by Martin, and china flowers. On one side of the glass—

Mary Lepelle lady Hervey; a print.

A moonlight; by Bernard Lens.

A frame with nine miniatures, viz.—

A young bride, by Isaac Oliver.

A lady; behind her a red curtain. Both of the family of Digby, but not known.

Venetia Stanley lady Digby, aged nineteen, very beautiful; by Peter Oliver.

Sir Kenelm Digby and Lady Digby, after Vandyck; by ditto: set in the form of a book with covers of gold enamelled.

The same Lady Digby, as she was found dead in her bed; by ditto, after ditto; set in gold enamelled black; on which behind is a sphere: it seems to mean that the world was in mourning for her. Sir Kenelm was passionately fond of this lady, who, Lord Clarendon says, was of *extraordinary beauty and as extraordinary fame.* At Windsor is a whole length of her, by Vandyck, treading on serpents, to imply that the stories told of her were the produce of malice. At Goathurst, where they lived, are two busts of her in bronze; on the pedestal of one are inscribed these tender words, *Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio.*

Sir Kenelm Digby, when young; by Peter Oliver: very fine.

Lady Digby, again, most beautiful; by ditto.

Lady Lucy Percy, daughter and coheiress of Thomas earl of Northumberland who was beheaded, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, younger son of the Earl of Derby, mother of Venetia lady Digby; by Isaac Oliver. She is still more beautiful than her daughter, though drest very unbecomingly in a great black hat and large ruff; only set off by a lilac ground. This is perhaps the finest and most perfect miniature in the world.

All the seven last are wonderfully preserved, though found in a garret in an old house in Wales, belonging to a Mr. Watkin Williams, probably descended from Sir Kenelm, one of whose sons left only two daughters, that were married into Welch families. This set of pictures, with a few more less fine, cost Mr. Walpole 300 guineas.

On the other side of the glass, another frame, with fifteen miniatures, viz.—

Robert earl of Essex, favourite of Queen Elizabeth; set in a case enamelled with flowers.

Henry Carey lord Hunsdon, knight of the garter 1585; by Hilliard: set in black enamel. These two from the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

A lady of the family of Digby; belonging to the set above-named; in a white enamelled case.

The Duc de Vendome, with a red knot; by Petitot.

Madame la princesse Palatine; by ditto.

Madame la duchesse de Montpensier, grandmother of Mademoiselle; by ditto. These three from the collection of the Comte de Caylus.

La Duchesse de Montzabon, called La Belle des Belles; by ditto.

Holbein, in a round, original by himself.

An exceedingly fine watch, given to General Fairfax by the parliament, after the battle of Naseby; by P. Bordier, brother-in-law of Petitot. On one side is Fairfax on horseback, after Vandyck's King Charles; on the other, the House of Commons; behind, the battle. It was bought at the sale of Thoresby's museum, who has described it in his Ducatus Leodiensis.

Two boys, sons of Sir Kenelm Digby. Note, these and some after-mentioned pictures of the Digbys were the other division of that collection, and were purchased by Mr. W. of the lady who shared them with the other heir.

John duke of Lauderdale, copied by Lady Lucan from the original by Cooper, in the possession of Lady Greenwich.

William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lady Lucan after Meyer.

Charlotte de la Tremouille countess of Derby; in a frame of silver filigrane.

A lady's head, supposed to be the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Earl William, by Hoskins; finely preserved: a present from the duchess dowager of Portland.

Fontenelle, a drawing; bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by Lady Hervey.

A landscape, a drawing in water-colours, by Vanderneer.

Inside of Walpole church in Lincolnshire; by Vertue.

View of Mad. du Deffand's room and cats, a print; with verses by the President Henault.

A print of Count Antoine Hamilton.

A most curious picture of Rose the royal gardener, pre-

senting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II. who is standing in a garden: the house seems to be Dawny-court near Windsor, the villa of the duchess of Cleveland. The whole piece is well painted, probably by Danckers. It was a present to Mr. W. from the Rev. Mr. Pennicott of Ditton, to whom it was bequeathed by Mr. London, grandson of him who was partner with Wise.

Two prints of Rubens's own house.

Two beautiful bas-reliefs of boys, in wax, by Lady Diana Beauclerc; set in frames with her arms, and cameos by Wedgwood and Tassie.

Vandervaart the painter, by himself, in water-colours, finely done; in an old ebony frame set with lapis lazuli and agates: a present from Richard Bull, Esq.

Cowley, by Sir Peter Lely; the fine original of Zincke's Cowley in enamel in the cabinet; bought at the sale of Mr. Lovibonde in 1776.*

Two views of Paris, by Raguenet; given by Henry Fox Lord Holland.

Four washed views of the chateau de Grignan in Provence: a present from George Harding, Esq.

Miss Temple, maid of honour to Ann Hyde duchess of York, and second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton; by Spenser, after the unfinished picture by Cooper, in the possession of Lord Lyttelton.

Head of the Comte de Grammont; copied from the original at the convent of the Grands Augustins at Paris.

A secretaire of inlaid woods.

Cupid, in Seve china.

Two blue and white square tubs, of ditto.

* Description of a young shepherd, from Britain's Ida, that almost exactly delineates this portrait.

" Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
A daintie boy there wonn'd, whose harmless yeares
Now in their freshest budding gentlie swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheeres;
Youth's downie blossome thro' his cheeke appeares;
His lovelie limbs, but love he quite discarded,
Were made for play, but he no play regarded,
And fitt love to reward, and be by love rewarded.
High was his forehead, arch'd with silver mould,
Where never anger churlish wrinkle dighted;
His auburn locks hung like dark threads of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play among their wanton curls delighted.
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd——
Ah! how should truth in those thief eyes be stor'd!
Which thousand Loves had stol'n, and never once restor'd!"

Vide Warton's Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 123.

Anne Liddel countess of Ossory; in crayons, by Hamilton.

An urn of granite, brought from one of the Greek islands, and given to Sir Robert Walpole by Sir Charles Wager.

Ditto of oriental alabaster, given to Sir Robert Walpole by General Charles Churchill.

Margaret Smith, wife of Sir Charles Bingham Lord Lucan; by Hamilton. This lady arrived in five months, by copying in water-colours the enamels and miniatures in this collection, at great perfection, and in that short time copied forty pieces, imitating most exactly the manners of the several masters. Mr. W. wrote the following lines on that subject:

> " Without a rival, long on painting's throne
> Urbino's modest artist sat alone.
> At last a British fair's unerring eyes
> In five short moons contest the glorious prize.
> Raphael by genius, nurs'd by labour, gained it—
> Bingham but saw perfection, and attained it."

Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, wife of Lord Craven: by Romney.

Richard III. and his queen; a drawing from painted glass, by Vertue.

A sea-piece; by Backhuysen: very good.

Madame la Marquise du Deffand, and the Duchesse de Choiseul giving her a doll, which the former, who was blind, holds out her hands to receive; alluding to her calling the duchesse *Grand Maman*. Every part of the room is exactly represented, and Madame du Deffand most exactly like, which the duchesse is not; by M. Carmontel, a gentleman belonging to the duke of Orleans, who has done in the same manner most of the court of France: a washed drawing.

A print by Bartolozzi of Georgiana Spencer, duchess of Devonshire, from the drawing of Lady Diana Beauclerc; in a frame with Wedgwood's cameos, and two flies engraved and painted by Hill.

A view of the church of Stokepogeys in Buckinghamshire; the moon shining on Mr. Gray's tomb in the church-yard; by Baron: a present from Sir Edward Walpole.

Virgin and child, a highly finished illumination: it belonged to Gaston, duke of Orleans.

Francis I. receiving the homage of the clergy, law and army; an illumination: Cardinal du Prat as chancellor is at the head of the law. Two of the officers on the fore ground are engraved in Montfaucon's Antiquities of France.

An allegoric washed drawing of Christiana of Pisa writing her Cité des Dames, from an illumination in the library of the King of France.

View of the Hotel de Carnavalet, where Madame de Sevigné lived, in la Rue Coulture St. Catherine, at Paris; built by Du Cerceau: painted by Raguenet.

A woman reading; small whole figure; great nature: by Le Duc.

A flower, in paper Mosaic, executed by Mrs. Delany, the inventress, who between the seventieth and eightieth years of her age executed 500 plants in this manner. She was daughter of Mr. Granville, by the daughter of Sir John Stanley, and was first married to Mr. Pendarvis, and then to Dr. Delany.

Its companion, by Mrs. Delany's scholar, Miss Jennings of Shiplake.

Lady D. Beauclerc's two daughters, engraved from her drawing, by Bartolozzi; in a blue and gold frame painted in mosaic, with lions and flower-de-luces, in allusion to the arms of Beauclerc.

Sir Kenelm Digby, his wife and two sons: by Peter Oliver, after Vandyck; a large miniature in the highest preservation; in an ebony case set with Wedgwood's cameos. On the insides of the doors, two other ladies of the same set.

Two other ebony cases, ditto. In one, a lady of the Digby family, half-length, after Vandyck, with a beautiful landscape: by Peter Oliver.

In the other case, Lady Digby enamelled, in a frame of the same, with her arms, and Latin mottoes, supported by two goddesses: by G. Toulin, 1637.

Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of H. Fred. earl of Arundel, and first wife of John Digby, son of Sir Kenelm.

On the reverse, in the same enamelled frame, another lady of the family, exquisitely painted by Peter Oliver; probably the second wife of John Digby.

Lady Frances Howard, countess of Essex and then of Somerset; copied by Lady Bingham, now Lady Lucan, from the original at Woburn.

Catherine, duchess of Buckingham, daughter of James II. in enamel: by Zincke; a present from her niece Madame de Bouzols.

A holy family in wax, from Carlo Maratti, by Mrs. Mary Slaughter, sister of Stephen Slaughter, painter: a present from Miss Anne Clement.

The virgin and child, and two angels holding tapers; an ancient carving in ivory: a present from Mr. Watson, the chirurgeon.

A lady's head, by Hilliard, unfinished; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A girl's head, in oil; very lively: by A Cuyp.

George Hamilton, brother of Count Anthony Hamilton; small copy, in oil, by E. Edwards; from the original in the possession of Lord Kingsland.

Print of Mr. W. Mason, the poet.

A man's head in a black bonnet, æt. 30, 1539, by Holbein, unfinished; bought at Mr. Lovibonde's.

A masquerade at Vauxhall, in bister; by Lady Diana Beauclerc. There is wonderful expression in the faces, and attitudes, though some of the figures are quite masked, and others have half masks.

A washed drawing of Les Rochers, the country house of Madame de Sevigné in Bretagne, done on the spot by Mr. Hinchcliffe, son of the Bishop of Peterborough, 1786.

Miss Hannah More, the poetess; in water-colours, by Roberts, after Opie.

Miss Farren, the comedian; in water-colours.

Two washed drawings, by Miss Agnes Berry.

View of Lee. the seat of T. Barrett, Esq. in Kent, by Pether; in an ebony frame.

A young Paris, cast in terra-cotta, from a marble bust, by Mrs. Damer, of the son of Mademoiselle Rossi, a dancer.

Two old blue and white china jars; a candlestick of Seve china; tea-things of old china; a small tripod of or-moulu to burn incense; and a red velvet purse embroidered with gold and old French arms, to hold counters.

THE GREEN CLOSET.

In the windows are some very curious pieces of painted glass. One round pane (one of the best in the house) represents the story of the law-giver, who having enacted a law for punishing adultery with blindness, and his own son being convicted of it, he gave up one of his own eyes to save one of his son's. The drawing is fine, and the figures of the legislator and of the young soldier who contemplates him, are evidently taken from some picture or design which gave the hint to Vandyck for his Belisarius, now at Chiswick. There are other curious panes: one with a rose impaling a pomegranate, the device of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon; others with a crown in a thorn-bush between the letters H and E, the device of Henry VII., which he assumed after the battle of Bosworth, where Richard's crown was found in that manner. Over the door,

A view of Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham, painted since the alterations made by Sir William Stanhope; by Scott, in

his very best manner. On the same side of the room are the following pictures, most of them small:—

A portrait of Sarah Malcolm, who was hanged for murdering her mistress and two other women in the Temple. She is sitting at a table in Newgate, with popish beads before her. This was drawn by Hogarth the day before her execution, and she had put on red to look the better.

Four landscapes in water-colours, by Baudin.

A landscape in needle-work, by Lady Ailesbury; after Van Uden.

Eight views of ruins at Rome and other places, by Lucatelli.

A landscape in Indian ink, with Italian, Chinese, and Gothic buildings; by Mr. Bentley, in his best style.

The head of old Dahl the painter, in water-colours, by himself; oval.

Cibber the statuary, with a pair of compasses in his hand, in water-colours; by Christian Richter.

George Granville, lord Lansdown, in red; ditto, by Vertue, after Kneller.

Two small pictures in oil, the stories of Susanna and the Elders, and of David and Bathsheba; Italian.

A beggar-boy with a bird's-nest, water-colours, on ivory; by Mr. Horace Walpole; from Murillo.

Queen Henrietta Maria; by Dixon.

Mary princess of Orange, mother of King William; by Hoskins.

Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine lady Walpole; heads carved in ivory.

An old head, in a laced night-cap and ruff; by Cornelius Jansen, or Porbus.

Lady Arabella Stuart, when a child; by Isaac Oliver.

Zachary Kneller, brother of Sir Godfrey; by Vertue, after Kneller.

St. Catherine reading; after Correggio, by Catherine lady Walpole.

At the end fronting the window:

A pot of carnations, drawn at Chelsea from the life by Van Huysum, who lived there two years with Sir Robert Walpole: he was brother to the famous flower-painter: in oil.

Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole; a head in crayons.

Mary Burwell, his wife; ditto.

An herb-market and a fish-market; after Teniers, in oil, by Angelis.

Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole; he is an old man sitting; a death's head by him; in crayons.

Mary, his wife, daughter and coheiress of Thomas Derehaugh of Colton-hall, Suffolk: in crayons.

A stable-yard, with a cart, and a woman paring turnips; by J. H. Müntz; in oil.

Six curious pictures in water-colours of Mary de Medici and Louis XIII. and five great duchesses of Tuscany; copied from a chamber at Poggio Imperiale, near Florence, where the originals are dressed in the very clothes they wore, pasted on the hangings, with the faces painted on satin.

Six more drawings of ruins, by Lucatelli.

Anna Chamber countess Temple; by Hamilton.

Henry Carey earl of Monmouth, knight of the bath, translator of many works;* by Theodore Russel.

Pope Benedict XIII. in wax; behind it is his eulogium, written by Mr. Walpole and printed in his Fugitive Pieces.

Lady Newburgh, Lord Lansdown's Myra, in widow's weeds; copied by young Lens from the original of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Earl of Cardigan; in water-colours.

The Countess of Buckingham, mother of Duke George Villiers, in mourning; by ditto: from the same collection.

Anna Maria Brudenel countess of Shrewsbury, famous for her amours with the second George Villiers duke of Buckingham; by ditto, from ditto.

James Stuart duke of Richmond and earl of Litchfield, husband of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart whom Charles II. was in love with; in armour; by Cooper.

Susan Airmine lady Bellasis, mistress of James II.; by Cooper, unfinished.

Lady Anne Watson, daughter of Thomas earl of Strafford; by ditto.

Spencer Compton earl of Northampton, killed in the civil war.

A lady's head, temp. James I.

Two ladies of the court of Queen Elizabeth; by Hilliard. These five belonged to Spencer Compton earl of Wilmington.

An infant's head, sleeping, by Vischer; very natural: in black lead.

A boy's head, in red and black chalks; by Peter Oliver: very lively.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the excellent comedian, in the cha-

* See his article in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

racter of the Fine Lady in Lethe; in water-colours by Worlidge.

A lady's head; in a black hood; by Cooper.

Boncourt, a French comedian; given by the Comte du Chatelet.

A gentleman's head, in oil; oval, in a metal case.

Thomas earl of Arundel; small head, in oil.

Charles II. in robes of the garter; in water-colours, after Lely; done by Richard second lord Edgecumbe at the age of sixteen.

Two pieces of fruit and flowers, in water-colours; by old Lens.

Mrs. Scott, the painter's wife; by Deacon. A gentleman of great genius for drawing, who, having misfortunes, took to painting portraits in miniature, and hired the house late Zincke's in Covent Garden, where Mr. Meyer, the enameller, now lives; but Mr. Deacon died in a year by the jail-distemper which was brought to the Old Bailey, where he happened to attend.

Mr. Pope, by young Lens, in water-colours; round.

Pomona; by Clinksted.

Mr. Thomas Gray; etched from his shade; by Mr. W. Mason.

A landscape on copper; by Roland Savery.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury; a print coloured by Wale, from the original of Isaac Oliver, in the collection of Lord Powis.

William lord Mansfield; in oil, by Wootton.

Zeeman junior, painter, in blue, by his father.

Profile of an angel, after Guido; done in hair by Mary Lane, 1778.

Impression of Oliver Cromwell's privy seal.

The two sons of the old Pretender; painted at Rome in 1740.

The Viscount Stafford, beheaded in the reign of Charles II., in water-colours; a present from Mr. E. Jerningham the poet, nearly related to the Staffords.

On the window-side fronting the door, beginning on the left hand;

A view of the Thames from Mrs. Clive's house at Twickenham; in blue and white, by Müntz.

A sprig of orange-flowers, and another of apple-blossoms; by Catherine lady Walpole, in water-colours.

A bunch of white roses; by ditto.

Inside of a church, by Steenwick.

Four more views of ruins; by Lucatelli.

A Chinese building, designed and drawn by Mr. Bentley for the corner of the wood at Strawberry-hill, where the chapel now stands; in Indian ink.

The Farnese Hercules, in wax; by Gosset.

Cleopatra, in water-colours; Italian.

Mrs. Beale, and her son Charles; heads in water-colours by her.

Profile head of a Magdalen, a coloured print by Le Blon.

A red and white rose, executed in feathers, by Werman Cany.

Bishop Burnet, in robes of prelate of the garter; by Mrs. Rose.

Prince Charles of Lorrain, in a frame of tortoise-shell.

Then pass to the right hand.

Over the window, B. Hoadley bishop of Winchester, in wax; by Gosset: and

Charles Townshend, chancellor of the exchequer: ditto.

Boors reading; Flemish. It was in Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A landscape: by Teniers.

Two more views of ruins: by Lucatelli.

The arms of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, cut in paper on looking-glass, by Bermingham.

A conversation, after Watteau, in water-colours; by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Design for the arms of the two clubs at White's; drawn by the second Lord Edgecumbe, and invented by him, Mr. G. A. Selwyn, Mr. Geo. J. Williams, and Mr. Hor. Walpole, at Strawberry-hill. The arms are as follow: Vert (for the card-table) on a chevron sable (for the hazard-table) two rouleaus of guineas in saltire between two dice proper, the chevron between three parolis at Pharaoh, proper; on a canton sable, a white ballotting-ball. Crest, an arm and hand holding a dice-box, issuant from an earl's coronet. Supporters, an old and a young knave of clubs (for the two clubs). Motto, *cog-it amor nummi.* The arms surrounded by a bottle-ticket inscribed *claret,* in the manner of an order.

A king-fisher and ducks, of the Battersea enamel: it was a manufacture stamped with a copper-plate, supported by Alderman Jansen, but failed.

Charles II., young, in armour, with the garter; oval miniature.

Mary duchess of Beaufort; oval miniature.

Mr. Congreve, in armour; oil.

A lady, with Italian mottoes; in a round.

A friar and lady at her toilette: by Clinksted.

A woman hiding her lover from her blind husband: by ditto.

A woman fainting in a man's arms; after some great master: D. Rawdon fe. 1703.

Mr. Deacon's son, by him; unfinished.

Drawing by Müntz, in water colours, from an illumination to a book of Earl Rivers in the library at Lambeth, and from which the frontispiece was taken to Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

At the end of the closet towards the Thames.

Over the window, impression of the great seal of Queen Henrietta Maria; and

Frederic Prince of Wales, in wax: by Gosset.

Two prints of old Stocks-market, and Essex-court in the Temple, coloured by Baudin.

Head of James first earl of Stanhope, in crayons.

Ditto of Mrs. Sclater, in a black gauze hood.

Four more views, by Lucatelli. There are 24 in all.

Sir John Shorter, grandfather of Catherine lady Walpole; in crayons. He was lord mayor in 1688, when receiving the pope's nuncio in the city, James II. gave him an additional quarter to his arms; two years before he had been one of the most distinguished aldermen on the Whig side. He died in his mayoralty.

Isabella Birkhead, his widow, in weeds. They are buried in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark. Vide Maitland's History of London.

Mary Bruce duchess of Richmond: by Hamilton.

Anne Conway, daughter of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury, and wife of John Damer, eldest son of Joseph lord Milton; by Hamilton.

Octagon of Thomas earl of Southampton, in his robes; but quære whether it is not the last duke of Ormond but one?

Henry Howard earl of Northampton; copied in water-colours by Hardinge; from the original in the earl's college at Greenwich.

A small half-length of a young man, octagon, on copper, by Fr. Hals; from Mr. Jennings' collection.

Two landscapes in soot-water; by Mr. Bentley.

A writing-box, richly carved in ivory.

Two blue and white jars.

A red velvet coffer, ornamented with silver, and containing six dram-bottles of the old Venetian glass flowered with gold and enamelled tops; from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A temple of old japan.
Two cups and saucers of Seve china.
A small table of ditto.
Three ebony chairs.
Small bronze bust of Caracalla.*
Profile of Lady Ailesbury, in wax; by her daughter Mrs. Damer.
Thomas Seymour lord Sudley, brother of the protector Somerset, copied by Lady Lucan from the original in the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham.
Mary Churchill, second wife of Charles lord Cadogan; small life in oil, by W. Stavely.
A washed drawing of the walnut-tree covered with ivy on the terrace at Strawberry-hill, in winter; by Lady Diana Beauclerc.
Two kittens in marble, by Mrs. Damer.

THE BLUE BED-CHAMBER.

Hung with plain blue paper; a linen bed; eight chintz chairs; a toilette worked by Mrs. Clive; a looking-glass in a tortoiseshell frame, ornamented with silver; two blue and white square candlesticks of old Delft ware: an ancient lock to the door, richly wrought of brass and steel; and a cabinet japanned by Lady Walpole: on it, an ewer and bason of blue and white Seve china; under it a blue and gold china bottle.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Bentley. Over it, In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; small whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton, by Wootton. Sir Robert is sitting; by him, on a table, is the purse of chancellor of the exchequer, leaning against busts of George I. and II. to denote his being first minister to those kings: by Lady Walpole are flowers, shells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts. On the chimney,

A boy and girl in Seve biscuit.
Three small flower-pots, ditto.
Two cups and saucers, ditto.
Four blue and white cream-cups.
In the bow window, some very beautiful painted glass.

General Henry Seymour Conway, and Caroline countess dowager of Ailesbury, his wife; their daughter Anne sitting on the ground playing with a dog. The attitudes and dresses

* In the cupboards in this closet are many MSS. particularly all those of Vertue, which Mr. Walpole bought of his widow.

taken from Watteau. This, and all the other pictures in this room, were painted by Eckardt.

Charles Churchill, and Lady Maria Walpole, his wife, with their eldest son Charles; taken from the picture at Blenheim, of Rubens, his wife and child.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, knight of the bath.

Mr. Thomas Gray;* taken from the portrait of a musician by Vandyck, at the Duke of Grafton's.

Mr. Richard Bentley; from Vandyck. He holds in one hand his own design of the figure of Melancholy, drawn by him for the edition of Mr. Gray's Odes.

Mr. Horace Walpole; from Vandyck, leaning on the Ædes Walpolianæ: behind him, a view of Strawberry-hill. The frames are of black and gold, carved after those to Lombard's prints from Vandyck, but with emblems peculiar to each person.

THE RED BED-CHAMBER.

Hung with crimson paper; by the bed, a crucifix of ivory; an ewer and bason of Chantilli porcelaine; a red and white flower-pot, cup, saucer, and sugar-dish, of Seve porcelaine; crimson Norwich damask chairs, and an arm-chair of patch-work.

Pictures on the chimney-side:

Gypsies telling a country maiden her fortune at the entrance of a beech-wood; a most beautiful drawing in water-colours, designed and executed by Lady Diana Beauclerc in 1781; the chef-d'œuvre of her works.

A drawing in Indian-ink of a forest, by Mary Danby, first married to Mr. Lockhart, and afterwards to General Harcourt, only brother of George Simon second earl of Harcourt.

An old beggar; by Teniers.

Heads of goats, a fine sketch by Berghem; from the collection of Wootton the painter.

View of Elizabeth-Castle, in Jersey, by Müntz; in oil.

A coloured drawing, by the Reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Maria Walpole, countess of Waldegrave and duchess of Gloucester, with her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Laura; a mezzotinto.

A moonlight on copper, by Bonus, jun.

* With this motto, alluding to an Ode on Eton, which, though one of his best productions, was his first published, "Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

Side opposite the window.

A landscape, by Mullins.

Falconet, the painter's wife, by him; highly finished.

Mary Kirk, wife of Sir Richard Vernon, known by the name of Warmestre, in the Memoires de Grammont.

Two views of Richmond-hill, and Twickenham, from Strawberry-hill, by Müntz; in oil.

Le Comte de Grignan; a print.

Madame de Caylus, niece of Madame de Maintenon; a print.

Two old men; an Italian sketch.

The original drawing of Titus Oates, in black lead, by Robert White; a present from Richard Bull, Esq.

A head of the duke d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III., painted on oriental alabaster; a present from Colonel St. Paul, chargé d'affaires at Paris.

A print of the Princess Sophia, eldest daughter of their royal highnesses William Henry and Maria, duke and duchess of Gloucester.

The father of Pope as he lay dead; drawn by his father-in-law, Samuel Cooper: bought by Richardson, junior, at the sale of Mrs. Martha Blount, to whom Pope had bequeathed this and the three following.

Mrs. Editha Cooper, mother of Pope; by John Richardson, senior.

Mr. Pope himself; ditto.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke; ditto.

Sketch by Kent, for a niche in Mr. Fairfax's house in Saville-row.

On the sides of the window:

Madame de Prie, mistress of the duc de Bourbon, prime minister in the minority of Louis XV. in crayons; she died of vexation at the disgrace of the duke: a present from Madame du Deffand, who was intimate with her.

The four seasons, heads of boys in rounds; Italian: a present from the duc de Nivernois.

Macbeth in the witches' cave; a print.

Four drawings of humour, washed, by Elias Martin.

An ancient illuminated drawing.

A landscape, view in Jersey, by Mr. Bentley; in oil.*

A young lady reading the Castle of Otranto to her companion; a graceful and expressive drawing, done for a present to Mr. W., by Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of Lady

* In this piece Mr. Bentley has represented himself and his second wife on the sea shore.

Lucan, the celebrated copyist, and since married to Lord Althorp.

A fine drawing in water-colours, by the Reverend Mr. Gilpin.

Sophia Dorothea, wife of George the First; copied by Hardinge from the original which Princess Amelie bequeathed to her nephew, the Landgrave of Hesse, and which George the Second hung up in Leicester-house as soon as he heard of his father's death.

A small head of Oldham, the poet, in oil; as clear and fine as Vandyck. It had been in the collection of Mr. Dinely.

A view of Lady Di. Beauclerc's villa at Twickenham, by Sam. Lysons, Esq.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

In a niche, the armour of Francis I. king of France, of steel gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs in a fine taste: his lance is of ebony inlaid with silver; his sword steel, beautifully inlaid with gold, probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini: there is also the armour for the horse's head. This very valuable suit of armour was purchased from the Crozat collection in 1772, on the death of the Baron de Thiers, when the Czarina bought the fine collection of pictures and bronzes. Over against it,

Henry V. and his family; bought in 1773, at the sale of James West, president of the Royal Society. See a description and print of this picture in the first volume of the Anecdotes of Painting in England. This picture came out of Stafford-house, or Tart-hall, Westminster: and I imagine that this, and the two others of Henry VI. and VII. were done by order of Henry VII. in honour of the house of Lancaster. I have heard that that of Henry VI. came out of the palace of Shene.

Henry VIII. aged 29, and Charles V. aged 20, in one picture, from Mr. West's collection. Behind Charles V. are two figures, probably designed for his grandfather and father, the Emperor Maximilian, and Philip.

Two shields of leather, for tournaments, painted by Polidore; one has the head of Medusa, the other of Perseus: on the insides are battles in gold. They came out of the collection of Commendatore Vittoria at Naples, and were sent to Mr. W. by Sir W. Hamilton, with a third of iron, representing the story of Curtius, but certainly not antique, as there is a cannon and an embattled tower at a distance.

Over the middle arcade is a curious ancient head of Henry III. carved in alto-relievo on oak, from the church of Barnwell, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, which he endowed. This head is very like to the effigies on his tomb, and to that in painted glass in the chapel here at Strawberry-hill.

Monamy the painter showing a sea-piece to Mr. Thomas Walker, a collector of pictures; small life; the figures by Hogarth, the sea-piece by Monamy. A present from Richard Bull, Esq.

A Persian shield, over the door into the blue room.

An ancient dish of fayence, over the door of the red room.

Top of a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. with his arms and this motto, " Sarve God and live for ever." As the date on it is 1660, with C. R., it probably was used for his majesty and the Duchess of Cleveland.

Wootton the painter, his wife and children; small life, painted by Gav. Hamilton.

THE ARMOURY

Is an open vestibule of three gothic arches, lighted by a window entirely of painted glass, and ornamented over the doors and niches with quarterings of the family of Walpole, painted by Grant.

Two suits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of stirrups; from Coombe, near Kingston, in Surrey, which seat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville earl of Warwick. These arms therefore probably were part of those which served his troops when he marched to Westminster to awe the parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

A beautiful Persian shield, made of a rhinoceros's hide tanned, enamelled, and almost transparent.

An Indian scimitar, the handles and ornaments of silver, in a green velvet case, and a dagger of the same; given by a nabob to George Morton Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, and by his widow to Mr. Walpole.

An Indian sword, the blade waving and damasked, the scabbard of wood twisted with cane, the hilt an owl carved in wood.

Two Indian quivers, full of arrows.

An Indian lance, the head of wood double-barbed and delicately wrought, that it might break into splinters in a wound.

Several other lances, spears, and Indian bows.

An Indian bow, painted.

An Indian scimitar in a Japan scabbard.

Four broad swords.

A collar set with spikes, for a wild beast.

Five pieces of a coat of mail.

An Indian pouch made of beads and hair; a girdle, ditto; a collar, ditto; and two leather shoes, ornamented ditto.

An eastern powder-horn of steel and bronze, richly graved, and hung to a chain with a tablet of bronze, characters in the middle on a red ground.

An Indian mace, inlaid with brass.

A hatchet, ditto. These three from the collection of Mons. Julienne at Paris.

Two halberds, from the old house at Houghton.

An American calumet; a warrior's wreath; and a neck ornament: presents from Governor Pownall.

An ancient musket, richly carved; a present from Moses Franks, Esq.

Another ancient musket and pistol inlaid with ivory; from the collection of Mr. Scott.

A tall ossuarium with bas-reliefs, a sacrifice and tripods.

Another, curious for being a double one; the inscriptions,

VIBIA. P. L.	P. VIBIVS.
ASIATICE.	P. O. L.
VIXIT.	MODESTVS.
ANN. XXII.	

Head of Isis, small model in terra-cotta by Mrs. Damer, which she executed in large in stone for the bridge at Henley.

An ancient battle-axe and a bandelier.

A curious royal lock, made as early as in the reign of Henry VII., from one of the palaces; a present from Thomas Astle, Esq.

THE LIBRARY.

The books are ranged within Gothic arches of pierced work, taken from a side-door case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's. The doors themselves were designed by Mr. Chute. The chimney-piece is imitated from the tomb of John of Eltham earl of Cornwall, in Westminster Abbey: the stone-work from that of Thomas duke of Clarence, at Canterbury. An ancient curfeu, or couvre-feu, from Mr. Gostling's col-

lection. The ceiling was painted by Clermont, from Mr. Walpole's design drawn out by Mr. Bentley. In the middle is the shield of Walpole surrounded with the quarters borne by the family. At each end in a round is a knight on horseback, in the manner of ancient seals; that next to the window bears the arms of Fitz Osbert, the other of Robsart. At the four corners are shields, helmets, and mantles: on one shield is a large H, on another a W, semée of cross crosslets, in imitation of an ancient bearing of the Howards in Blomfield's Norfolk. On another shield is the Saracen's head, the crest of the family, but here the Catherine-wheel is above the cap, not on it; having been so borne by the Robsarts, as appears from the tomb of Lodowic Robsart lord Bourchier, in Westminster Abbey. On the fourth shield is an antelope, one of Lord Orford's supporters, with the arms about his neck, resting under a tree, as in old devices. On either side is the motto of the family, *Fari quæ sentiat;* and at the ends, M.DCC.LIV. the year in which this room was finished, expressed in Gothic letters; the whole on a mosaic ground.

The large window and the two rose windows have a great deal of fine painted glass, particularly, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whole figures in colours; a large shield with the arms of England, and heads of Charles I. and Charles II.

On one side of the window, a landscape by Polemberg. Opposite to it,

Christina queen of Sweden, in her usual dress, partly male, partly female; a curious drawing with a pen by Steph. de la Bella.

Over the chimney, an ancient and valuable piece, representing the marriage of Henry VI. of which see a description in the Anecdotes of Painting. Above it are that king's arms, the red rose crowned, and Queen Margaret's arms in a lozenge. On each side, two bronze medallions of the Malatestas, sovereigns of Rimini.

A girl and cat, in water-colours, copied by Mr. Walpole from Rosalba.

A boy with a flute, by ditto, from a picture of Cavalier Luti, at Houghton.

Sir Robert Walpole, when a boy, in crayons.

Sir Edward Walpole, knight of the bath, grandfather of Sir Robert; in oil.

Henry duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII. in his shirt and night-cap, which is embroidered with black: a miniature.

Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas lord Fairfax,

wife of George Villiers second duke of Buckingham: a miniature by Cooper.

The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I.: ditto, by Isaac Oliver.

Sir Francis Drake: ditto, by Hilliard.

Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, the great admiral, æt. 37; by Isaac Oliver.

Lady Penelope Compton, daughter of Spencer earl of Northampton, and wife of Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state, by Cooper.

Count Gondomar, a fine head in oil; small.

A print of King Stanislaus in his old age, coloured and dressed with silks after the clothes he wore: a present from Mrs. Damer.

A Roman simpulum in bronze.

Two bronze antique lamps and chains.

One ditto, modern, with a triton.

A cow, ditto.

An ancient brass padlock in the shape of a hand.

A greyhound in bronze, to keep down papers.

A silver standish that was Sir Robert Walpole's, with his arms.

Pictures over the Book-cases:

Lady Fairborne, daughter of Sir —— Rookesby, and wife of Sir Stafford Fairborne; in red: niece of

Catherine, daughter of Edward Darcy, esq. and wife of Sir Erasmus Philips, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire, grandmother of Catherine lady Walpole, whom she educated.

Sir John Shorter, lord mayor of London in 1688; in black.

Isabella Birkhead, his wife.

Francis Seymour Conway earl of Hertford, and knight of the garter; by Astley, after Liotard.

Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles second duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis earl of Hertford; by Eckardt, after Vanloo.

Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Lord Hertford, in armour; by Eckardt.

Charlotte, second daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook in Kent, and third wife of Francis lord Conway; in yellow.

Thomas Shorter, second son of Sir John Shorter; in brown.

John Shorter, esq., of Bybrook in Kent, eldest son of Sir John Shorter; in red.

John Shorter, in armour, eldest son of the foregoing, and brother of

Catherine Shorter, eldest daughter of John Shorter of Bybrook, and first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford: a copy after old Dahl.

A clock of silver gilt, richly chased, engraved and ornamented with fleurs de lys, little heads, &c.: on the top sits a lion holding the arms of England, which are also on the sides. This was a present from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn; and since, from Lady Elizabeth Germaine to Mr. Walpole. On the weights are the initial letters of Henry and Anne, within true lovers' knots; at top, *Dieu et mon droit.*

A semicircular ossuarium, an uncommon form: in the pediment, a tripod supported by grifons: at each corner, a horned head of a man and a bird; a festoon hangs from the horns of the men, on which are two more birds: the inscription,

P. LENILIO
MARTIALI
POSVIT FORTVNATVS
PATRONO SVO B. M.

A square ossuarium; heads of rams, a festoon and birds; the inscription,

D. Q. I. C. L. M.
FECIT MCEEI
CAEIIAPRI
MIGENIAPD.

These two urns were in the collection of Doctor Meade.

An ossuarium, adorned on the front and sides with ivy and birds drinking out of a vase; the inscription,

D. TI. CL. M. SVCCESSO. FILIO. PIENTISSIMO. QVI.
ANN. VIX. XIIX. PARENTES FEC.

Three more, square; and one round, with a bird on the cover.

The fishing eagle, modelled in terra-cotta, the size of life. This bird was taken in Lord Melbourn's park at Brocket Hall, and in taking it one of the wings was almost cut off, and Mrs. Damer saw it in that momentary rage, which she remembered, and has executed exactly. She has written her own name in Greek on the base, and Mr. W. added this line,

Non me Praxiteles finxit, at Anna Damer, 1787.

Rare Books of Prints and Drawings in the Library:

Thuanus, the large edition in 14 volumes, enriched with beautiful prints of the best impressions, containing portraits of the principal personages. This set was collected by Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

Ædes Walpolianæ, the original drawings, with every print that has been engraved from the pictures, and with other prints and drawings of houses and buildings that belonged to Sir Robert Walpole and the family of Walpole.

A collection of initial letters from the beginning of printing, with some drawings of heads of the first printers; collected by Mr. Ames, author of the Typographical Antiquities.

Sir Julius Cæsar's travelling library, containing 44 small volumes in Latin inclosed in a case the size of a folio.

Faithorne's works, most beautiful impressions; folio.

Hogarth's ditto; the most complete set of his works that is known, with some of his original drawings.

Mr. Henry Bunbury's ditto, in two volumes.

Vertue's ditto, in two large folios.

Teniers's ditto.

Twenty-one large volumes of prints after different great masters.

A volume of drawings by Mr. Sam. Scott and Mr. Müntz.

Three volumes of Hollar's prints.

Drawings of the Florentine gallery.

Prints from pictures, antiquities and curiosities, at Strawberry-hill.

Drawings by Italian masters, bound in red morocco, 3 vols.

Drawings and prints of heads of English painters and artists, in two volumes folio: very curious.

Twelve large folios of English heads, bound in vellum, and ranged according to the reign of each king.

Five larger of the reign of George III., and an additional volume of heads of different reigns, collected since.

A volume of heads, antiquities, monuments, views, &c. by Vertue and others.

Designs by Mr. Richard Bentley, bound in marble and gilt.

Ditto by Rembrandt, Van Huysum, &c.

Procession of knights of the garter, temp. Queen Elizabeth, copied by Vertue from the originals by Mark Garrard.

Sevigniana, or a collection of portraits of several persons mentioned in the Letters of Madame de Sevigné.

A book of French portraits in the time of Francis I. It

belonged to Brantome, who has inscribed the names of several of the persons. From the collection of Monsieur Mariette at Paris.

A large volume bound in red morocco and gold, containing etchings by various persons of quality.

A large book of miscellaneous drawings by various masters, ancient and modern.

Curious Books in the Glass Closet in the Library.

Mr. Bentley's original designs for Mr. Gray's Poems, bound in red morocco and gilt.

Six views after nature in Indian-ink, by Bernard Lens.

A book of patterns for old point lace; exceedingly rare.

Baker on Learning, with MS. notes.

Holbein's prints for the Bible, with French verses by Nicholas Borbonius.

Drawings of all the Spintrian medals; from Sir Clem. Cotterel's library.

Apologie de Jehan Chastel: very rare.

Milton's Paradise Lost, given by the duke of Wharton to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who has written verses in the first leaf.

A missal, engraved on copper-plates at Venice.

D'Eon's Letters, with prints of the principal persons: quarto.

Callot's pocket-book, with a great number of exquisite original drawings by himself: a present to Mr. Walpole from his brother Robert earl of Orford: very valuable.

Bizarie di varie figure di Giovan Batista Bracelli, pittore Fiorentino al Ill^mo. S. Don Pietro Medici: 1624. This most rare and singular book contains prints of human figures, formed by the strangest materials, as diamonds, hoops, bladders, pieces of carpentry, battledoors, kitchen-stuff, &c. &c. It seems to be the composition of a madman, but the drawings are masterly, and the attitudes most noble.

Le tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, with verses by three daughters of the protector duke of Somerset: very scarce.

The pocket-book, with his expences, of Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert Walpole.

Accounts of Blenheim, Stowe, Wilton, and other places, with MS. notes by Mr. Horace Walpole: tied in one parcel.

A German book with prints, coloured, of Charles V. and the German princes of his time.

The arms of the knights of the garter made by Richard III.

in their proper colours, and bound in red velvet: a present from Walter Robertson, mayor of Lynn.

Description of Wilton, with drawings and notes by Vertue.

A book of heads and sketches, by Vertue.

A complete set of the books printed at Strawberry-hill.

A book of drawings of vases, bas-reliefs, and other antiquities.

Catalogue of the Harleian collection, with the prices, and drawings of some of the curiosities by Vertue.

Dr. Percy's book of the earl of Northumberland's household.

Two books of swan-marks, on vellum: extremely rare.

A book of designs of buildings, by John Chute, esq. of the Vine.

Drawings of churches, monuments &c. by Sir Charles Frederick and Smart Lethullier, Esq. in 3 vols. folio.

A thin folio, containing 35 prints, after grotesque paintings.

The Iliad and Odyssy, the very books from which Pope made his translations: in one of the volumes is a view of Twickenham, drawn by Pope.

Three illuminated missals.

Whiston's Life, with MS. index of the principal passages.

Sir T. More's Life, with marginal writing by Philip earl of Pembroke.

The Charter of Forests, one of the original copies, finely preserved, with the great seal of Edward I. appendant; found at Hackney 1743, among writings of the ancient family of Shoreditch, by Robert Bygrave; presented by him to Sir Edward Walpole, and by him to his brother Horace.

Bathoe's catalogues of the collections of Charles I. James II. and the duke of Buckingham, and their portraits, and large additions and notes by Mr. Walpole.

Catalogue of the pictures belonging to the crown, temp. Annæ, MS. A present from Mr. Topham Beauclerc.

Two large volumes of catalogues of all the exhibitions, from the first to the end of the year 1780, with MS. notes.

Catalogue of the Twenty-Five most precious Coins and Medals in the rose-wood case.

1. An unique crown of King Edward VI. bought at Lord Oxford's sale in 1742.

2. Medal of Pope Julius III. in silver, struck on the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion in England by Queen Mary.

3. A satirical silver medal struck in Holland. On the obverse, the head of Oliver Cromwell laureated in armour. On the reverse he is kneeling in the lap of Britannia, with his breeches down; the French and Spanish ambassadors are contending which shall kiss first; the former says to the latter, "Retire toy, l'honneur appartient au roi mon maître, Louis le Grand." Very scarce: from Lord Oxford's collection.

4. A silver medal; on one side the head of Queen Mary of England, on the other of Philip II. both in alto-relievo, and of the most exquisite workmanship. It was a trial-piece, and is certainly the finest modern medal known. It was bought by Mr. Walpole in Italy.

5. A large gold medal of Henry VIII. On the reverse, his titles in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. It is the first medal of the English series. From Lord Oxford's collection.

6. A silver medal on the destruction of the Spanish armada. See an account of this medal, and the preceding, in Evelyn. From the same collection.

7. Coin of young King Henry, son of Henry II. From ditto.

8. Fine gilt coin of Pope Paul III. Reverse, a Ganemede, admirably drawn: this beautiful coin was the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti. From the collection of Baron Stosch.

9. Silver medal of Lord Treasurer Southampton; by Abraham Simon.

10. Gold fragment of Queen Elizabeth's last broad piece, described in the Royal and Noble Authors. Unique: from the Oxford collection.

11. Gold medal of Nero Claudius Drusus: reverse, trophies, *De Germanis.*

12. Gold medal of Trajan: reverse, his forum. These two are very rare.

13. Gold medal of Marc Antony: reverse, the head of Octavia, the only one of her known, which makes this medal of the highest value.

14. Gold medal of Otho: very scarce, and finely preserved.

15. Ditto of Pertinax: not only very rare, but in the most exquisite preservation.

16. Copper coin of King Ferdinand of Naples; a pun on the reverse; his arms, a *horse;* the motto, *Equitas regni.*

17. Silver coin of Eustace, son of King Stephen: very rare; from Lord Oxford's collection.

18. A silver half-crown of Pope Clement XI. Reverse, the pantheon.

19. Copper medal of Pope Gregory XIII., on the correc-

tion of the calendar: the reverse, which is in beautiful taste, was designed by Parmegiano.

20. Silver medal of the same pope, on the massacre of St. Barthelemi: on the reverse, the destroying angel murdering the protestants; the legend *Hugonotorum Strages.* This scandalous medal was called in, and the die broken; which has made it very uncommon.

21. A silver coin struck by the Republic of Florence when they declared Jesus Christ their king, to keep off the pope: from Baron Stosch's collection: extremely rare.

22. Copper medal of Lorenzo of Medici, who stabbed Duke Alexander: the reverse copied from Brutus's medal, with the cap of liberty between two daggers; the legend, VIII. *Id. Jan.* Very rare.

23. Copper medal of Clement VII. Reverse, Joseph and his brethren: designed by Raphael.

24. Coin of Theodore king of Corsica: rare.

25. Brass satirical medal of Queen Anne: reverse, the queen and Lady Masham embracing; motto, *All for Love.*

MR. WALPOLE'S BED-CHAMBER—TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. Chute, and has great grace. In the window, composed of seven lights, are several curious pieces of painted glass: as, the arms of Anne Boleyn, with the quarterings, which the king allowed her to bear, of the families from which she was descended, though with no right of quartering; a large lion coloured; four large angels in black and white; cypher and portcullis of King Edward; arms of Clinton and Ratcliffe; fine heads, in black and white, of Charlemagne, Prince William, and Prince Maurice of Orange, &c.

Over the chimney, View of the Vine in Hampshire, the seat of John Chute, Esq.: by Müntz.

A small print of Mr. Andrew's Gothic house, near Donnington-castle and Spine-hill, Berkshire; designed by John Chute, Esq.

Fifteen small drawings of English and French comedians: by Fesch.

View of the gate of St. Edmund, at Bury.

A fable, in cut paper, on looking-glass: by Bermingham.

Over the door, Head of John Chute, Esq.: by Müntz, after Pompeio Battoni.

La Signora Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a Florentine beauty: by Ferd. Richter, 1741.

Patapan, a Roman dog, belonging to Mr. Walpole; by Wootton.

Doctor Conyers Middleton; by Eckardt.

Doctor Thomas Ashton, fellow of Eton-college; by ditto. He died in 1775.

A man and woman, in water-colours, after Watteau; by Mr. Walpole.

A rural ball, after Watteau; by ditto.

Catherine Walpole, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Walpole; small head in oil.

Horace Walpole, when a child, in a white frock; in crayons.

A sprig of orange, in water-colours; by Lady Walpole.

A bunch of flowers, ditto; by Lady Anne Conway, eldest daughter of Lord Hertford, and wife of the earl of Drogheda.

Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windsor, called the Countess of Desmond; by Müntz.

Prints, of the House of Commons and warrant for beheading Charles I. inscribed with a pen, *Major charta;* of Ethelreda lady Townshend; of Lord Chatham; Lord Holland; Lord and Lady Strafford; Mr. H. Walpole; and le Compte de Guerchy.

A cat, in an ebony frame.

A landscape by Mr. Taverner, exactly in the manner of Gaspar Poussin.

In the PLAID BEDCHAMBER, in the South Tower, is the portrait of Henry Walpole the jesuit, who was executed for attempting to poison Queen Elizabeth. He is crowned with glory, and holds a palm-branch, the emblem of martyrdom; the arms of the family in one corner. This picture came from Mr. Walpole's of Lincolnshire, the last of the Roman catholic branch of the family, who died about the year 1748.

THE STAR-CHAMBER

Is a small anti-room, painted green, with golden stars in mosaic. It has a large window entirely of painted glass; two triangular chairs taken from a piece of glass in Mr. Walpole's bed-chamber; two small Welch armed chairs, painted blue and white, with cushions of point-lace, and on one the arms of Mr. Richard Bateman, at whose sale they were purchased: a japan tea-table with white porcelaine; and a card-table of the same.

A mahogany cabinet, containing a collection of English and foreign coins and medals. On it, a bust of Henry VII. in

stone, a model in great taste for his tomb, by Torreggiano.* Under it a vase of false porphyry; from the collection of the Comte de Caylus.

Another like cabinet, with gold, silver, and brass Greek and Roman coins, and a complete set of Roman weights from Dr. Middleton's collection. On it, a bust of Gibbs the architect in marble, by Rysbrack. Beneath, a vase, companion to the former.

A porringer, cover and plate, white, with different golds, of Seve china; a present from Mrs. Damer.

Catherine Hastings, first countess of Chesterfield.

Hence you go into a trunk-ceiled passage, lighted by a window of painted glass, in which are many quarterings of Latton, a family formerly seated at Esher in Surry: in the window, a candlestick enamelled on copper. This passage leads to

THE HOLBEIN CHAMBER.

The ceiling is taken from the queen's dressing-room at Windsor. The chimney-piece, designed by Mr. Bentley, is chiefly taken from the tomb of archbishop Warham at Canterbury. Over it, a glass in a black and gold frame; and a piece of Roman fayence in the shape of a boat, Bacchus and Ceres in relief in the middle.

A fire-screen embroidered by Miss Hotham, to whom Mr. W. addressed the fable of The Magpie and her young.

Two blue china beakers.

The pierced arches of the screen from the gates of the choir of Rouen; the rest of the screen was designed by Mr. Bentley.

In the bow windows some fine painted glass, and the arms of England, and those of George prince of Denmark; the ground is a beautiful mosaic of crimson, blue, and pearls, designed and painted by Price, of Hatton-garden.

A table and six chairs of ebony. On the table a tray with four ancient combs: one of ivory is extremely ancient, carved with figures; on one side representing persons bathing and going to bed; on the other, two men and a woman with musical instruments: another comb, said to have belonged to the queen of Scots, is of tortoiseshell studded with silver hearts and roses; the two others of tortoiseshell likewise, of which the one with very long teeth belonged to the father of

* *Vide* Anecdotes of Painting.

the first lord Edgcumbe, and was used when the large flowing wigs were in fashion: two bottles of Roman fayence, and a bason and ewer of purple and white Seve china.

A very ancient chair of oak, which came out of Glastonbury Abbey; on it are carved these sentences, *Joannes Arthurus Monacus Glastonie, salvet eum Deus: Da pacem, Domine: Sit Laus Deo.* Lord Bathurst had several chairs copied from this.

Another chair covered with purple cloth, made from one in a pane of painted glass in the breakfast-room.

The bed is of purple cloth lined with white satin, a plume of white and purple feathers on the centre of the tester; the room is hung with purple paper. By the bed,

The red hat of cardinal Wolsey, found in the great wardrobe by bishop Burnet when clerk of the closet. From his son the judge it came to the Countess Dowager of Albemarle, who gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Christ crowned with thorns, by Mabeuse; bought at Monsieur Hareng's sale, 1764.

Over the chimney, an ancient painting of the emperor Maximilian and his son Philip the Fair: from the collection of Mr. Bryan Fairfax.

Lady Arabella Stuart, in white, whole length in water-colours; copied by Vertue from the original at Welbeck.

A man's head with a book; by Quintin Matsis: it was in Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Anne Stanhope duchess of Somerset, second wife of the Protector, whose portrait she holds in one hand: a present to Mr. Walpole from Mr. Bateman.

Catherine of Arrogan,† first wife of Henry VIII. by Holbein: it was in the collection of Sir Robert Walpole, and has been engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

* Sir Thomas More. This and all the following heads marked with an asterism, were taken off on oil-paper by Vertue from the original drawings of Holbein in queen Caroline's closet at Kensington, now removed to Buckingham-house.

Lord Vaux. This is done in the same manner by Müntz, from the same collection.

A man's head, in old enamel.

Margaret queen of Navarre, who wrote the Tales: ditto.

† Vertue thought it to be Catherine duchess of Bar, sister of Henry IV. of France, and so it probably is.

Between the bow-windows:

Queen Elizabeth, when a girl.

* Lady Henningham.

* William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother of queen Catherine Parr.

* A lady unknown.

* Ditto.

* Sir Nicholas Poines.

* Catherine Willoughby, fourth wife of Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Queen Mary, when a child: from Mr. Fairfax's collection.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey, the poet.

* Nicholas Cratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII.

* Edward Clinton earl of Lincoln, lord high admiral of England.

* Dr. Colet, dean of St. Paul's.

* Sir Thomas Elyot, the author.

* Henry Howard earl of Surrey; younger than the preceding.

Edmund Montacute, a judge; by Holbein: from Sir R. Walpole's collection.

* A gentleman, unknown.

* William Fitzwilliam earl of Southampton.

* Edward Stanley earl of Derby.

* Borbonius, a French poet.

* Fisher bishop of Rochester. Richardson the painter had another of these, which was engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

* Thomas Boleyn earl of Ormond, father of Queen Anne Boleyn.

On the side opposite to the chimney:

A fine and very valuable picture by Lucas de Heere, representing Frances duchess of Suffolk, mother of the lady Jane Grey, and Adrian Stoke, her second husband. This picture was in the collection of the Earl of Oxford, and was engraved by Vertue. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Philip and Mary, copied in water-colours by Vertue, from the original by Antonio More, at the duke of Bedford's at Wooburn-abbey.

A single combat before the Emperor Maximilian, in terra cotta, by Albert Durer.

Anthony king of Navarre, father of Henry IV. by Janet.

The Marechal de Montluc, who wrote the Commentaries: by Janet.

A very small head of a man, in a round; by Holbein.

* Lord Wentworth.

* Lord Chancellor Rich.

* Lady Rich, his wife

* Sir Thomas Wyat, the poet.

* George Brook lord Cobham.

* Edward VI. when a child; very like Henry VIII.

* Jane Seymour.

Frobenius, the printer, in a round. Melancthon, ditto; by Holbein; very fine. Bought at Sir W. Hamilton's sale, 1761.

A man's head with a black beard; ditto.

Margaret queen of Scots, daughter of Henry VII. copied by Vertue from the picture at Hampton Court.

Jane Gray; by ditto, from the original that was the duke of Somerset's.

Head of Henry VIII. with a watch at his neck, carved in box by Holbein.

* John Russell, first earl of Bedford.

* Anne Savage lady Berkeley. She held up the train of Anne Boleyn at her coronation. *Vide Stowe's Chron.* p. 543.

* Sir W. Sherrington, master of the mint, whence he furnished admiral Seymour with money.

* Sir John Gage.

* Sir Richard Southwell, one of the accusers of the earl of Surrey.

* Queen Mary, when princess.

* Thomas duke of Norfolk; beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth: young.

Holbein; in a round. Anne Boleyn; ditto. Copies by Eckardt.

Charlotte, daughter of Francis I. died at five years of age; by Janet: fine. From Sir Luke Schaub's collection.

Lord Darnley, by Vertue, from the original at Hampton Court.

A young man's head; by Holbein.

Leonora, queen of Portugal, sister of Charles V. and afterwards second wife of Francis I.; by Vertue.

Henry VIII. fine whole figure in terra cotta, by Holbein; from Lady Elizabeth Germaine's collection.

Pictures in the alcove:

The triumph of Riches; by Frederic Zucchero, from the original of Holbein that was in the Steel-yard. Henry VIII.

in the character of Crœsus, and one of his queens, I believe Anne Boleyn, follow the car. *Vide a description of this and the next in The Anecdotes of Painting.*

The triumph of Poverty; by Frederic Zacchero. These drawings, invaluable by the originals being lost, were purchased from Buckingham-house when Sir Charles Sheffield sold it to the king.

Arthur prince of Wales, a washed drawing, by E. Edwards, from the only original of that prince when grown up, which belonged to Mr. Sheldon of Weston in Warwickshire, and was purchased by Mr. Child of Osterley-park, Middlesex, 1781.

A man's head with a red beard, in the manner of Holbein.

Richard III. by Vertue.

James V. and Mary of Lorraine his queen; in water-colours; by Wale; from an ancient original in the possession of the duke of Devonshire at Hardwicke.

Claude de Clermont sieur de Dampier; by Janet.

Henry V. by Vertue.

Lord Keeper Bacon; by Vertue.

John Howard, first duke of Norfolk, and his first wife Catherine, daughter of William lord Molins; two heads in rounds in one frame; copied by E. Edwards in 1783 from the ancient originals, in oil on board, of the same size, in the possession of the dowager Lady Jerningham, to whom they came by descent, having been in the Arundelian collection. There is no other portrait of the duke, who was slain at Bosworth.

Mrs. Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More; copied out of the great picture of the family, by Vertue.

Thomas lord Cromwell, in a round, after Holbein.

Head of Sir Thomas Wyat the younger, beheaded in the reign of Queen Mary, in a round on board; copied by Milbourn, from the original in the possession of Lord Romney, who was related to the Wyats, and to whom the last bequeathed their portraits.

A man in black, by Holbein, in a rich gold frame; from the collection of H. Constantine Jennings, Esq. of Shiplake.

Over the door, Mary queen of Scots, a head; on her ruff, the arms of France and England.

A large drawing of a magnificent chimney-piece; a design by Holbein for one of the palaces of Henry VIII.

A man in black, holding a ring; small half-length, by Holbein. On the back is written *H. II. data excel. PnpisVallistari avunculi munere.*

A young lady, its companion; seems to be painted by Lionardo da Vinci. On the back, *Costanza Fregosa, moglie*

del Co. Manfredo Lando, madre d'Agostino Landi Prine. di Val di Taro. Tableau du palais di Monaco. Pnpis Vallistari munus. These two pictures were presents to Mr. W. from his great nephew George earl of Cholmondeley.

Between the door and the screen :

Henry VIII. three quarters; a present from the Rev. Mr. Pennicott.

Henry duc de Longueville; in crayons.

Sir John Godsalve, knight of the carpet; after Holbein.

A drawing of architecture; by ditto.

Sir Thomas Wyat: by Vertue.

A man's head; an original drawing: by Holbein.

A man in a masquerade habit: ditto.

Louis XI., an original; his prayer-book opens in the shape of a heart.

A drawing of a clock, by Holbein; designed for Sir Antony Denny as a new year's gift to Henry VIII. Bought at the sale of Mons. Mariette.

A drawing of a Romish episcopal saint; whole length, by Holbein.

A carpet worked by Mrs. Catherine Clive, the celebrated comedian.

THE GALLERY.

Fifty-six feet long, seventeen high, and thirteen wide without the five recesses. The ceiling is taken from one of the side aisles of Henry VIIth's chapel. In the windows, by Peckitt, are all the quarterings of the family. The great door is copied from the north door of Saint Alban's, and the two smaller are parts of the same design. The side with recesses, which are finished with a gold net-work over looking-glass, is taken from the tomb of Archbishop Bourchier at Canterbury. The chimney-piece was designed by Mr. John Chute, and Mr. Thomas Pitt of Boconnoch. The room is hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs, settees, and long stools are of the same, mounted on black and gold frames. The carpet made at Moorfields.

East end:

Laura and Charlotte Walpole, eldest and youngest daughters of Sir Edward Walpole, and wives of Frederic Keppel bishop of Exeter, and of Lionel Talmach earl of Dysart; Mrs. Keppel in white, Lady Dysart in pink: by Ramsay.

Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York; by Mabeuse. *Vide Anecdotes of Painting.*

Sir Francis Walsingham, with a view of his house at Scadbury in Kent: by Frederic Zucchero; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection. This picture has been engraved by Houbraken amongst the Illustrious Heads.

Sir George Villiers, leaning his hand on the head of a greyhound. He was father of George duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clarendon relates a story of his ghost. This is a very fine picture: by Cornelius Jansen.

George duke of Buckingham, his son: a very fine head, by Rubens; the garter is put on the wrong way.

Admiral Montagu earl of Sandwich: by Sir Peter Lely: a very good head. Lord Sandwich gave this to Mr. Blackwood, from whom Mr. Walpole bought it.

Holy-Family, with boy angels, in a landscape: by Van Artois, scholar of Rubens: from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Inside of an ancient Flemish house: by old Frank.

A chest* of old japan inlaid with mother of pearl.

Two coins of old japan with marble slabs. On one,

A bronze of the Hercules Farnese.

A light blue pot pourri of Seve, mounted in or-moulu.

Two octagon basons, Saxon, old china pattern.

On the other, a bust of Tiberius; bought at Mr. Jennings's sale: another pot pourri; and two Saxon basons.

Chimney-side, left hand:

On the hearth, two tubs of old blue and white porcelaine; a present from Mrs. Gostling.

Virgin and child, after the picture of Dominichino, at Houghton; by John Davis, Esq. of Watlington.

Mr. Leneve, master of the company of merchant taylors: a most bright and pure picture: by Cornelius Jansen.

Marguerite de Valois, duchesse de Savoie, sister of Henry II. of France; he was killed at the tournament for her wedding: by Sir Antonio More. This picture belonged to king Charles I. In one niche,

Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, widow of James earl of Waldegrave, and wife of William Henry, duke of Gloucester, brother of king George III., by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

* In this chest are three flashed doublets, a cloak ditto, and a pair of black embroidered breeches, which belonged to Robert Walpole, great grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole first earl of Orford, and had been preserved in the old house at Houghton: given by George Lord Orford.

John Law, inventor of the Mississipi-scheme, and prime minister to the regent Philip duke of Orleans: one of the best of Rosalba's works.

Francis Seymour Conway, earl of Hertford; by ditto.

Death of Admiral Sandwich: by Scott.

Views, of Kirkstall Abbey, and of a church near Boulogne in France: by ditto.

The eagle found in the gardens of Boccapadugti within the precinct of Caracalla's baths at Rome, in the year 1742. One of the finest pieces of Greek sculpture in the world, and reckoned superior to the eagle in the villa Mattei. There are extremely few fine statues of animals; the chief are these two eagles, the Tuscan boar, the Barberini goat, and the dog belonging to Mr. Jennings of Shiplake.* The boldness, and yet great finishing of this statue, are incomparable; the eyes inimitable. Mr. Gray has drawn *the flagging wing.*† It stands on a handsome antique sepulchral altar, adorned with eagles too.

Frances Bridges, daughter of the Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas Cecil, earl of Exeter, on whose left hand she refused to lie on his tomb in Westminster-abbey. This picture, which is an excellent one of Vandyck, belonged to Richardson the painter, who has written a dissertation of eight pages on it in one of his books.‡ It was purchased of Hudson the painter, son-in-law of Richardson.

A young man: by Sir Godfrey Kneller; quære, if not his own portrait? From the collection of Sclater Bacon of Cambridgeshire.

Over a door, Catherine Sedley countess of Dorchester, mistress of James II. and mother of the duchess of Buckingham: by Dahl.

Madame de Sevigné; a head: a present from Lady Hervey.

A girl scouring pots; a curious picture, being painted by Watteau in the style of Rembrandt. It was in the collection of Mr. Cooke, member for Middlesex.

A landscape by Müntz, painted in encaustic, which he improved from Count Caylus's rules.

Thomas earl of Arundel, and his grandson Cardinal Howard, in water-colours: by Vertue, after Vandyck.

* Since bought by Mr. Duncombe.

† Ode on the Power of Poetry.

‡ This lady was most falsely accused of many crimes, of which she was entirely innocent, and acquitted; of which see an account in Granger's Biographical History of English Portraits, vol. i. p. 548.

Right hand of the chimney:

—— Leneve, alderman of Norwich; son of the foregoing Leneve. The best picture Sir Peter Lely ever painted, and as fine as Vandyck's Countess of Exeter, before mentioned.

His wife, in blue; ditto.

John lord Sheffield, husband of Lady Douglas Sheffield, on whose account it was surmised that he was poisoned by R. earl of Leicester; by Ant. More; from Buckingham-house.

Henry Jermyn, earl of Saint Alban's, favourite, and, as Sir John Reresby says, second husband of Queen Henrietta Maria: probably by Old Stone.

James II. earl of Waldegrave: by Reynolds.

Bacha Bonneval: by Liotard; bought at the sale of Everard Falkner, knt. embassador to the Porte.

Henry Fox lord Holland; by ditto.

Sea-piece; views, of Bristol-cross, and of a Gothic farm near Marble-hill, belonging to the Countess of Suffolk, and designed by Richard Bentley: all by Sam. Scott.

Vespasian, in basaltes; a noble bust, bought out of the collection of Cardinal Ottoboni. It stands on a Roman sepulchral altar, on which, in bas-relief, is a man sacrificing, with this incription,

TI. CLAVDIVS AVG. L.
DOCILIS·
AEDITVS AEDIS
FORTVNAE TVLLIANAE.

Over a door, Anne Hyde duchess of York; by Mrs. Beale, after Sir Peter Lely.

Lady Sophia Farmor, eldest daughter of Thomas earl of Pomfret, and second wife of John earl Granville, prime minister to George II.; by Rosalba. She is drawn as Juno.

Two men cheating another at cards; by John Miel: very good.

A landscape in encaustic; by Müntz.

West end:

A large piece of Catherine de' Medici and her children, Charles IX., Henry III., the Duke d'Alençon, and Margaret queen of Navarre; whole lengths, by Janet: bought from Mr. Byde's, in Hertfordshire.

Griffiere, the painter; by Zoust: the satin on the arm remarkably well painted.

A young man's head, æt. 18. admirable nature: by Giorgione. This was in the collection of Charles I. *Vide Topham's Catalogue.*

A pot of flowers, highly finished, yet very free; by old Baptist. From Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Sevonyans the painter, by himself; a very fine head.

Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk, and Mary queen of France. This picture was Lord Granville's. Kent designed the frame. The picture had before been at the Earl of Westmorland's at Apthorpe.

Tobit burying the dead. *And when Tobit found any dead, he buried them without the walls of Jerusalem:* by Benedetto Castiglione.

A coin of old Japan; on it, busts of Julia Domna, Julia Titi, and Cicero; the latter a present from Lady Hervey; a flat vase of white, blue and gold Seve-china, with cover and handles.

Another coin, ditto; statue of Harpocrates and Telesphorus; Antinous, Greek work; and Zenocrates, a present from General Conway; a flat vase, like the former.

Window side:

Thomas lord Howard of Bindon, father of Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox; whole length, in robes of the garter.

Lodowic Stuart duke of Richmond and Lenox; ditto: these two last came out of Luton-house in Bedfordshire, where the latter lived.

Frances duchess of Richmond and Lenox. *See a curious account of this great lady in Wilson's Reign of King James the First.* This picture came from Easton-Neston, the seat of Thomas earl of Pomfret. By Mark Garrard.

Henry Carey lord Falkland, deputy of Ireland, and father of the famous Lucius lord Falkland; in white,* by Vansomer.

Mrs. Catharine Philips, the poetess; a head: it belonged to Charles earl of Halifax.

Philip Villiers de Lisle Adam, the last grand-master of Rhodes, which he defended two years against Soloman the Magnificent and a prodigious army: a head.

A view of mount Orgueil, in Jersey; by Richard Bentley, esq.

Heads in the upper line, begin from the left:

Vandyck. Richard Rigby, paymaster of the forces and master of the rolls in Ireland; by Eckardt. Prior, the poet.

* The idea of the picture walking out of its frame in The Castle of Otranto was suggested by this portrait.

Cooke, the painter; by himself. General Edward Cornwallis, governor of Gibraltar, and groom of the bedchamber to George II. by Eckardt. Pearce senior, statuary, Waller the poet. Horatio lord Walpole, younger brother of Sir Robert Walpole; by Vanloo. Mr. Chiffinch, privy-purse to Charles II. by Riley. Dobson, the painter. George Keppel, third earl of Albermarle; by Eckardt. Sir Nicholas Dorigny, the engraver. Van Wyck the younger, painter. George Montagu, esq. by Eckardt, after Vanloo. Dahl, the painter.

Anne Clifford,* countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery. There is a medal of her taken exactly from this picture.

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded for the cause of the Queen of Scots. In this picture he is young, and it was probably painted in the reign of Edward VI. before he was restored in blood; for there are his arms without a coronet, and yet on his handkerchief are an N and a †, to mark his title and his religion: by Antonio More.

A sea-piece, by Scott.

A fine small landscape with sheep, by Gaspar Poussin; a legacy from Sir Horace Mann, envoy to Florence.

Bronzes in the windows; an‡ Ibis: a Ceres with silver eyes, and a cow in her lap: the Laocoon: Antinous‡ on a tripod: an ostrich, very spirited.

Two tables of solid granite, from the Farnese gardens at Rome; the frames black and gold, from a tomb in Westminster-abbey.

On the first table, busts of Marcus Aurelius: Domitilla, wife of Vespasian, exceedingly rare: a Camillus or sacrificing priest. Beneath, a bronze from John of Boulogne's Rape of the Sabines: two antique urns of marble; that with a cover heavily designed by Kent belonged to Brian Fairfax.

On the other table, busts of Julia Mœsa: Faustina senior: and Antonia Claudii Mater: very rare. Beneath, the listening slave in bronze: and two antique urns of marble: on one this inscription, PAILIOVI RITIO FILIO SVO QVI BISIT ANNIS XX FECIT SIBI.

Two commodes of old Japan with marble slabs; on one, a triangular cistern of Roman fayence, finely painted with figures, probably from designs of Julio Romano; two large vases, ditto, finely painted, and inscribed, FATTE IN BOTEGA DE ORATIO FONTANA, and mounted in or-moulu.

* See an account of her in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

‡ From Dr. Middleton's collection.

On the other commode, another cistern* like the former; and two bottles of blue and white and gold Seve china, most beautifully designed and ornamented.

A mother of pearl box, with fishes and counters of the same; a present from Mrs. Clive.

In a CLOSET, with glass doors, between the gallery and round chamber, is a large collection of ancient porcelaine of China, which belonged to Catherine lady Walpole. Under the window, a small altar, part of the shrine in the chapel, and on it a silver ladle with an ivory handle carved and gilt, used by Indian ladies for incense; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Three blue baskets made like rushes, of old blue china; bought at the sale of the Duchess dowager of Portland.

THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

Hung with crimson Norwich damask: the chairs of Aubusson tapestry, flowers on a white ground, the frames green and gold; and a carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; the design taken from the Seve china table in the Green Closet.

The design of the chimney-piece is taken from the tomb of Edward the Confessor, improved by Mr. Adam, and beautifully executed in white marble inlaid with scagliuola, by Richter. The dogs are silver: on the chimney are three large jars and two beakers, of silver also, bought at the auction of Lady Eliz. Germaine; on the middle one is the Rape of the Sabines embossed. Two silver sconces, with histories, on the sides.

A screen worked in chenille, to suit with the chimney, by the Countess of Ailesbury.

The ceiling is taken from a round window in old Saint Paul's; the frieze was designed by Mr. Adam.

In the great bow window is a large shield of the arms of Robert Dudley earl of Leicester, given by Mr. H. Reade; under it a thornbush with H R, the device of Henry VII.; the arms of Queen Elizabeth, on the left hand, from Essex-house, in the Strand; roses; other arms of nobility; and six fine pieces, by a scholar of Price, from Raphael's bible. The surbase of the window is taken from the tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster-abbey.

* Presents from the Earl of Exeter; and had belonged to Jervas the painter, who had a fine collection of that fayence.

Over the chimney, Lady Dorothy Percy countess of Leicester, in red, and her sister Lady Lucy, the famous Countess of Carlisle; a very capital picture of Vandyck, sold out of Penshurst by Lady Yonge, when she inherited half of that ancient seat by the will of Lady Brownlow. Mr. Hoare of Stourhead offered the last Earl of Leicester of the Sidney family an hundred pounds for this picture.

Over the door, Mrs. Lemon, mistress of Vandyck, with a sword, as Judith; by Vandyck; bought out of Buckingham-house: very boldly and freely painted.

Bianca Capello; by Vasari; bought out of the Vitelli palace at Florence by Sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. Walpole: the hands never finished. Her story is thus written in a cartouche on the frame:—"Bianca Capello, a Venetian lady, who having disobliged her family by marrying a Florentine banker, was reduced to maintain him by washing linen; Francis the great-duke saw, fell in love with, and made her his mistress, and her husband his minister: but the latter, after numberless tyrannies, for which she obtained his pardon, and after repeated ill-usage of her, for which she pardoned him, having murdered a man, and being again protected by her, the great-duke told her, that, though he would remit her husband's punishment, he would pardon whoever should kill him. The relations of the deceased murdered the assassin, and Francis married his widow Bianca, who was poisoned with him at a banquet by Cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards called the Great, brother and successor of Duke Francis."*

Jacob travelling from Laban; very fine; by Salvator Rosa. A present from Sir Horace Mann.

The education of Jupiter; by Nicolo Poussin. This picture cost Sir Robert Walpole an hundred and fourteen pounds.

A most beautiful landscape by Paul Brill.

A piece of rocks, with the temple of Tivoli; by Gobbo Caracci.

A trunk of tortoiseshell and bronze; by Boul, on a frame of the same. A small jar of Seve china under it.

A japan cabinet. On it, two double-branched silver candlesticks with figures of women, bought at Lady Vere's sale in 1783; and a bronze figure of Moses, after Michael An-

* Montaigne, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 251, gives a description of Bianca, which corresponds much with this portrait. "Cette duchesse est belle à l'opinion Italienne, un visage agreable et imperieux, le corsage gros, et de tetins à leur souhait." The small portrait of her in the cabinet of enamels here, p. 427, is younger and much handsomer.

gelo. Under it, a large vase of Florentine fayence, with the arms of the great-duke.

Two old japan coffers on gilt frames. Under them, two large bottles of Florentine fayence, with the arms of Duke Ferdinand of Medici and his wife Christina of Lorraine.

In the window, a green and gold table and two high stands, with the cyphers of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter his first wife. On the table, two vases, boat-shaped, of deep blue Seve china, mounted in or moulu, with snake handles. Beneath, a large round vase and cover, and a dish to it, of Roman fayence.

THE TRIBUNE.

It is a square with a semicircular recess in the middle of each side, painted stone-colour with gilt ornaments, and with windows and niches, the latter taken from those on the sides of the north door of the great church at Saint Alban's: the roof, which is taken from the chapter-house at York, is terminated by a star of yellow glass that throws a golden gloom all over the room, and with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a rich chapel. The windows contain a head of Christ and two apostles, one in the middle of each, set round with four histories, all old, but finely re-coloured by Price, and surrounded with most beautiful mosaics of the purest taste. In five of the niches, on pedestals, are,

1. A cast in plaister bronzed of Catherine lady Walpole, the model of her statue in Westminster-abbey, executed at Rome by Valory, and taken from the Livia or Pudicitia in the villa Mattei. 2. The Venus* of Medici. 3. Antinous. 4. The Apollo Belvedere. 5. The Farnese Flora in bronze. In the windows, six smaller bronzes from ancient statues; a Chinese incense-box of bronze; and two pots-pourris of red japan set in or moulu and surmounted with Indian figures by Martin. The carpet is taken from the mosaic of the windows, and in the middle has the reflection from the star in the ceiling. The grated door was designed by Mr. Thomas Pitt.

On the right hand stands an altar of black and gold, with a marble slab of the same colours, taken from the tomb of two children of Edward III. in Westminster-abbey. On the altar, a Florentine box inlaid with hard stones, a present from Sir Horace Mann: two most beautiful vases in paste, imitating root of amethyst, and ornamented with vines and heads

* The Venus and Antinous were Lord Waldegrave's.

of goats, by Germaine of Paris: a silver dish of basket-work, and two candlesticks of German agate, presents from General H. S. Conway. On the two sides, silver sconces with the arms of Frances Pelham* viscountess Castlecomer; and two vases of ivory from the antique, carved by Verskovis. Over the altar,

A cabinet of rose-wood, designed by Mr. Walpole; on the pediment, statues in ivory of Fiamingo, Inigo Jones and Palladio, by Verskovis, after the models of Rysbrack. In the pediment, Mr. Walpole's arms, a Cupid and lion, by the same: on the doors, bas-reliefs in ivory, Herodias with the head of the Baptist, by Gibbons; a lady, half-length, by the same; Perseus and Andromeda; the Hercules Farnese; the Flora; Diomede with the Palladium; the Medusa of Strozzi; the Perseus of ditto; Caracalla and Alexander, by Pozzo; and eight other heads. On the drawer, the Barberini lion, by Pozzo; and heads of eagles, by Verskovis.

Within the cabinet of enamels and miniatures:

The Virgin and Child, in miniature, round; by Old Lens, from the original by Annibal Caracci, at Kensington.

Head of Christ; by Carlo Dolce; in a rich frame of silver gilt; and silver cherubim.

Venus, Cupid, and other figures in enamel; by Boit, from the original by Luca Giordano, at Devonshire-house.

Ethelreda Harrison, wife of Charles viscount Townsend; a capital piece of enamel, by Zincke, after Vanloo; set in a frame of enamel flowers in relief; on the back, her arms supported by Cupids, enamelled by Groth.

A fine old enamelled watch-case, after Raphael and Dominichino.

Emperor Joseph I. small.

Colonel Horatio Walpole, uncle of Sir Robert Walpole; small.

The Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth; very small.

Sir Edward Walpole, father of Maria duchess of Gloucester, in enamel; by Zincke.

Galfridus Walpole, youngest brother of Sir Robert Walpole; in water-colours.

Byzas, imaginery founder of Byzantium; large intaglia on onyx. M.†

* Sister of Thomas duke of Newcastle; she died, and is buried at Twickenham.

† All the curiosities marked M. belonged to Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose whole collection Mr. Walpole bought. See an account of them in the doctor's Germana quædam Antiquitatis Monumenta.

A valuable jewel of Lord Burleigh's head on onyx, by Valerio Vicentino, cut on the reverse of an antique of Caracalla; appendant is the head of Queen Elizabeth, cut likewise on sardonyx, by the same Vicentino; the whole set with fifty-three brilliants, given to Mr. Walpole by his father, who bought it of Sir Andrew Fountaine, who had it set on purpose, with allusion to Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole.

Sir Robert Walpole earl of Orford; very like; painted in enamel by Zincke, two years before Sir Robert's death: set in a frame of enamelled oak-leaves.

Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole; ditto, after Sir Godfrey Kneller: set with enamel flowers. The two heads are in Zincke's best manner, and were engraved for the Ædes Walpolianæ.

Mary Walpole, second daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, and wife of George Cholmondeley viscount Malpas, afterwards Earl of Cholmondeley; in water-colours; by Groth, after Jervas.

Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert Walpole and Maria Skerret his second wife, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.; in enamel; by Zincke.

Horace Walpole [who made the collection], youngest son of Sir R. Walpole and Catherine Shorter; ditto.

Horatio Walpole lord Walpole, brother of Sir Robert; in enamel; by Groth, after Vanloo.

Two lockets in shape of hearts, with hair of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter, set with diamonds.

An Egyptian duck; antique cameo, on agate. M.

A sleeping hermaphrodite with two satyrs; ditto: very fine. M.

Sir Anthony Shirley, embassador *from* the sophy of Persia *to* King James the First; dress, half English half Persian: by Isaac Oliver.

The Queen of Bohemia; by Isaac Oliver: bought out of the collection of Lady Isabella Scott, daughter of the Duchess of Monmouth.

Serjeant Maynard; by Hoskins: given to Sir R. Walpole by Sir Everard Falkener.

Sir Kenelm Digby; by Peter Oliver: it was in Doctor Meade's collection.

James I.; by Isaac Oliver.

Charles I.; by Petitot: fine. A present from T. Walker, Esq. to Maria Lady Walpole.

Charles II. ditto; in a case enamelled blue; done abroad:

bought of an old gentlewoman to whom he gave it when he stood godfather to her in Holland.

James II. when duke of York; fine, by Petitot: bought at the sale of Mrs. Dunch, daughter of his mistress, Mrs. Godfrey.

Robert Cecil earl of Salisbury: by Isaac Oliver.

A lady's head, in enamel: by Petitot.

Nicholas Burwell, brother of Sir Jeffery Burwell, grandfather of Sir Robert Walpole; by Hoskins: set in a case with small diamonds, and enamelled with The Judgment of Paris in relief: very neat.

Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of King James, in enamel; by Petitot: was Mrs. Dunch's, her daughter.

Robert Devereux earl of Essex: by Isaac Oliver: it belonged to Frances lady Worseley, who was descended from him. It was engraved for the Illustrious Heads.

Frances his wife, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and lastly wife of the earl of Clanrickard and Saint Albans.

Robert Walpole, second earl of Orford; painted in water-colours by Rosalba with all the force of oil.

An elderly lady's head: by Cooper: fine.

Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, in his latter time, favourite of King James; by Hoskins: bought at the sale of the curious collection of T. Barrett, of Lees, in Kent, 1758.

Richard Cromwell, protector, in armour; by Cooper: from the same collection.

Marivaux, author of Marianne; by Liotard; in water-colours.

George Walpole, third earl of Orford; ditto.

John Chute, Esq. of the Vine in Hampshire; finely painted in water-colours: by Pompeio Battoni, at Rome.

A watch enamelled with histories, after Pietro Cortona.

Another enamelled watch.

Admiral Churchill, brother of John duke of Marlborough; very finely enamelled by Boit; it belonged to his niece, Mrs. Dunch.

A curious antique miniature in gold, of a Roman lady and her son; the boy has a bulla at his neck. M.

Lady Arabella Stuart; by Hilliard: it was Lord Wilmington's.

Queen Elizabeth; ditto; ditto.

George II. by Mr. Deacon.

Cowley, the poet, after Sir Peter Lely; by Zincke: his

master-piece, and perhaps the finest piece of enamel in the world. It was engraved for Mr. Hurd's edition of Cowley.

A lady, said to be Henrietta duchess of Orleans, but probably Martinozzi, princess of Conti; one of the finest works of Petitot. A looking-glass behind it: bought of Zincke.

A beautiful enamel, by Petitot, of Catherine Henriette d'Angennes comtesse d'Olonne, as a Diana, a character very different from that given of her in Bussy's Histoire amoureuse des Gaules. It is set in a frame of flowers enamelled in relief by Giles Legaré de Chaumont en Bassigni, who was famous for that sort of works: from the collection of Monsieur Mariette.

Bianca Capello, great duchess of Tuscany; a small head in oil, by Bronzino. *See her history, p.* 422.

Louis XIV.: Mary of Austria, his queen: Anne of Austria, his mother, very delicate: Madame de Montespan, his mistress, beautiful. These four are small heads in enamel, by Petitot.

Mrs. Middleton, a beauty in the reign of Charles II. ditto; by ditto.

Duchess of Mazarin, in water-colours.

Constant Hayes, wife of Galfridus Walpole, and afterwards of Mr. Kerwood; very small.

A silver gilt heart; within, the arms of Sir Robert and Catherine lady Walpole: his first present to her on their marriage.

Anne Boleyn; copied by Wale from a portrait of her by Hoskins, which he did from an ancient picture of her for king Charles I. and which is mentioned in his catalogue with other royal miniatures in the same frame; all which are now in the possession of the Duke of Richmond.

Catherine Parr, by Holbein; a most scarce head, and exactly like the picture of her at the Earl of Denbigh's at Nuneham Padox, Warwickshire.

A girl with flowers, in water-colours; by Rosalba.

Oliver Cromwell; by Boit, after Cooper: given to Mr. Walpole by his brother Lord Orford.

John Dodd, of Swallowfield, Bucks; by Rouquet.

Catherine Clopton, wife of Henry Talbot, and cousin of Catherine lady Walpole; by Zincke.

Jane Seymour; by Holbein, in water-colours; was lady Worseley's.

Peter Oliver, profile in black lead, from a leaf of his own pocket-book, and his wife, full-faced, on the other side; both fine; it belonged to Vertue the engraver.

Lucius Carey, the famous Lord Falkland: by Hoskins; fine: it was Dr. Meade's.

Doctor Bragge, a dealer in pictures: by Mr. J. Deacon.

A calcedonian stone; antique, used as an ornament to a horse of a triumphal chariot. M.

Another stone; described in Germana quædam. M.

On the insides of the doors:

Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, beheaded temp. Elizabeth: by Antonio More; belonged to Richardson the painter, and engraved among the Illustrious Heads.

A lady, painted by Holbein; engraved by Hollar when in the Arundelian collection, and probably Mary Tudor queen of France, sister of Henry VIII. but amongst the Illustrious Heads called Catherine Howard. This also was Richardson's.

Lucy Barlow, alias Waters, mother of the Duke of Monmouth; by Cooper.

Catherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., an admirable original; by Holbein. These two were bought at the auction of Lady Isabella Scott.

A young man in black; copied by Lady Lucan from a portrait by Titian, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

A lady's head, by Rosalba; set in tortoiseshell.

James Brydges, first duke of Chandos; in enamel, by Zincke: a present from G. S. earl of Harcourt.

A golden heart set with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottish mottos; made by order of the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry lord Darnley, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart earl of Lenox and regent of Scotland, murdered by the papists.

Isaac Oliver, by himself; perfectly fine.

Waller, the poet; by Cooper: and a Lord Digby; ditto. These three from the collection of Mr. Barrett of Lees.

Liotard, the painter, in his Turkish dress, in enamel, by himself; given to Mr. Walpole by his sister, Lady Mary Churchill.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, a most beautiful miniature by Clinksted; given to Mr. Walpole by Mr. Chute: set in a gold frame enamelled blue.

A naked Venus, whole length, and very fine; the attitude copied by Zincke from a picture of Annibal Caracci in the collection at Houghton: set in a frame like the former.

A small head of a foreign general, in buff with a black sash. It is painted with all the force of oil, though in enamel,

and in a grander style than Petitot's. From the Portland collection.

Hair of King Edward IV., cut from his corpse when discovered in St. George's chapel at Windsor, 1789; given by Sir Joseph Banks. [*End of the cabinet of enamels and miniatures.*

Other pictures and curiosities in the same room:

Little children presented to Christ; Italian, on copper.

The virgin, child, and Saint John; Baroccio, after Correggio.

The virgin and child, by Carlo Cignani; from Lord Cholmondeley's collection.

Head of a cardinal; and an old man's head; rounds, on fayence.

A fine dish, enamelled on copper, with the history of Moses. P. R. 1557.

A fayence dish, painted in grotesque.

Rembrandt; by Old Lens.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as a shepherdess; after Jervas; by ditto.

Two vases carved in ivory, by Verskovis, after the antique.

Queen Anne of Denmark; and a lady of the same time; by Isaac Oliver: in one frame.

Louis XII. of France; and Sir John Gage; by Holbein: in another frame. These from the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V. in a white religious habit; enamelled on copper, in a round; behind it, Moses receiving the law; enamelled on gold.

Louis XII. in enamel. These two were presents to Mr. Walpole from Miss Rachael Lloyd, and belonged to the Princess Sophia, mother of King George I.

Lord Loudon, chancellor of Scotland; by Samuel Cooper.

In the glass-case near the window:

A chalice of silver gilt, richly ornamented with figures, jewels, and crystal.

Model of the shrine of Thomas Becket, enamelled.

An amber jewel-box.

Great seal of Theodore king of Corsica.

That very curious piece by which he took the benefit of the act of insolvency: he is only styled, Theodore Stephen baron de Newhoff.

His capitulations made with the people of Corsica, on his election, signed by his own hand.

An antique figure of the deity of gardens; fine.

Two phalli, a fibula, two sacrificing instruments, and a small eagle; all of bronze. M.

Gold medal of Maximilian, with a chain enamelled.

A cross of cedar inlaid with mother of pearl.

A small gold watch, given by George II. when Prince of Wales to Catherine lady Walpole.

An ancient square German watch, curiously chased in silver gilt.

A coffer enamelled on all sides with battles, and set in silver gilt.

Two caudle-cups, with flowers on gold grounds, of Chelsea porcelaine.

A red snuff-box with enamelled top and bottom; given to Mr. Walpole by Francis earl of Hertford.

A square snuff-box of lapis-lazuli, set in gold.

A round snuff-box of ditto, set in gold enamelled.

A small bust of Vespasian in cornelian.

An agate cup and saucer.

A small cornelian saucer.

Two antique Roman ear-rings, one with a pearl, the other of gold. M.

A box in compartments of old Japan.

A small bust in bronze of a Caligula, with silver eyes. This exquisite piece is one of the finest things in the collection, and shows the great art of the ancients. It is evidently a portrait, carefully done, and seems to represent that emperor at the beginning of his madness. It was found with some other small busts at the very first discovery of Herculaneum, which happened by digging a well for the prince d'Elbœuf, who resided many years afterwards at Florence, where it was sold on his return to France, and, being purchased by Sir Horace Mann, was by him sent to Mr Walpole.

A broken patera engraved. M.

A sacrificing instrument in the shape of a shell. M.

A Roman bulla of gold, very rare: bought at Rome of Ficaroni, who wrote his book of La Bolla d'oro from this.

A lady's head, miniature, set in gold: given to Mr. Walpole by Isabella de Jonghe, countess of Denbigh.

A crystal sceptre, set in gold enamelled, with pearls; from Lady E. Germaine's collection, and given to Mr. Walpole by her niece Lady Temple.

A cup and saucer of Seve china, blue ground with white heads and festoons.

A dressing-box and tray of the finest old silver japan.

Two caudle-cups of Chelsea china, claret colour and gold.

A magnificent missal, with miniatures by Raphael and his scholars, set in gold enamelled, and adorned with rubies and turquoises; the sides are of cornelian, engraved with religious subjects; the clasp, a large garnet. This precious prayer-book belonged to Claude queen of France, wife of Francis I. and seems to have belonged to the father of Thuanus; *vide* vol. i. p. 142 *of the French edition.* It was purchased by Mr. Walpole from the collection of Dr. Meade, 1755.

A silver Turkish ornament, taken by a Russian officer in the last war; brought over by Charles lord Cathcart, and given by him to Margaret lady Brown, and by her to Mr. Walpole.

A round snuff-box, enamelled with the stories of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Susannah and the elders, Lot and his daughters, and a landscape.

A gold snuff-box, enamelled: at top, a miniature of James I., and within, of queen Elizabeth; an onyx at the bottom.

A small snuff-box set in gold, with a fragment of a fine antique cameo in grotesque foliage on sardonyx; from the Arundelian collection.

A needle-case, with monkeys, of old Japan.

Two boxes in compartments, ditto.

Two small ewers of bronze. M.

A tea-kettle of Chinese silver, richly chased.

An agate oval casket.

Henry VIIIth's dagger, of Turkish work; the blade is of steel damasked with gold, the case and handle of chalcedonyx, set with diamonds and many rubies. From the collection of Lady Elizabeth Germaine. The Duchess of Portland has such another set with jacinths.

Antique figure of a muse cast in silver; sitting: given to Mr. Walpole by Lord Frederic Campbell, from the collection of his father John duke of Argyll.

Four small Japan boxes.

A boy's head modelled in wax on copper, by Abraham Simon.

A ditto with a bulla, in Roman glass.

A large amethyst, set coarsely in gold. It belonged to the second Bishop of Landaff, and was given by Dr. John Ewer Bishop of Landaff, in whose time* it was found, to Dr. Frederic Keppel bishop of Exeter, and by him to his wife's uncle Mr. Walpole.

* Anno 1764.

One of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature; behind, a death's head between the letters C. R. The motto, *Prepared be to follow me.* A present to Mr. Walpole from Lady Murray Elliot.

An urn, cameo on onyx, mourning ring for Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk.

An urn set with diamonds, mourning ring for Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons.

A chimera, antique intaglia, a green stone in the ancient brass setting.

A small antique ring with the head of Cybele, all of one piece of gold.

A gold ring for a child, with a phallus; ditto.

A boy with his head in a scenic mask, on a red stone; antique, set in gold.

An Egyptian pebble representing exactly the portrait of a woman in profile, a rock behind her, sky before; set in gold.

Two pateras of bronze, engraved. M.

Ivory covers of a Roman pocket-book. M.

A fibula, a small votive foot, an agate ornament for a bridle, and some other small bronzes. M.

An Egyptian pebble, with a lusus naturæ that represents Voltaire in his night-gown and cap.

A small head in water-colours of Liotard, without his beard, by himself; a legacy from Mrs. Delany.

In the other glass case:

A leaf of a water-plant, gracefully tied up into the shape of a cup, with a saucer, of Chinese bronze.

Two vases of Chelsea porcelaine, claret-colour, gold and white, with cartouches of historic figures.

Two long Japan boxes.

Two Roman spears, a votive foot and toe.

A point cravat carved by Gibbons; a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

An old enamelled watch, given by Mr. Ch. Churchill, junior.

A silver gilt reliquaire and chain; given to Mr. Walpole by George lord Edgcumbe.

An Etruscan Mars; very barbarous.

A small Egyptian figure sitting, of basaltes. M.

A naked man. M.

The seal of Archbishop Dowdall, last popish primate of Ireland; in silver: from Mr. Bristow's collection.

Two cups and a saucer of Milan stone.

Two caudle cups of Chelsea porcelaine, blue with gold figures.

A Japan pomatum-pot.

A small bloodstone cup set in gold enamelled.

A small cornelian box set in gold.

A triangular cornelian seal, with the heads of the two Faustinas and Lucilla, intaglias; by Christian Reisin.

A silver seal, extremely ancient, of Hugh Oneal, king of Ulster; brought out of Ireland by Mr. William Bristow.

A large ancient gold ring, with a castle on it, and within, *Un bon An*; found in the Thames.

A cornelian seal, with half figure of Omphale; antique intaglia. M.

Seal of Richard Clitherol, admiral for the west coasts in the reign of Henry V.

Seal for indulgences of Pope Eugenius.

Seal of the corporation of Pool.

Seal of the fraternity of Saint Mary of Hitchin. These four are of bronze and ancient: from Mr. Bristow's collection.

A spoon * of English pebble, with gold handle of foliage.

A silver bottle for essences, that opens into several divisions.

A small bust of Omphale in bronze.

A round flat box of silver filigraine.

A tooth-pick case of Egyptian pebble, and a smelling bottle of agate.

A set of beads mounted in silver filigraine, taken in Spain in Queen Anne's war by Captain Galfridus Walpole, brother of Sir Robert.

A seal of the head of Sir Robert Walpole on white cornelian; by Natter; a present from Margaret lady Brown.

A silver popish medal mounted in filigraine.

A cup and saucer of Seve porcelaine, blue with white heads.

A dressing-box and tray of fine old gold Japan.

A tea-canister of straw; on one side Meleager and Atalanta, on the other the arms of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter.

* There were a dozen of these spoons made by order of Catherine Lady Walpole, as a present to Queen Caroline, after whose death Mr. W. met with this and the handle of another in a toy-shop. The Countess Dowager, mother of R. earl of Burlington, was the first who countenanced the polishing of English pebbles, and gave a fine table of them, which is now at Chiswick, to her son.

A Japan dressing-box and tray of irregular shape.

Ditto, octagon, with tray and six round boxes within.

A Pollux, small fine antique bronze. M.

A small Terminus. M.

A round white snuff-box; on the top, miniature of Madame de Sevigné; at bottom, the cypher of Rabutin and Sevigné, in marcasites. This box, with the letter* in it from Madame de Sevigné in the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, was sent to him by Madame du Deffand.

A toothpick-case of gold, enamelled with cameos; a present from Lady Diana Beauclerc.

A gold snuff-box, with the image in wax of Madame du Deffand's dog, Tonton, whom she bequeathed, with this snuff-box, and her MSS. to Mr. Walpole.

A green and white snuff-box of Dresden porcelaine, set in gold; a present from Francis earl of Huntingdon.

A blood-stone seal set in old enamel; given to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. Henrietta Conway, daughter of Francis lord Conway.

A smelling-bottle of purple glass, with peacock's feathers in gold.

Ditto of Chinese silver.

A small amber crucifix.

* Letter written by Madame Marie de Vichy, Marquise du Deffand, (the lady to whom Mr. W. afterwards dedicated his edition of the Mémoires de Grammont) in the name of Madame de Sevigné from the Elysian fields to Mr. Walpole, after his return from Paris in 176[illegible]:

"Des champs Elisées.

[Point de succession de tems, point de date.]

"Je connois votre folle passion pour moi; votre enthousiasme pour mes lettres, votre veneration pour les lieux que j'ai habités: J'ai apris le culte que vous m'y* avez rendu: j'en suis si penetrée, que j'ai sollicité et obtenu la permission de mes Souverains de vous venir trouver pour ne vous quitter jamais. J'abandonne sans regret ces lieux fortunés; je vous prefere à tous ses habitans: jouissez du plaisir de me voir; ne vous plaignez point que ce soit qu'en peinture; c'est la seule existence que puissent avoir les ombres. J'ai eté maîtresse de choisir l'age où je voulois reparoître; j'ai pris celuy de vingt cinq ans pour m'assurer d'être toujours pour Vous un objet agreable. Ne craignez aucun changement; c'est un singulier avantage des ombres; quoique legeres, elles sont immuables. J'ai pris la plus petite figure qu'il m'a eté possible, pour n'être jamais separée de Vous. Je veux vous accompagner par tout, sur terre, sur mer, à la ville, aux champs; mais ce que j'exige de vous, c'est de me mener incessamment en France, de me faire revoir ma patrie, la ville de Paris, et de choisir pour votre habitation le fauxbourg St. Germain; c'etoit là qu'habitoient mes meilleures Amies, c'est le sejour des votres; vous me ferez faire connoissance avec elles: je serai bien aise de juger si elles sont dignes de vous, et d'être les Rivales de

RABUTIN DE SEVIGNE."

* He had dined at Livri.

A small bronze figure of a woman with a rudder and cornucopia.

Model of the Great Duke's diamond.

In the box of antique rings:

Tiberius, cameo on onyx, of the first Greek workmanship.

Cupid driving a car with two butterflies; intaglia on cornelian.

A man's head; alto relievo on onyx.

An Egyptian goddess's head on a green stone. M.

A cock and cornucopia; intaglia on cornelian.

A bacchante and goat; fine cameo on onyx: given to Mr. Walpole by the Princess de Craon.

Germanicus; very fine intaglia on cornelian, with the workman's name Epitu, for Epitynchanes: from the collection of the Marquis Riccardi at Florence.*

Head of Jupiter; ditto: from ditto.

A scenic mask; cameo on onyx.

Caius, nephew of Augustus; ditto.

A lion; intaglia on sardonyx.

A caprice, on white cornelian; intaglia. M.

Apollo; intaglia on cornelian: a present from Sir Horace Mann.

Isis; Egyptian cameo on onyx. M.

A Cicada; fine intaglia on cornelian.

A Syrian king ditto. M.

Faustina senior; ditto.

Christian inscription; "Vitas luxuriam, Homo bone:" cameo on onyx.

Matidia; intaglia in a green paste: a most rare head. M.

The Horatii; intaglia on cornelian: given by Sir Robert Walpole to his son Horatio.

Mercury; intaglia in amethyst: given to Mr. Walpole by General Conway.

Jupiter Serapis; altissimo relievo in bloodstone.

A ram's head; intaglia on cornelian. [End of the rings.

Old Japan plate of different colours.

Popish beads, bought at the church of saint Anthony of Padua.

Turkish beads enamelled with blue and gold; probably for

* In Baron Stosch's collection of Pierres Gravées which have the names of their artists, there is another Germanicus with the name of the same workman Epitynchanes. It is larger than Mr. Walpole's, and represents that prince younger; but it is imperfect, the lower part being broken off directly from the chin.

ornaments in a procession; bought at the sale of Monsieur Julienne, at Paris.

A small wooden cross, curiously carved.

A most beautiful silver bell, made for a pope by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered all over in the highest relievo with antique masks, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the taste of the whole design, or the delicate and natural representation of the insects; the wonderful execution makes almost every thing credible that he says of himself in his Life. It came out of the collection of the Marquis of Leonati at Parma, and was bought by the Marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Mr. Walpole for some very scarce Roman medals of great bronze, amongst which was an unique medaliuncino of Alexander Severus with the amphitheatre, in the highest preservation.

Two Cornish diamonds, one inclosing green, the other yellow moss.

A bronze altar-pot and a tripod. M.

A large Goa stone.

A silver box, almost in the shape of an egg, engraved.

A small box of the gold and white Japan. In it are two dates found in a jar at Herculaneum; they are burnt to a coal, but the shapes and rivelled skins are entire.

A cornelian spoon that belonged to Cossim Aly Caun.

An amber toothpick-case.

A tortoise-shell snuff-box, the top represents Flemish lace; given to Mr. Walpole by Lady Mary Coke.

A round snuff-box, and an egg-shaped ditto.

Pictures and Bronzes in other parts of the Tribune.

Side opposite to the door:

A drawing by Mr. Bentley, representing two lovers in a church looking at the tombs of Abelard and Eloisa, from these lines of Pope—

> "If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
> To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs," &c.

Christ and Mary Magdalen in the garden, in water-colours: by Catherine Lady Walpole.

Two flower-pieces: by Baptiste Monoyer.

Christ laid in the sepulchre, after the fine picture of Parmegiano at Houghton: by Mr. Horace Walpole.

Two more flower-pieces: by Baptiste Monoyer.

Madonna and child: by Salsa Ferrata, after Guido.

Correggio's Magdalen, copied in crayons by Rosalba.

Temptation of Saint Antony; by Teniers.

Story of Celadon and Astrea, in water-colours; by W. Baur.

St. George, in altissimo relievo in silver.

Frances Howard, the famous Countess of Essex and Somerset: by Isaac Oliver: from Mr. West's collection.

Vandyck's head, by himself; a sketch for the duke of Grafton's picture.

Soldiers at cards, a curious picture, being painted in the manner of Teniers, by Vandyck; from Lord Oxford's collection.

The education of Cyrus, in Water-colours, by Judith Boissiere, a French woman, in 1725: from Castiglione, in the collection at Houghton.

A wreath of flowers; octagon; by Phil. Laura: in the middle, head of Rosalba's Tirolese girl, by Carlevares, a female scholar of Rosalba.

Cornelius Polemberg, by himself, oval on copper; exquisitely finished like enamel, yet with great freedom.

His wife, by ditto; inferior in freedom and labour. These two from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A beautiful bronze vase, taken from the antique by Fiamingo, who has added fine bas-reliefs of boys: from the Harleian collection.

A young gladiator in bronze. M.

A young Hercules, ditto, with the lion's skin on his arm; fine. M.

An antique ewer of bronze: a greyhound reaching to drink forms the handle: a present from Charles Churchill, Esq.

A very rare figure of Diana of Ephesus, in serpentine stone.

A green Egyptian figure, one of those found in the pyramids.

Pictures and bronzes on the side where the altar is:

A man and woman sitting: by Watteau; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.*

Thompson, printseller: by Riley.

An oval hunting-piece, by Wyck; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

Mary queen of Scots, whole length in water-colours; by Vertue, from the picture at Hatfield.

* All the pictures that were not at Houghton were sold after his death.

A merry-making, very neat; by a Swiss lady.
A rural ball; ditto.
St. Sebastian; by Goltzius.
An old woman's head; by Gerard Dow.
Boys with vines on a monument; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection: by Philippo Laura
Christ as a pilgrim, and St. Catherine, crowned by an angel: by Taddeo Zucchero.
A calm sea, with ships; by Samuel Scott.
The engagement between the Lion and Elizabeth in the year 1745; the young pretender was on board the latter: by ditto.
The Florentine boar in bronze.
A small bronze vase, with a sacrifice to Priapus.
A large ditto. These two from Dr. Meade's collection.
A bronze bull.
An Egyptian hieroglyphic hand: bronze.
A sphinx; ditto. M.

Pictures and bronzes on the side opposite to the altar:

A dog drinking; by Castiglione.
Two more flower-pieces; by Baptiste Monoyer.
Two larger; by young Baptiste.
Charlotte de la Tremouille, grand-daughter of William the great prince of Orange, and wife of James Stanley earl of Derby, who was beheaded in the civil war: she defended Latham-house for several weeks against the republicans.
The Virgin and Child, with other saints; a capital drawing by Parmegiano.
Ulysses discovering Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; by Wermer, in water-colours, after Nicolo Poussin. The architecture is most beautiful, and in the roof Poussin has judiciously introduced an ancient bas-relief with The Judgment of Paris, as connected with the story of Achilles.
Madame Suarez, a Florentine beauty; in crayons, by Rosalba.
Madame de Sevigné, when a young widow.
Madame de Grignan. These two are ovals on copper, by Müntz.
A woman carrying a pig to be sacrificed; bronze. M.
A lamp with a satyr's head; ditto: copied from the antique.
An antique lamp, of bronze, with a face.
Sketch of the head of Roger Palmer earl of Castlemaine,

husband of the Duchess of Cleveland; by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Christ deposited in the sepulchre: by Mola, after Raphael.

Christ praying in the garden; by Philippo Laura: from the collection of Monsieur Julienne.

Margaret Cecil lady Brown, in crayons; by Rosalba.

Madame de la Fayette, on copper; by Müntz.

Lady Mary Coke,* in wax; by Gosset.

Raphael's Jonas, in ivory.

A beautiful lamp, in the shape of a foot, Cupid fallen asleep over the flame; antique bronze with silver ornaments: it was found in the temple of Cupid, is published by Montfaucon, and was bought at the sale of the Harleian collection.

Another bronze lamp.

Pictures and bronzes on the door-side:

A landscape; by Müntz.

Two hermits; after Rubens.

Two flower-pieces; by young Baptiste.

A Dutch surgeon dressing a boor's leg; from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

The circumcision; by Ludovico Caracci, on copper; a design for an altar-piece which he executed at Bologna.

A farm-yard; most natural.

Young Hercules with the serpents; by Annibal Caracci.

St. George; painted by Gioseppe d'Arpino on lapis lazuli.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, when young; by himself: great spirit. These four last from Sir Robert Walpole's collection.

A Roman emperor in bronze, as an idol, with thunderbolt and caduceus. M.

Two Roman lamps of bronze; one Christian, of the latter empire.

Sir Peter Lely, in crayons; by himself.

Rubens, his wife and child, in water-colours, by B. Lens, from the original at Blenheim.

A battle, in black and gold, exquisitely touched by Callot: bought at Mrs. Stanley's sale.

The virgin and child in the clouds, the city of Bologna beneath; by Goupy, after Annibal Caracci.

A drunken boor; by Brauwer.

* Lady Mary Campbell, fourth daughter of John duke of Argyll and Greenwich, widow of Edward lord Coke, only son of Thomas earl of Leicester. This was the lady to whom Mr. W. dedicated the Castle of Otranto.

Head of an abbé; by Teniers: from the collection of Monsieur Hareng.

Bust of an emperor, in black marble.

A bagpiper; bronze. M.

A sacrificing priest; ditto. M.

N.B. *All the bronzes, lamps, &c. stand on brackets under the pictures.*

IN THE PASSAGE,

Over the entrance of which is an owl in cut paper, by Bermingham,

An Indian bottle and pipe, ornamented with gold and pearls; brought from Bengal by Henry Churchill, Esq. in 1776.

A flower in paper mosaics, by Miss Jennings.

A head in profile of Robert Vere earl of Oxford and duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II. from Mr. Scott's collection.

Mary duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, duke of Bucks; small whole length from Vandyck.

Head of Fiamingo the sculptor, holding an ivory group of boys.

Drawing of a concert, by Captain Laroon.

View of the cathedral of Gloucester, by Samuel Lysons, Esq. 1785.

View of Windsor castle, by Lady Diana Spencer, duchess of Bedford.

Print of Monsieur le Duc de Nivernois.

A scene in act 4th of the Mysterious Mother, by Westall.

THE SMALL CLOSET.

Venus and Cupid in ivory, finely drawn and executed, but in the Flemish style; a present from Mr. Watson the surgeon.

An ivory comb, sent by Pope Gregory to Queen Bertha; from the Portland collection.

A view of the castle of Otranto as it really exists; a washed drawing; given by Lady Craven.

A model of the druidical temple that was discovered in Jersey, in 1786, and was presented by the States of the island to their Governor-general Conway, and is now erected at his seat at Park-place in Berkshire.

A flower in paper mosaic, by Mrs. Delany; a legacy from her.

THE GREAT NORTH BEDCHAMBER

Is hung with crimson Norwich damask. The bed is of tapestry of Aubusson, festoons of flowers on a white ground, lined with crimson silk; plumes of ostrich feathers at the corners. Six elbow chairs of the same tapestry, with white and gold frames; and six ebony chairs. A carpet of the manufacture of Moorfields; a foot-carpet of needle-work; and a fire-screen of the tapestry of the Gobelins.

The chimney was designed by Mr. Walpole from the tomb of W. Dudley bishop of Durham, in Westminster-abbey, and is of Portland stone, gilt; with dogs of or moulu with arms and trophies: the chimney-back is ancient, and bears the arms of Henry VII. On the hearth, two old red china bottles.

Over the chimney, a large picture of Henry VIII. and his children; bought out of the collection of James West, Esq. in 1773. *See a description of this curious piece in the Anecdotes of Painting.* On the chimney,

A bust of Francis II. king of France, husband of Mary queen of Scots.

A bronze bas-relief in profile of Anne of Bretagne, queen of Charles VIII. and of Louis XII. These two heads from the collection of the Count de Caylus.

A nautilus, mounted in silver gilt, with satyrs, and the arms of Paston.

A crystal tankard and cover, mounted in silver gilt. These two pieces belonged to the last Earl of Yarmouth.

Four old blue and white china bottles.

Two bas-reliefs of boys in wax on glass, designed and modelled by Lady Diana Beauclerc, sister of George duke of Marlborough. On the back are written these lines:—

> Tho' taste and grace thro' all my limbs you see,
> And nature breathes her soft simplicity,
> Me nor Praxiteles nor Phidias form'd;
> 'Twas Beauclerc's art the sweet creation warm'd,
> From Marlbro' sprung.—We in one heav'n-born race
> Th' attemper'd rays of the same genius trace;
> As big with meteors from one cloud depart
> Majestic thunder and keen lightning's dart. H. W.

On one side of the chimney, a fine whole length, by Vandyck, of Margaret Smith, wife of Thomas Carye, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I. From the Wharton collection, afterwards in that of Sir Robert Walpole.

On the other side, Philip Herbert earl of Pembroke and

Montgomery, (with a view of Old Wilton,) whole length; by Mytens.

On one side of the bed, a whole length of Henry Vere earl of Oxford, in his robes. He was made knight of the bath at the creation of Henry prince of Wales, and died in Flanders in 1625.

On the other side, Robert Walpole second earl of Orford; whole length, in robes of the bath; by Vanloo.

On the side opposite to the bed:

Frances, daughter of Richard Jennings, esq. (the Mademoiselle Jennings of Grammont) first married to George Hamilton, and afterwards to Richard Talbot duke of Tyrconnel: copy by Milbourn, from the original at Lord Spencer's.

Two views of Venice; by Marieski.

A fine landscape, with cattle; by Gaspar Poussin.

The Duchesse de la Valiere, mistress of Louis XIV. given by the Duchess-Dowager of Portland.

Mademoiselle Hamilton, comtesse de Grammont; copy after Lely, by Eckardt.

Ninon L'Enclos, the only original picture of her; given by herself to the Countess of Sandwich, daughter of Wilmot earl of Rochester, and by her grandson John earl of Sandwich to Mr. Walpole.

Richard I. prisoner to the Archduke of Austria; highly finished by Mieris.

The presentation in the Temple: its companion: by Rembrandt.*

Over the doors, which were designed by Mr. Chute, and have medallions of Louis XIV. and Charles V. in bronze,

Madame de Maintenon, and Hortense Mancini duchess of Mazarin: the latter a copy from Carlo Maratti, at the Duke of St. Alban's.

A small japan cabinet; a dejeuné of Seve china, blue and white, with coloured birds; and a blue and white old china jar.

On the window side:

A large looking-glass in a rich ebony frame; and two bronze arms, with masks for candles.

Over the glass, the original portrait of Catherine of Braganza, that was sent from Portugal previous to her marriage

* These two pictures were bought of a very old gentlewoman, for whose grandfather they had been painted, and till then had never been taken out of their old black frames.

with Charles II. and from which Faithorne scraped his print: a present from Richard Bull, esq.

A table of Saracen mosaic, sent to Mr. Walpole from Rome by Sir William Hamilton, mounted on an ebony frame, with two ebony stands.

An ewer and two beakers, of Roman fayence; a present to Mr. Walpole from Miss Speed, afterwards married to the comte de Virri, minister from Turin.

A small table with a landscape of Seve porcelaine, mounted in old japan; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Mary lady Hervey.

In the window, two china porcelaine stools.

Richard Wellborn, master of requests temp. Henry VIII. He was descended from a younger son of Simon de Montford earl of Leicester, on whose death, to secure himself, he changed his name to Wellborn: a present from the earl of Exeter.

Sir Nicholas Carew, knight of the garter and master of the horse to Henry VIII, in whose reign he was beheaded: copied by Milbourn from the original by Holbein, at Beddington in Surrey.

Sir John Perrot, lord deputy of Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth; in black and white chalk, by Chambars, from the original at Sir Herbert Perrot Packington's.

The original sketch of the Beggar's Opera: Walker, as Macheath; Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as Polly; Hippisley, as Peach'em; Hall, as Lockit: on one side, in a box, Sir Thomas Robinson, very tall and lean; Sir Robert Fagg, a famous horse-racer, fat, with short grey hair; by Hogarth. Bought at the sale of John Rich, the well-known harlequin, and master of the theatres in Lincoln's-inn-fields and Covent-garden, for whom the picture was painted.

Van Helmont, the chymist; copied by Müntz from a fine original by Sir Peter Lely, at the Earl of Hertford's at Ragley.

Lady Henrietta Berkeley, sister-in-law and mistress of Ford lord Grey in the reign of Charles II. Bought at Lady Suffolk's sale.

Mary princess of Orange, daughter of King Charles I. given to Mr. Walpole by the prince of Monaco.

Rehearsal of an Opera, with caricatures of the principal performers: Nicolini stands in front, Mrs. Toft is at the harpsichord, Margarita is entering in black.* Bought at the

* The gentleman in blue, with a patch on one eye, sitting by the Margarita,

sale of John duke of Argyll, who bought it at that of Charles Stanhope, Esq. by Sebastian Ricci: the landscape in it by Marco Ricci.

Henry VII. a most capital portrait, on board, and incomparable for the truth of nature, expression, and chiaro scuro. The character and thought in the countenance, and its exact conformity with the bust by Torreggiani in the Star-chamber, make it unquestionably a portrait for which the king sat; and yet the knowledge of light and shade, not possessed even by Holbein, makes it probable that this picture was retouched by Rubens, of whose colouring it is worthy and resembles.

A table painted by Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Ossory.

In the bow windows are ten coats of arms in painted glass, by Peckitt of York, with the principal matches of the family of Walpole.

The ceiling was copied from one at the Vine in Hampshire.

Curiosities in the glass closet in the great bed-chamber.

A salver of Raphael fayence, story of the Prodigal Son.
A large dish, ditto, story of Absalom.
One ditto, smaller, story of Jael and Sisera.
A large plate, ditto, Feast of the gods.
One smaller, Christ walking on the water.
One ditto, cupids in relievo, ribbed border.
Ditto, Apollo and Marsyas, scolloped border.
Two small ditto, with landscapes and buildings.
Two ditto, twelve square, very coarse.
Two ten square dishes of the old dragon china.

A fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs, the top from Raphael's Judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe; a present from Sir Horace Mann.

A Chinese steelyard.

An amber standing cup and cover, from Mrs. Kennon's collection.

A bottle of purple glass.* This and all the following articles marked with an asterism, were bought at the sale of Count Caylus at Paris.

Seven boxes of the old gold and white japan, with smaller boxes of the same within.

is Sir Robert Rich, father of Elizabeth lady Lyttelton. See curious accounts of Mrs. Toft and the Margarita, in the 5th vol. of Sir John Hawkins's History of Music.

A silver gilt plate in relievo, the meeting of Charles V. and Francis I. a present from Sir William Hamilton.

A pair of gloves worn by King James the First; bought out of Thoresby's museum.

The wedding gloves of Mrs. Hampden, wife of the celebrated John Hampden.

An agate puncheon, with the arms of Mr. Gray the poet, and a Goa stone; given to Mr. Walpole, by Doctor Browne and Mr. W. Mason, Mr. Gray's executors.

A carved bottle for perfumes, mounted in silver; Indian.

A bronzed perfume pot.

A clouded ewer of polished earth.*

An ewer of Villeroy ware.

Three packs of Florentine cards, for playing at Minchiati and Tarocco.

Rubens' child, in biscuit china of Nancy.

Three French snuff-boxes mounted in gold.

Small ivory box, containing a suite of prints, representing medals on the victories in the war at the end of the reign of George II.

A snuff-box, with views of Spa; given by Miss Churchill.

Two enamel plates, presents from Caroline lady Greenwich.

A silver gilt apostle-spoon. Addison, in the Drummer, mentions apostle-spoons; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in one of their plays. It was an ancient fashion to have a little figure at the end of a spoon's handle, as this has. It was a present from the Reverend Mr. W. Cole.

Three ditto, ungilt.

An antique bronze of a man, naked, the head of Sir Robert Walpole, added by Nattier.

Small octagon dish of old china, with figures.

Nineteen draftsmen of box, with heads of German princes and princesses; a present from Charles duke of Richmond.

Fourteen more, bought at Mr. Bateman's sale.

Two vases of blue china mounted in or moulu.

A blue and white plate with the brown edge, old china.

A smaller with dragons, without the border.

Two octagons of blue and white with figures, pierced.

Two hexagon saucers, ditto, with feet.

A box with ancient round trenchers, with scriptural mottos; a present from the Reverend Mr. W. Cole.

A German pitcher and cover, with bas-reliefs of figures dancing.*

Two plates of Chantilly china, of different sizes.

A tea-pot of the old red japan ware.

[redacted] and black, of china.
A [redacted]ish mug, with characters.*
An earthen pot, Indian.*
A blue and white earthen barrel, with handles.*
A drinking-vessel of black earth, with ditto.*
A saltcellar of old fayence supported by dolphins.
Two blue and white dishes and seven plates of old china; a legacy from Mrs. Henrietta Conway, sister of Francis earl of Hertford.
Two old blue and white water-plates.
A copper dish with a foot, enamelled with the story of Abraham and Melchizedec; a present from George William Hervey earl of Bristol.
A basket of Seve china, blue, gold, and white.
A Staffordshire Etruscan vase.
A blue vase of antique Roman glass with a boy's head*
Four water-plates of old coloured china.
An urn and cover of Volterra alabaster.
Two ewers of ancient glass.*
A blue and white square pot for flowers, of old china.
A speculum of kennel-coal, in a leathern case. It is curious for having been used to deceive the mob by Dr. Dee, the conjurer, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was in the collection of the Mordaunts earls of Peterborough, in whose catalogue it is called *the black stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits.* From the Mordaunts it passed to Lady Elizabeth Germaine, and from her to John last duke of Argyll, whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, gave it to Mr. Walpole.
A small bust in terra-cotta of Nicolo Poussin's wife, beautifully simple and natural, by Fiamingo, amicitiæ causâ; from Mons. Mariette's collection.
Two square flower-tubs of Wedgwood's ware, painted with antique cameos and masks in blue, from designs of Lady Diana Beauclerc.
The spurs worn by King William at the battle of the Boyne, preserved in an Irish family, and given to the late Earl of Harcourt when lord lieutenant, and by the present earl to Mr. W. in a red leather box lined with green velvet.
A tortoiseshell case studded with silver, in which Van Tromp used to carry his pipes to sea: a present from Mr. Hamilton.
Two ivory billiard-sticks, engraved; they belonged to H. Herbert earl of Pembroke, and have his crest a wyvern holding a bloody hand, and the bear and ragged staff for his

third wife, the famous Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney: and an ancient ivory busk, engraved with French devices and mottoes: all three from the collection of Mr. Gostling at Canterbury.

Twelve silver dessert-plates, engraved with the history of the Prodigal Son. They belonged to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and descended to his great grand-daughter the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, and were purchased at the duke's auction.

A small tray of red japan.

A snuff-box beautifully painted in brown and white with figures from Etruscan vases, bespoken at Naples, and given by Sir William Hamilton.

An ancient German wooden spoon, curiously carved with religious figures and mottoes.

A vase of rock crystal, carved with battles, unfinished, having been cracked in the workmanship, with a silver gilt foot; bought out of the Great Duke's wardrobe by Sir Horace Mann, and sent to Mr. W.

An ebony cabinet, ornamented with or moulu, lapis lazuli, agates, pieces of ancient enamel, bas-reliefs of Wedgwood, and nine capital drawings of a gipsy girl and beautiful children by Lady Diana Beauclerc, with other drawings by her; and with strawberries and Mr. Walpole's arms and crest. The design of the cabinet by Mr. E. Edwards, in 1783.

A snuff-box of red and white plaister, from the Piscine mirabili at Rome: a present from Miss Campbell.

A snuff-box with mosaic pigeons, from the antique: a present from her royal highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

A large black stone bason, made from the quarry with which the Duke of Argyll's house at Inverary is built, and which is soft when first cut; given by Mr. Pinkerton.

In the closet-window is a head of Queen Elizabeth in painted glass, and another pane with men playing at cards, very old.

ON THE BACK STAIRS.

Lady Catherine Fitzalan marchioness of Dorset, daughter of William earl of Arundel, and first wife of Henry Grey, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, from whom she was divorced to make room for his marriage with Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary queen of France and Charles duke of Suffolk.

A large piece of still life, by Adrian Van Utrecht.

THE BEAUCLERC CLOSET

Is a hexagon, built in 1776, and designed by Mr. Essex, architect, of Cambridge, who drew the ceiling, door, window, and surbase. In the window is a lion and two fleurs de lys, royally crowned, ancient, but repaired and ornamented by Price; and, being bearings in the royal arms, serve for Beauclerc. The closet is hung with Indian blue damask, and was built on purpose to receive seven incomparable drawings of Lady Diana Beauclerc for Mr. Walpole's tragedy of The Mysterious Mother. The beauty and grace of the figures and of the children are inimitable; the expression of the passions most masterly, particularly in the devotion of the countess with the porter, of Benedict in the scene with Martin, and the tenderness, despair, and resolution of the countess in the last scene: in which is a new stroke of double passion in Edmund, whose right hand is clenched and ready to strike with anger, the left hand relents. In the scene of the children, some are evidently vulgar, the others children of rank; and the first child, that pretends to look down and does leer upwards, is charming. Only two scenes are represented in all the seven, and yet all are varied: and the ground in the first, by a very uncommon effect, evidently descends and rises again. These sublime drawings, the first histories she ever attempted, were all conceived and executed in a fortnight. Other pictures in this closet are,

Lady Diana Beauclerc, by Powel, after Sir J. Reynolds.

Charles Lenox third duke of Richmond, profile, by Milbourn after Romney.

Count Schouallow, favourite of the Czarina Elizabeth, whose image he holds. This worthy man, who enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, never did an injury or made an enemy. Painted at Paris in 1775.

Two young women and a boy, a drawing in a round, by Lady Diana Beauclerc.

Four fronts of a gothic house, designed by Mr. John Chute for Mr. Andrews, and built at Spinehill near Donnington-castle, Berkshire.

Two capital drawings by Paulo Panini, bought at Mariette's sale.

A view of the fictitious monument designed and erected by General H. S. Conway, near the Thames, at his seat at Parkace near Henley: and

A view of the lesser arch, designed and erected by the same, at ditto; with a small portrait of the general himself. These two by Paul Sandby, in 1781.

All these pictures have black and gold frames.

Two arms for candles, of or moulu, in the form of lilies, from Paris.

Two black and gold triangular stands.

A tea-service of old blue and white porcelaine.

A tea-chest of Clay's ware, painted with loose feathers.

A head of Augustus, from an antique cameo belonging to Sir William Hamilton, modelled in wax by Mrs. Damer, daughter of General Conway, in 1777.

A head of Voltaire, ditto, its companion.

A writing-table of Clay's ware, highly varnished: it is black, with blue and white ornaments in a Gothic pattern, designed by Paul Sandby. In one of the drawers the play of The Mysterious Mother, to explain the drawings, bound in blue leather and gilt.

Four blue damask stools with black and gold frames.

The book of Psalms, with twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovio, scholar of Julio Romano. If any thing can excel the figures, it is the execution of the borders, which are of the purest antique taste, and unrivalled for the lustre and harmony of the colours, as well as for the preservation, which is allowed to be more perfect than any of the few works of this extraordinary master. It was painted, as is said on one of the illuminations, Principi Andegavensi, 1537; was afterwards in the Arundelian collection; on the dispersion of which it was purchased by the Earl of Oxford in 1720, who bequeathed it to his daughter the Duchess of Portland, at whose sale Mr. Walpole brought it in 1786.

The head of Jupiter Serapis, in basaltes. The divine majesty and beauty of this precious fragment prove the great ideas and consummate taste of the ancient sculptors. This bust was purchased, with the celebrated vase, from the Barberini collection at Rome, by Sir William Hamilton: and was sold with the vase to the Duchess of Portland, and on her grace's death was bought by Mr. Walpole.

A locket with hair of Mary Tudor, queen of France; whose tomb was opened in 1784; a present from Miss Fauquier.

A very small crystal watch; a present from General Fitzwilliam.

General Moncke, by Cooper.

THE ROUND BEDCHAMBER, TWO PAIR OF STAIRS.

The inside of a church, a very good Flemish picture, on board; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from Doctor Meyrick, at Isleworth.

Henrietta Hobart countess of Suffolk, sitting; a view of Marble-hill, Twickenham: by Jervas. It was Mr. Pope's: Lady Suffolk bought it at Mrs. Martha Blount's sale, and gave it to Mr. Walpole.

Ogleby, the poet, in his shirt; fine, by Fuller: from Sir R. Walpole's collection.

Tillemans, the painter.

Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress; profile, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Sketch for the head of Britannia in the great equestrian picture of King William at Hampton-Court.

Henrietta duchess of Orleans, as Pallas; bought at Lady Suffolk's sale.

The emperor Maximilian; a curious head.

Robert Dudley earl of Leicester.

Two half lengths of ladies, by Sir Peter Lely.

Christian Reisin, seal-engraver, in an oval; freely painted by Dahl.

Enoch Zeeman, the painter, in his original presbyterian habit, and his daughter as a boy by him: well painted by himself.

Pearce, sen. statuary, by Fuller: from Vertue's collection.

Portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother, copied from the original at Hinchinbrook; given by Lord Sandwich.

Mrs. Catherine Clive, the actress, with a music-book; painted by Davison: a present from her brother Mr. James Raftor.

THE GREAT CLOYSTER.

At each end a blue and white china flower-pot; and in the middle, a fine antique marble vase, on a pedestal, with a Greek inscription: bought at the sale of Charles Price, Esq. in 1778.

Eight very ancient Welch chairs, turned, and four stands; bought at the sale of Mr. Richard Bateman of Old Windsor.

The piers of the garden-gates are of artificial stone, and taken from the tomb of William de Luda, bishop of Ely, in that cathedral.

Before the chapel stand, on pedestals, four rare Indian flower-tubs, bought at Mr. Bateman's.

THE CHAPEL,

In the south-west corner of the wood, is built of brick, with a beautiful front of Portland stone, executed by Mr. Gayfere, of Westminster, and taken from the tomb of Edmund Audley, bishop of Salisbury, in that cathedral. In the anti-chapel is an oaken Gothic bench, designed by Mr. Bentley; over it, a head of Saint John Baptist, alto-relievo, in marble, on a pedestal of the same, in a fine taste, the work of Donatello, and a present from Sir Horace Mann. On the opposite side, a crucifix of bronze; and beneath it, on an angular pedestal of fayence, on which is a bust of an angel, stands an encensoir of bronze. By the door is a holy-water-pot, of earthenware, given by Mr. G. A. Selwyn.

Four panels, that came out of the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, and were doors to an altar-piece, and were since in the possession of Peter Leneve, Norroy, and after him, of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ives, antiquaries; on whose death Mr. W. bought and had them sawed into four pictures. On the outside pannels are Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester, and John Kemp, archbishop of Canterbury. On one of the insides, is Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, praying; and behind him a saint holding the duke's cap of estate in one hand, and a golden chalice in the other. On the other is a person in the act of adoration in a stable, whence it is probable that the Virgin and child were represented on the middle piece which is wanting. This person seems to be Joseph, but may be the donor of the altar-piece, as over him is a shield of arms of Tate, impaling Boleyn or Sanders, for the colour of the chevron is turned black. These, perhaps, might be attached to the house of Lancaster, who were great benefactors to the abbey, and two princes of which family, afterwards so memorable for their enmity, are here represented. The three portraits agree remarkably with those of the same persons in the marriage of Henry VI. in the library, especially the archbishop and the duke, who has the same bald head and furred mantle. The two prelates are hard and dry, but the duke and Joseph are painted in a style very superior to that age, and the folds of their garments loose and large, not unworthy of the Bolognese school.

In the window are the original portraits* of Henry III.

* These were a present from the Earl of Ashburnham.

and his queen, in painted glass, with other saints and coats-of-arms. Fronting the door stands a magnificent shrine* of mosaic, three stories high; and beneath it, a crucifix† inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bought at the sale of the Honourable Richard Bateman, in 1774. On one side of the shrine, in a recess, stands on a console a figure of an ancient king of France, in fayence; on the other side, the Virgin Mary, of bronze. The roof was designed by Mr. Chute. On a tablet over the door is the following inscription:—

"The shrine in front was brought, in the year 1768, from the church of Santa Maria maggiore, in Rome, when the new pavement was laid there. This shrine was erected in the year 1256, over the bodies of the holy martyrs Simplicius, Faustina, and Beatrix, by John James Capoccio and Vinia his wife; and was the work of Peter Cavalini, who made the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster-abbey. *See the Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 24.

"The window was brought from the church of Bexhill, in Sussex. The two principal figures are King Henry III. and Eleanor of Provence, his queen, the only portraits of them extant. King Henry died in 1272, and we know of no painted glass more ancient than the reign of his father, King John. These portraits have been engraved for the frontispiece to *The Anecdotes of Painting*.

"This chapel was erected by Horace Walpole, in the year 1771. The facade was copied from a chapel-tomb in the cathedral of Salisbury."

At the end of the winding walk is a large seat, in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.

THE COTTAGE IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE TEA-ROOM

Is hung with green paper and prints. Over the chimney, Mary Lepelle lady Hervey, by Ramsay, in a frame carved by Gibbons; from Mr. Bateman's. Two sconces of Chantilly china; a sceau for liquors, of Seve; two chocolate-cups,

* It was repaired, and parts supplied, by Richter, who made the chimney-piece in the round room; but he could not supply the golden glass in the original, the art of which is lost.

† It stands on an angel and shield, which came out of Westminster-abbey.

ditto: a handle-cup and saucer; a caudle-cup and deep saucer; all with coloured flowers. A rice-cup on feet; a saltcellar of old fayence; and four biscuit figures. On the hearth, a large green vase of German ware, with a spread eagle, and lizards for handles. From Mr. Bateman's.

On a shelf and brackets, two pots-pourris of Nankin china; two pierced blue and white basons of old Delft; and two sceaus of coloured Seve; a blue and white vase and cover; and two old fayence bottles.

On the tea-table, a white tea-pot with gold edge, of Seve; four handle-cups and saucers, a sugar-dish, milk-pot, bason, and plate of the same; a tea-pot of crackled china, with blue and brown flowers; an octagon green bason with coloured flowers; a ditto, white, with ditto; a green leaf, of Staffordshire ware; two blue and white handle-cups of Seve; one ditto larger, in shape of a pail; two ditto with coloured flowers and blue rims; one ditto with dark blue and gold edges and coloured flowers; and one ditto with blue and gold mosaic on white.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY

Is painted green and white. Over the chimney, an original half-length of Milton, æt. 45, in black, a ring tied to one of his button-holes. In the key-stone of the chimney, an antique bas-relief, with the story of Mars and Venus. On the mantel-piece, several antique sepulchral earthen lamps. On the hearth, a flower-pot of fine blue earth.

Four ancient Welch chairs: from Mr. Bateman's.

Over the door, an antique painting in fresco. *Vide Middleton's Germana*, &c.

A bronze tripod for burning incense. M.

A marble canopus.

Two ditto, smaller; bought at Mr. Bateman's.

Over the book-cases, a small marble bust of Lord-Chancellor Clarendon.

Several small Etruscan and black Staffordshire vases.

Two yellow beakers, with flowers, of Staffordshire ware.

Two red china ditto.

Two flower-pots of crackled china.

A blue china bottle.

A bronze inkstand, in good taste; from Count Caylus's collection.

In this library are several volumes of MSS.

IN THE GARDEN.

An extraordinary large brainstone: a present from Mr. Grosvenor Bedford.

Bernini's Apollo and Daphne, in bronze.

A large antique sarcophagus, in marble, with bas-reliefs; from the collection of Bryan Fairfax, esq.

Two ossuaria.

The sleeping Morpheus in plaister.

ADDITIONS.

A two-leaved screen, painted on Manchester velvet, with the heads of a Satyr and Bacchante, by Lady Diana Beauclerc, in 1788.

Twelve earthen plates, painted at Delft, with the signs of the zodiac, by Sir James Thornhill: bought at Mrs. Hogarth's sale.

The death of Cardinal Wolsey, copied by Miss Agnes Berry, in water-colours, of the same size, and with all the strength of the original, in oil by Mr. William Lock—a sublime composition, in which the expressions are worthy of the greatest masters, as the colouring and chiaro-scuro are equal to Rubens.

Procession in the castle of Otranto, in water-colours, by J. Carter.

A drawing, whole length, of Mrs. Damer, in the attitude of having just carved her young Paris; by Richard Cosway.

A small head of Harris the actor, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, in oil. There is an unique print of it in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

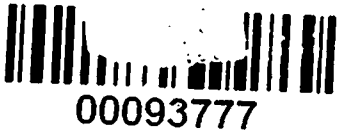
A fox and partridge: and a water-dog and duck. Both by Oudry.

Frances Stuart, duchess of Richmond; oval head. *Vide Grammont.*

An emblematic brass dish, by Francis Briot.

A Venetian morion; and a curious round helmet; engraved in Captain Grose's Armoury. Both bought at Mr. Rawle's sale.

Johanna lady Abergavenny: *vide Royal and Noble Authors:* a present from Miss Beauclerc, the maid of honour.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